April 25, 1970

THE NEW YORKER

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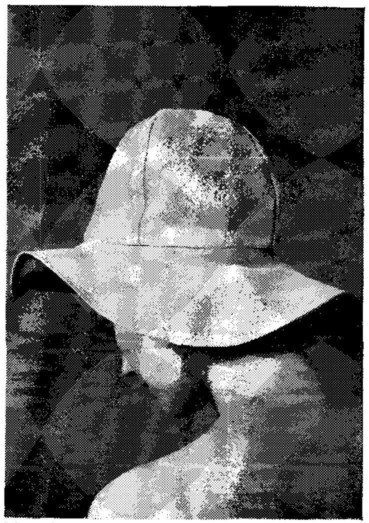

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Fifth Avenue and Branches

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Borstal Boy—A violent and merry evening with Brendan Behan, brilliantly reincarnated by Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Brotherhood and **Day of Absence**—A pair of one-acters by Douglas Turner Ward, one of the shrewdest and best of all our playwrights. The first is a blunt and harsh practical joke about a black couple who come for cocktails to the suburban house of a white couple. The second is a revival of Mr. Ward's sharp, witty satire about a day in a small Southern town when all the blacks decide not to turn up for work. The performances are very good indeed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday, and Sunday, at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 26.)

Butterflies Are Free—A slick and heartless little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. The best things about it are Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Child's Play—Demonic hanky-panky in a Catholic boys' school, cleverly written by Robert Marasco and starring Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, and a passel of murderous adolescents, all mercifully speechless. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—A revival of the Howard Richardson-William Berney play. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear Janet Rosenberg, Dear Mr. Kooning—A pair of brief imports by a British playwright named Stanley Eveling. Their prevailing cuteness becomes quite exasperating at times, but they are literate and entertaining all the same. With Kevin O'Connor, Catherine Burns, and Penelope Allen. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who is ably supported by Pamela Payton-Wright, Amy Levitt, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Harvey—James Stewart plays with consummate skill the role of Elwood P. Dowd, a bibulous Far Westerner whose closest companion is a six-foot-tall invisible rabbit. Also on hand are Helen Hayes, Jesse White, and Henderson Forsythe. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 26.)

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How Much, How Much?—A play by Peter Keveson. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Inquest—A play by Donald Freed, based on a book by Walter and Miriam Schneir about the trial of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. The cast is headed by George Grizzard, Anne Jackson, and James Whitmore. Alan Schneider directed. Preview Wednesday, April 22. Opens officially on Thursday, April 23. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco is exceedingly funny as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance, and he is ably assisted by Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Marcel Marceau—Words fail him, and no wonder. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Final performances Sunday, April 26.)

The Persians—A dim production of the Aeschylus tragedy. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St., east of Third Ave. 533-2222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 2. Half an hour before curtain time, the ceremonies begin in Stuyvesant Square, with the music of a Persian santur and with jugglers.)

A Place for Polly—A dreary compendium of conventional wisecracks exchanged by writers and editors and their nervous women. Marian Mercer heads the cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Private Lives—Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford in a very successful revival of Noël Coward's marvellous comedy about bickering as the basis of domestic bliss. (Billy Rose,

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COVER: *Laura Jean Allen*

DRAWINGS: *William Hamilton, Carl Rose, Warren Miller, J. B. Handelsman, Frank Modell, Dana Fradon, Edward Koren, Donald Reilly, Alan Dunn, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Henry Martin, Saul Steinberg, Lee Lorenz, William O'Brian, Robert Minter*

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Frances Pearson
to
Mr. Stuart Wendell Danforth

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Sam Shepard's OPERATION SIDEWINDER is a noisy play about good guys and bad guys, ingeniously produced, and with songs by the Holy Modal Rounders. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 25.) . . . ¶ At the Forum, in the same building—LANDSCAPE and SILENCE, two one-acters by Harold Pinter, each of them an invasion of the privacy of its characters, who speak their thoughts aloud but rarely get in touch with one another. The scripts, needless to say, are good, but the performances, with a couple of exceptions, are not. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:45, and Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45. Closes Saturday, May 16.)

Sheep on the Runway—Art Buchwald hasn't managed to write a play, but no matter—he knows how to make jokes, and this peculiar work is full of them. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 2.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq., 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

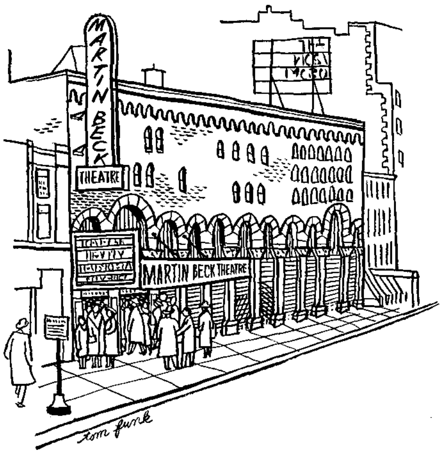
Le Tréteau de Paris—A five-week repertory of eight plays, in French. Pinget's LETTRE MORTE and ARCHITRUC: Wednesday, April 22, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Thursday, April 23, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Beckett's OH! LES BEAUX JOURS, with Madeleine Renaud: Friday, April 24, at 7 (opening); Saturday, April 25, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, April 26, at 3; Tuesday, April 28, at 8:30; Wednesday, April 29, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Thursday and Friday, April 30-May 1, at 8:30. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 541-8586. Closes Sunday, May 10.)

The White House Murder Case—Jules Feiffer's satire on war and a number of other things is clever but ultimately ineffectual, in spite of Alan Arkin's fine direction and satisfactory performances by all concerned. With Paul Benedict. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—ADAPTATION and NEXT: Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . THE CONCEPT: A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . FORTY CARATS: A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With June Allyson and Tom Poston. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY: Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . PLAZA SUITE: Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Applause—Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." Miss Bacall burns energy like the sun, and to something like the same effect. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



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The Boy Friend—Judy Carne and Sandy Duncan in a jaunty revival of the mock-musical of the early fifties, if you remember that far back. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Coco—Katharine Hepburn is the making of this curiously ineffectual account of a year or so in the life of the great couturière, Gabrielle Chanel. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—A musical with a score and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Dean Jones, Elaine Stritch, and Barbara Barrie. Harold Prince is the director. Previews through Sunday, April 26. Regular performances start Monday, April 27. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Thursday, April 23, at 8:30; on Sunday, April 26, at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Drunkard—A surprisingly jolly musical adaptation of that old Victorian nuisance. Songs by Barry Manilow. (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. 691-1413. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joy—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to engaging samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, Fredricka Weber as both girls, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Minnie's Boys—Supposedly about the Marx Brothers, whose reputations are ill-served. With Shelley Winters as their abounding mother, and with Lewis J. Stadlen doing an admirable imitation of Groucho. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mod Donna—A musical with a book and lyrics by Myrna Lamb, and music by Susan Hulsman Bingham. Opens Friday, April 24. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Park—A musical with a cast of four—Joan Hackett, Julie Wilson, David Brooks, and Don Scardino—plus five musicians. Paul Cherry has written the book and lyrics, and Lance Mulcahy the music. John Stix is the director. Opens Wednesday, April 22. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Purlie—Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—Miss Ann Corio and her young ladies bump and grind and twirl tassels, but there is no life in the show, in spite of the venerable presence of Steve Mills and a few other comedians. (Hudson West, 361 W. 57th St. JU 2-4020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . DAMES AT SEA: A takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 10.) . . . THE FANTASTICKS: —You said, Stephen answered, *O, it's only Dedalus whose mother is beastly dead.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3. No seven-o'clock performance Friday, May 1.) . . . FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: A flush which made him seem younger and more engaging rose to Buck Mulligan's cheek. —Did I say that? he asked. Well? What harm is that? (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . HELLO, DOLLY!: He shook his constraint from him nervously. —And what is death, he asked, your mother's or yours or my own? (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Incidentally, Ethel Merman is now Dolly.) . . . HAIR: A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . MAN OF LA MANCHA: Somegoro Ichikawa plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Ichikawa at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . PROMISES, PROMISES: A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal

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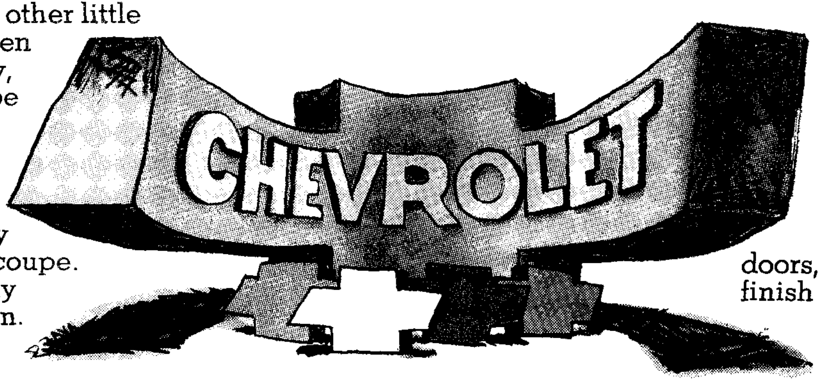

(3) A slick little station wagon.

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To be continued.

You'll see.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, April 22, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Allegro Brillante," "The Cage," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Thursday, April 23, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Friday, April 24, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "In the Night," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "La Valse."... ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 2:15: "Bugaku," "The Cage," and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 8:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, April 26, at 1:15: "Swan Lake" and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Sunday, April 26, at 7:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Four Temperaments," "Tarantella," and "La Valse."... ¶ Tuesday, April 28, at 8:15: "Serenade," "In the Night," "Agon," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Wednesday, April 29, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Afternoon of a Faun," "In the Night," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Thursday, April 30, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Four Temperaments."... ¶ Friday, May 1, at 8:15: "Trois Valses Romantiques," "The Cage," "Tarantella," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, May 2, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Dim Lustre," and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Saturday, May 2, at 8:15: "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Dim Lustre," "The Cage," and "La Sonnambula." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 14.)

ROYAL BALLET—Wednesday, April 22, at 8: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Thursday, April 23, at 8: "La Fille Mal Gardée" and "Marguerite and Armand."... ¶ Friday, April 24, at 8: "Daphnis and Chloë," "Symphonic Variations," and "A Wedding Bouquet."... ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 2 and 8: "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Sunday, April 26, at 2 and 8: "La Fille Mal Gardée" and "Marguerite and Armand."... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, April 28-29, at 8: "Daphnis and Chloë," "Symphonic Variations," and "A Wedding Bouquet."... ¶ Thursday, April 30, at 8; Friday, May 1, at 8 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call OR 4-5010); and Saturday, May 2, at 2 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-3880. Through Sunday, May 31.)

ALVIN AILEY DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday and Friday, April 23-24, at 8:30: "Toccata," "Gymnopedies" (première), "Poème," "Three Solos" (première), "Threnodies," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 2: "Blues Suite," "Streams," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 8:30: "Dance for Six," "Masekela Langage," "Gymnopedies," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday, April 26, at 2: "Dance for Six," "Three Solos," and "Prodigal Prince."... ¶ Sunday, April 26, at 7:30: "Streams," "Prodigal Prince," and "Revelations." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

ALWIN NIKOLAIS DANCE COMPANY—Tuesday, April 28, at 7:30; Friday, May 1, at 8; Saturday, May 2, at 2:30; and Sunday, May 3, at 7:30: "Divertissement I," "Tower," and "Echo."... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, April 29-30, and Saturday, May 2, all at 8, plus Sunday, May 3, at 2:30: "Divertissement II," "Structures" (première), and "Tent." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Everything but the canvas top. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. The performances on Friday, April 24, may be cancelled because of a basketball playoff. Closes Sunday, May 10. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Barely bitter, hardly the end. Roxy rocks until Wednesday, April 29, when singer Tom Rush will arrive. Performances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Evenings pass at an unhurried pace. From eleven to three, Joe Beck fingers a provocative electric guitar, while another musician assists him on bass. Dinner, from a responsible kitchen, is served until one.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Time was—say about 1955—when a lot of jazzmen were trying to sound harmonically cool and emotionally warm. Now few do, but the Zoot Sims quartet—with Mousey Alexander, Ross Tompkins, and Victor Sproles—still does. Customers may wear open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Hubble, and Oliver Jackson plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The World's Greatest Jazz Band—Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Bud Freeman, Bob Wilber, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Ralph Sutton, Gus Johnson, Jr., and Kai Winding—is (not without some huffing and puffing) doing its best to exchange the past for the future tense. The flip side of this record is devoted to Bobby Hackett's powerful quintet, which involves Vic Dickenson, Jack Lesberg, Dave McKenna, and Cliff Leeman. Mondays through Fridays from five to seven-thirty for tea dancing, and every night but Sunday from then on until twelve-thirty or one for dining and dancing. Sunday afternoons, from two-thirty to five-thirty, Bill Berry's big and pleasurable band (Dave Frishberg, Sol Gubin, and Bob Dougherty are on the roll call) has the premises to itself.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at nine, music by Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. Charles Tolliver Music, Inc., a quartet, will open on Tuesday, April 28. Closed Mondays.

UNCLE JOHN'S STRAW HAT, 316 W. 49th St. (581-1828)—The Buck Clayton quintet—which includes Buddy Tate, Nat Pierce, Gene Ramey, and Jo Jones—will play an eight-to-eleven session Sunday, April 26. Other music can be heard Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, Ray Alexander's vibes and Johnny Knapp's piano blend, and often swing, in their quartet. On Tuesday, April 28, the David Amram-George Barrow quartet will take over. Grilled dinners are served. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs, classics prevail: On Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, Miriam Makeba will sing. On Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, the Modern Jazz Quartet will play its subtle music. (Performances Fridays from ten, and Saturdays from nine-thirty.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Roland Kirk's quartet (Kirk on several reeds) sometimes sounds as if it were afflicted with mass hyperthyroidism, but dig it. On Tuesday, April 28, Elvin Jones' percussive trio—Joe Farrell on sax and Wilbur Little on bass—will arrive, and it can get pretty worked up, too. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday.)

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2808)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. The service is deft, and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining.

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—They move at several speeds in this second-story establishment, whose first story is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which is darkish and arched, stays open from nine until three-thirty every night.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and one can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. The live sounds of Glory River alternate with high-

Do you speak Réplique?
(The perfume with a language all its own.)

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powered recorded sounds. On Wednesday, April 29, *Bead Game* will roll in. Alcohol is banned. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—An established restaurant that has added dancing on its lower level, but only on Fridays and Saturdays. A wide assortment of records can be heard from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are available.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—On the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower, plate-glass windows look out on neon glitter and in on décor that is of no particular time or place. Dancing to live and preserved music Mondays through Fridays from ten until three. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Limited in size but activated with light and sound. The mood is suave and the view is magnificent, and late dinners are available for those who are not too busy dancing. Things run until three or four each night. Reservations are recommended.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Tell old Pharaoh that his sphinxes are ensconced in the land of gilded schmaltz. Sphinxlike table companions are frequent, since the records are played at a more than Nilotic volume. Three times nightly, some people who call themselves Linda Price & the Pipers entertain. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. The trees are false, but the records are real. Dancing from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Are you looking for a place to dance to some now-type music, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen? Gentle reader, look no further. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with a group known as Pendulum. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) It makes it.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Lester Lanin's first-string (and first-horn) ground forces are billeted in this fine old Arabian city, where they produce music from nine until three. The commandant of the establishment is Billy Reed, once quartermaster of the Little Club. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Domestic bliss is the idea in the restaurant, and it often works out in that peaceful fashion. Ernie Warren's crew is now and again on the bandstand, usually until one or two in the morning. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): This community was not founded upon rock; a more mellifluous music is dispensed. The floor is ample, and so is the sound—a full house of Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. Eight until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at two-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until midnight, and Thursdays from two until midnight. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield, the great (and funny) mouthpiece of this Lake Tahoe lodge, takes a sabbatical after Saturday, April 25, but on Monday, April 27, Irwin Corey, professor emeritus of iconoclasm, will become artist in residence, and the talk will be as buoyant/boisterous as ever. Steaks and what goes with them.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., and whatever friends are on hand conspire. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing. Mondays are holidays, and so are Wednesday and Thursday, April 22-23.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian *Brauerei*, thinly disguised as a Mitteleuropa operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from six to one every night but Sunday. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Hale the conquering hero comes, and hearty, too; i.e., Sergio Franchi, singing his Roman head off during dinner and supper in the Royal Box. The admirable purring sounds before and after are made by the Lee Evans orchestra. The enterprise shuts down on Saturday, April 25, but it resumes on Tuesday, April 28, as host to Milton Berle, who has not penetrated local night life for quite a few years.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Young ladies like La Morucha should be seen *and* heard, for they are the future of the fine arts of lifting the voice of flamenco song and of putting down the feet of flamenco dance. Bertha Dupuy, a Cuban troupial, is also aboard. They may be seen and heard during dinner and supper every single night. On Thursday, April 30, Los Chavales de España, Spain's largest standing and stomping army, returns to its old garrison. . . . ¶ Pepe Preiego (guitar) and Antonio Maya (voice), the permanent party of the minute Flamenco Room, are men of affairs—of the heart, though, for which they offer a perfect form of musicianship. Their lament begins at ten, likewise every single night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The reconstituted Supremes, once again a girls' friendly society and not a pedestal for a superstar, prove that they can overcome all—even their stormy orchestra. The wholly unknown Lonnie Shorr proves that stand-up comedy can be comedy. On Thursday, April 30, Dionne Warwick, a delicious manifestation of divinity (gospel sector), moves in, and so does Woody Herman's current Herd, hot musicians all. Everyone works twice a night, and thrice on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Sy Oliver, sort of a master builder for one band after another, is putting himself, his trumpet, his voice, and his men to good use. The music won't let the best of the bygones be bygones—not a bad idea at all. Lou Stein's threesome is all right, too. The romp runs from six-thirty until two. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, the Mills Brothers, who have lived and sung together in perfect harmony for a couple of generations, end their gentle but knowing dinner and supper sessions on Tuesday, April 28. Next evening, Jane Morgan, all peaches and cream, arrives at ten-fifteen. Thereafter, she carols twice a night. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will keep on humming not only to themselves but to anyone who still likes to dance. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **Plaza 9—and All That Jazz,** George Shearing's quintet will be putting forth its well-rounded, impressionist music as far as Sunday, April 26, and on Tuesday, April 28, Charlie Byrd's fivesome and his notable guitar will move in. The music for featly footing it comes from Marty Napoleon's persuasive threesome, which is staying on. Dinner (and music) at eight, and supper, too, later on. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ The Marcu flotilla also operates in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays, from seven until ten-thirty, in general.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Bobbi Martin, another of the new girls from the recording caverns, finishes her dinner and supper sets on Saturday, April 25, and on Monday, April 27, Jonah Jones, who walks softly but carries a big trumpet, moves in, along with Felicia Sanders, who carries a big and dramatic soprano. The dance music starts at eight, and Sundays are dark.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Hal Turner's crew, which is the best dance band to arrive in our town for quite some time, and Quintero's ancient Latin retainers do the dance music in the Maisonette, and Hildegarde, whose arias are so often compounded of patent medicines and syrup, declaims at dinnertime through the week, during both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ La Boite, the across-the-way retreat for those who like to think things out in peace and quiet, is under the mild jurisdiction of Ernest Schoen's unobtrusive violin and Jules Kuti's unobtrusive piano. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Watchman, what of the nightingale whose voice turns dusk into dawn and despair into delight? And Answer says that this is Peggy Lee, whose earthly domicile is the Empire Room every evening but Sunday. She goes away on Saturday, April 25; Monday, April 27, John Davidson, a well-brought-

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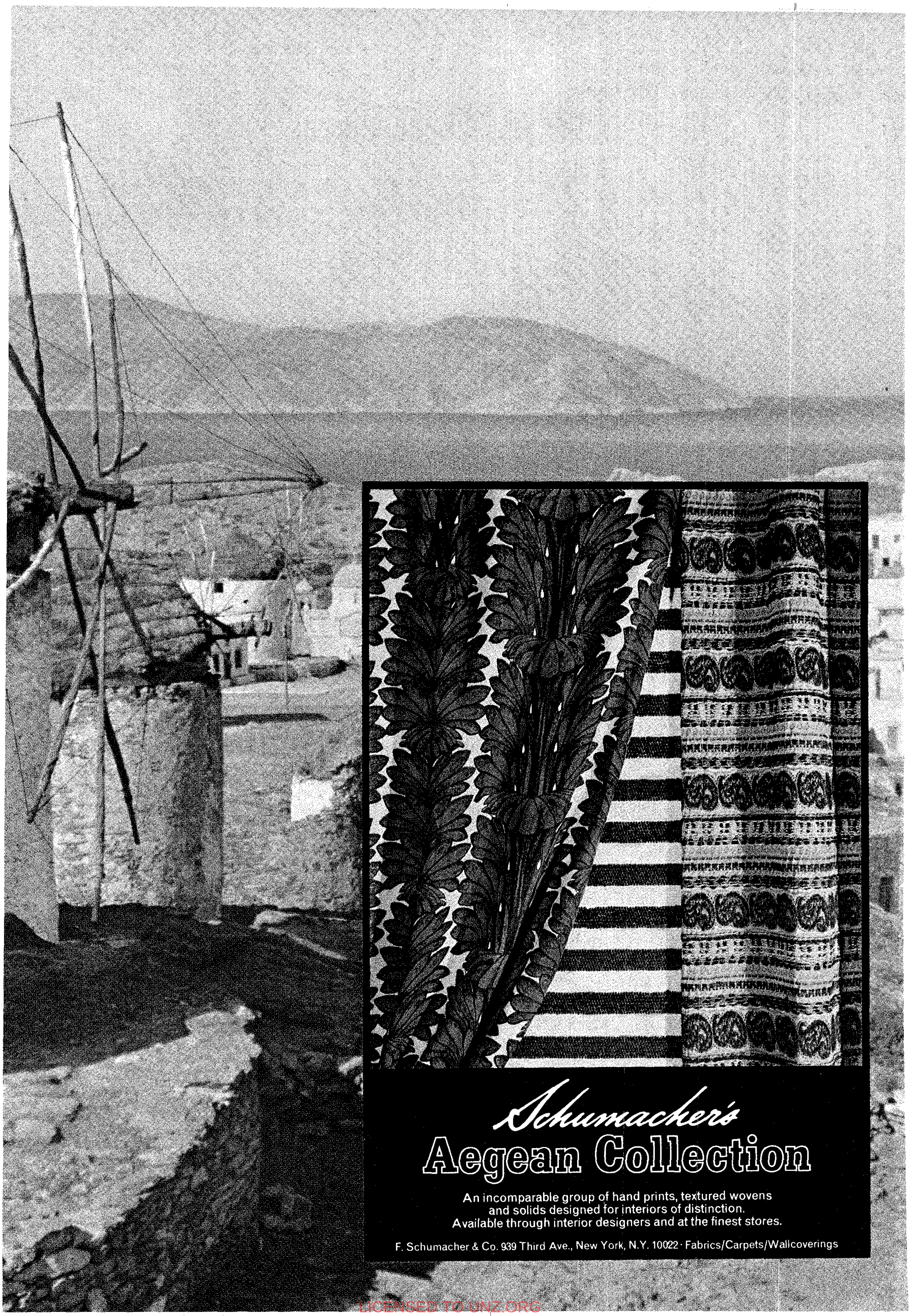

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

up young man and a well-brought-up young singer, will take her place. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo will continue to function smoothly for all occasions.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Almost the only word game in town, which is to say the lyrics sung by Bobby Short, who, along with his right and left bowers, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, keeps the evenings bright, shiny, and sly. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Coeducation can be beautiful on a campus as unperturbed as this one. The occasional music comes from the Joel Shulman duo, which stays home Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Aged-in-the-wood Jamaican rum, and a Jack-in-the-pulpit sort of itinerant calypso singer, who does his roundelays from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Housewarmings by the lady of the manor, Rita Dimitri, happen five nights a week (no Sunday, no Monday). A docile dance crew makes music during the evening, and at nine-thirty weekdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays Mlle. D. climbs to the roof of a piano and sings, Toulouse-Lautrec style, for friends and their guests. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Budapest Mon Amour. The tributes are issued by Tibor Rakossy (tenor and host), Béla Babai's gypsy encampment, and whatever other singers are in the house. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): *Schola cantorum*, in which the waiters double in brass tones and the diners frequently serve as spear- and tune-carriers. The amiable rumble takes place every night but Monday. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. The best of the music in this bar-and-grill comes from Scott Reed, whose love-life piano serves from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. He is also given to bursts of song. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, suddenly goes operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, anyway—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock, though not at all on a Sunday. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late, every night but Sunday.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The violin plied by George Cardini is in service Tuesday through Saturday every week, and there is casual piano every night but Sunday. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is 1970, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a great Old World. Seven until one, and every night. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place, newly upholstered, is open for business (and pleasure) once more. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. No sound on Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The piano in this posh purlieu is the property of George Feyer. Like the other property holders of the neighborhood, he is all for law and order, as his music, which runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty, makes clear. He is invisible on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley's piano, on tap from the cocktail hour until after the theatre, offers proof through the night that good songs are still being written and still being played as they should be. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): In his usual corner, Joe Miles conducts a whispered colloquy with his piano from nine until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Dream life that is more San Francisco or Sausalito than Manhattan, both visually and spiritually. The staff includes a perambulatory balladier and an imaginative chef. Never a dark night. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Cabbages (the national Hungarian flora) and kings (of the gypsies, naturally) are what the dutiful musicians, led by Elemer Horvath, in this calm restaurant talk about from seven-thirty until three every single night. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Wayne Sanders, who for so many years dispensed well-thought-out piano at the demised Goldie's New York, is repeating the act here from five to ten except on Sundays. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): The Beau Brummellian Buddy Barnes has moved his pianoforte into this seaside resort, and he is on the boardwalk (a real one) from dinnertime until around two. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LEO AMINO—Sectional plastic sculptures that can be adjusted by the spectator; starting Saturday, April 25. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

SAUL BAIZERMAN (1889-1957)—Hammered-copper sculptures by a celebrated American artist; starting Tuesday, April 28. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

WALDO BALART—Wood sculptures of scenes of New York City painted in bright colors; through Thursday, April 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILL BARNET—New works by a veteran New York painter; through Saturday, May 2. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARY BAUERMEISTER—Twenty-five of this artist's shiny constructions, incorporating pebbles and lenses; through May 9. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD BAUMBACH—Abstract canvases from 1955 to 1965; through Saturday, April 25. (Cerberus, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

JACK BEAL—Nudes in interiors, in high-keyed colors; through Friday, May 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

CAROLINE VAN HOOK BEAN—Street scenes of New York done in 1918-19 by a classmate of Bellows and Glackens; through Friday, April 24. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

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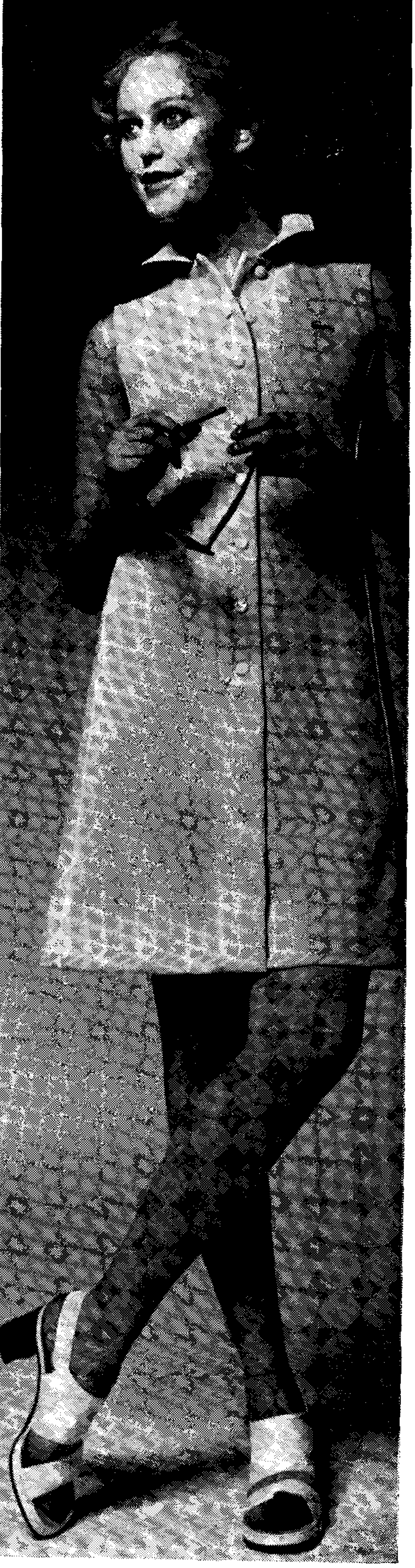

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

paintings by the former and oil paintings by the latter; starting Saturday, April 25. (Mindscape, 496 Broome St., at West Broadway. Thursdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Harry Bertoia—Metal sculptures that move and whisper; through Saturday, April 25. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

James Bishop—Square paintings that use squares; through May 7. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Norman Bluhm—Paintings by an Abstract Expressionist who has stayed with it; through May 9. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Breder—Geometric sculptures of glass and metal that reflect light; through Tuesday, April 28. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

William Copley—Recent paintings by a Surrealist-influenced American; through Saturday, April 25. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Corneille—Expressionistic paintings with figurative elements by a founder of the Cobra group; through May 9. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jeanne Daour—Sensitively painted interiors and landscapes; through Saturday, May 2. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

José de Creeft—Sixty sculptures from 1919 to the present; through Saturday, May 2. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dorothy Dehner—Thirty-five Abstract bronzes, some with totemic suggestion; through May 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert De Niro—Expressionist figures and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 25. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—Watercolors and drawings done between 1915 and 1943 by this pioneer Abstractionist; through Saturday, May 2. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Juan Downey—Constructions that affect the viewer by means of sound, light, and/or movement—sometimes audience-activated; through Saturday, April 25. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Hamilton Fraser—Abstract landscapes by a British painter; through May 28. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Jan Geld—Landscapes with symbolic overtones; through Saturday, April 25. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Chuck Ginnever—Sculptures and models shown in conjunction with works by Louis Kahn, architect; through Wednesday, April 29. (Cooper, 100 Prince St., between Mercer and Greene Sts. Closed Mondays.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—More than sixty drawings and watercolors from his Berlin period, 1913-31; through Saturday, April 25. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

Alan Gussow—Landscapes of Monhegan Island, Maine, and upstate New York; through Saturday, May 2. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Agnes Hart—Abstract paintings; through May 9. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Harvey—Figure paintings with photographic effects intended to arouse reminiscences of the twenties and thirties; through Saturday, May 2. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Gottfried Honegger—Abstract reliefs and sculptures by a Swiss artist; through Saturday, May 2. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Luis Jimenez—Figurative sculptures in fibre glass and epoxy; through May 7. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Donald Judd—Structures by a "serialist;" through Saturday, May 2. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gyorgy Kepes—Paintings by a well-known constructivist; starting Saturday, April 25. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Seventy drawings by the Art Nouveau master; through Saturday, May 2. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Misch Kohn—Graphics in several mediums by this leading American printmaker; through Saturday, May 2. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Sculptures with genre themes; starting Saturday, April 25. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Mangold—Pencil drawings based on a mathematical scheme; starting Saturday, April 25. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leo Manso—Paintings and collages; through May 6. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

William McCartin—Abstractions with the effect of collage; through May 9. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Mehring—Minimal paintings by a member of the "Washington, D.C., School;" through Thursday, April 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Piet Mondrian—Reconstruction of a room according to a plan by this master, plus drawings; through Saturday, May 2. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Moore—Two showings of sculptures of the sixties: carvings in marble and travertine at Knoedler (14 E. 57th St.) and bronzes at Marlborough (41 E. 57th St.); both through May 16. (Marlborough is closed Mondays.)

Robert Moskowitz—Analytical paintings and drawings of the architecture of rooms; through May 4. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Jerome Myers (1867-1940)—Drawings and watercolors by an American artist prominent during the first half of the century; through Saturday, May 2. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Oils and watercolors by the German Expressionist; through May 16. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dennis Oppenheim—Videotapes, films, and slides by an earthworks artist; through May 30. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernard Perlin—Flower still-lifes; through May 9. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Pettet—Four Abstract paintings in huge dimensions; through Tuesday, April 28. (David Whitney, 53 E. 19th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean-Pierre Raynaud—A French artist's first show in New York of wall paintings incorporating shovels, light bulbs, and other objects; starting Tuesday, April 28. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Fred Sandback—String constructions; through Thursday, April 30. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hedda Sterne—Rows and rows of heads painted on unstretched canvas; through May 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Thon—Landscapes of Maine and European settings; through Saturday, April 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Soroku Toyoshima—Stamped aluminum and stainless-steel structures; through Saturday, April 25. (Katz, 38 E. 63rd St.)

Tumarkin—Life-size bronze figures and stainless-steel abstractions by an Israeli artist; through May 13. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Felix Vallotton (1865-1925)—Fifty-five paintings, plus woodcuts, drawings, and engravings, by a Swiss member of the Nabi group; through Saturday, April 25. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—New paintings by the celebrator of the great American nude; through Saturday, May 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Karl Zerbe—Figurative and Abstract paintings, collages, and constructions; through Thursday, April 30. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the COMPASS, 1390 Lexington Ave., at 91st St.: Works by Ossorio, Antes, Klaphek, Maryan, Saul, Alex Katz, Diebenkorn, Copley, and D'Arcangelo (to mention a few); through May 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.) . . . DANENBERG, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twenty-five nineteenth-century American painters, among them Homer, Inness, and Moran; through

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SUNDAY, MAY 10TH

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May 9. . . . **EMMERICH,** 41 E. 57th St.: Art of the Etruscans, Greeks, and Romans from 800 B.C. to 400 A.D. (wall paintings, vases, sculptures, and jewelry); through Wednesday, April 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **FEIGEN,** 27 E. 79th St.: Twenty examples of Tantric art; through Saturday, April 25. . . . **LEWISON,** 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Bierstadt, Sully, Kensett, and others; through June 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NEW SCHOOL,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Seventy-three works, ancient and modern, from the collections of directors and curators of such New York institutions as the Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney, the Guggenheim, the New York Cultural Center, and Asia House; starting Friday, April 24. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.). . . **O.K. HARRIS,** 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Geometric paintings on glass by Richard Roth, kinetic sculptures by Mel Leiserowitz, and miniature paintings juxtaposing images of Pop Art by Richard Pettibone; through Saturday, May 2. (Closed Mondays.). . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by major twentieth-century Europeans, including Braque, Chagall, Gris, Miró, Modigliani, and Léger (a kinetic painted wood relief of Charlie Chaplin); through May 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, for example, Arp, de Kooning, Feininger, Pollock, Léger, González, and Salemme; through Friday, April 24. . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs by Atget, Brassai, and others; through Thursday, April 30. . . . **U.S. PLYWOOD,** 777 Third Ave., at 49th St.: The Art Directors show of advertising art; through May 22. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.). . . **DORIS WIENER,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: One hundred Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through May 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of approximately a hundred paintings by Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Degas, Cézanne, Gauguin, and Toulouse-Lautrec (to name a few), representing a century of Impressionism; through May 9.

SCULPTURE—Bronzes by members of the Sculptors Guild, who include Doris Caesar, Robert Cronbach, Vincent Glinsky, and Ruth Vollmer; through Tuesday, April 28. (797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

NOTE—Works by the following artists will be shown at their studios on Saturday and Sunday, April 25-26, from 1 to 6: Mary Abbott, 333 Park Ave. S.; Arnold Belkin, 303 E. Houston St.; Charles DuBack, 304 Bowery; Alan Kessler, 365 Canal St.; Joe Millions, 31 Walker St.; Luis Molinari-Flores, 307 West Broadway; Georges Noël, 16 Greene St.; Paul Spina, 471 West Broadway; May Stevens, 97 Wooster St.; and Karl W. Stücklen, 151 Canal St.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—More than two hundred paintings, thirty-five pieces of sculpture, and three hundred pieces of furniture and decorative objects of nineteenth-century America, also period rooms and fixtures; through Sept. 7. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. . . . ¶ Over three hundred items of medieval art, including gems, manuscripts, stained glass, textiles, sculptures, and works in enamel, metal, and ivory, done between 1180 and 1220, the period when the cathedrals of Chartres, Reims, and Notre Dame, and the first palace of the Louvre were built. The exhibition, which represents the emergence of the Gothic style, comprises borrowings from fourteen countries, including the United States. Through May 10. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Forty paintings by Frank Stella, dating from 1959 and covering the entire range of his work; through May 31. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty items and photographs of Art Nouveau by designer-architect Hector Guimard (1867-1942), including furniture, textiles, graphics, and industrial objects; through May 10. . . . ¶ Fifty etchings done by Joan Miró between 1965 and 1968; through May 11. . . . ¶ Drawings of architectural ideas by Theo van Doesburg, leading De Stijl painter; through June 7. . . . ¶ Works in which photographs are given the illusion of solidity through various mediums; through July 5. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The permanent collection will be the main show until "10th Anniversary Show: The Solomon R. Guggenheim Collection" opens on Friday, May 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Twelve large sculptures by Robert Morris, prominent for his experiments with different styles and materials; through May 31. . . . ¶ Five large paintings dealing with slavery and contemporary political personages by Thomas Nast, America's leading cartoonist of the nineteenth century; through May 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Tuesday, May 5, at 8:30, there will be a Composers' Showcase program featuring Luciano Berio's "This Means That. . . ," with Mr. Berio conducting a chamber-music ensemble. Tickets, which are very scarce, will be issued on a first-come, first-served basis starting Wednesday, April 29.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Fifty-eight works of Asian art borrowed from museums and private collections in the United States, including Chinese and Japanese scrolls, sculptures in stone and bronze, precious objects, illuminated manuscripts, porcelains, and decorative arts; through June 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM OF DESIGN, Third Ave. at 7th St.—Drawings by forty artists, including Rosenquist, de Kooning, Johns, Lindner, Steinberg, and Glarner; through May 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Works by, among others, Indiana, Nauman, and Ortman, in holography, a new technique for super-realistic images; through June 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

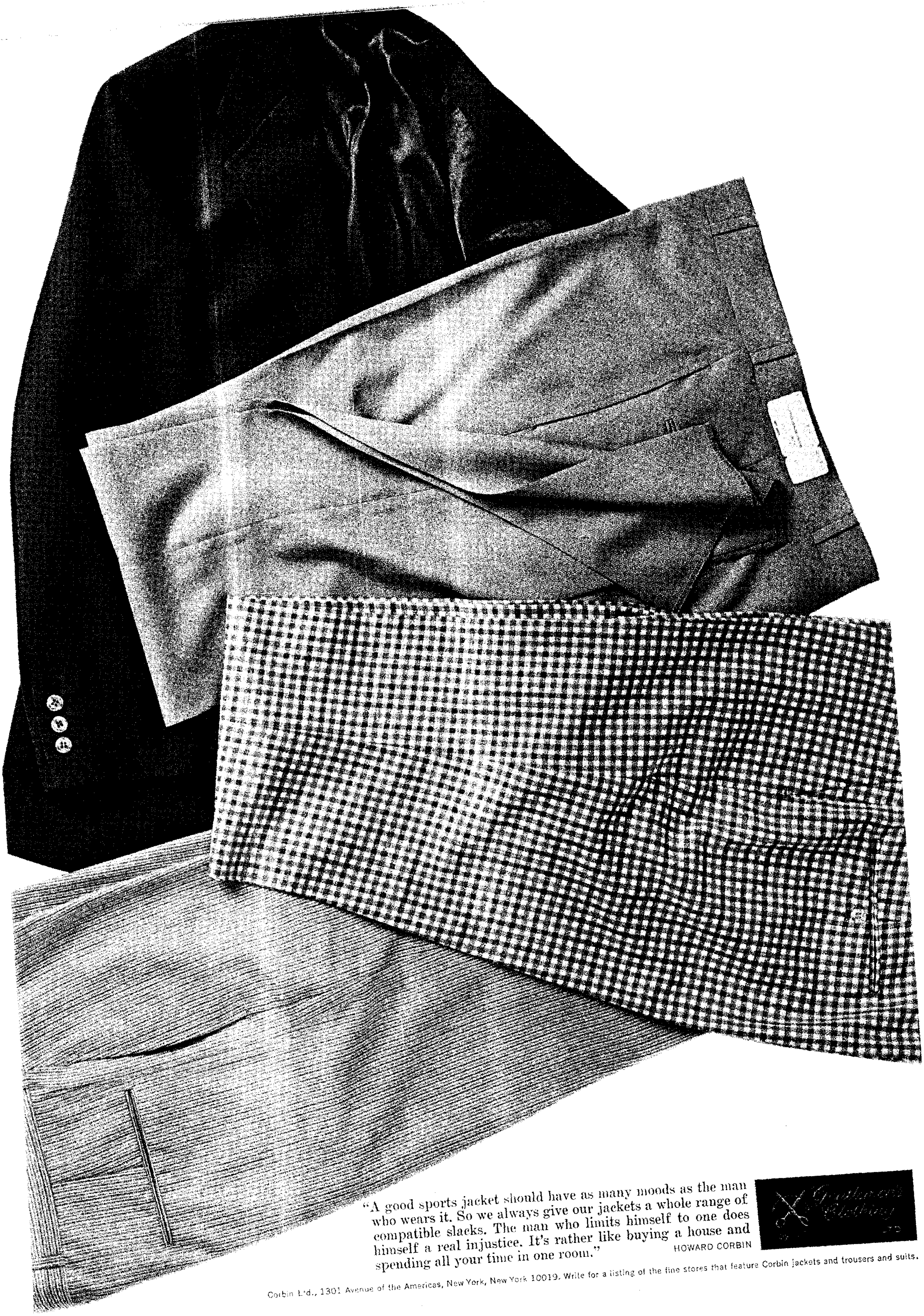
LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Behind the scenes with Rouben Ter-Arutunian—original costume and stage designs; through June 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens, documenting not only his achievements as a novelist but also his dramatic and philanthropic interests; through July 31. . . . ¶ Twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the "Book of Job;" through July 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Works consisting of photographic documentation, labels, tape recordings, slides, maps, charts, and texts by thirty-one "conceptual" artists from seven different countries; through Aug. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A charming group of watercolors and sketches, done by Baroness Hyde de Neuville during her stays in the United States from 1807 to 1814 and 1816 to 1822, of landscapes and figures (many of Indians, understandably). . . . ¶ Paintings, lithographs, and engravings depicting New York harbor in its early idyllic days, when the air was fair; through June 14. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd



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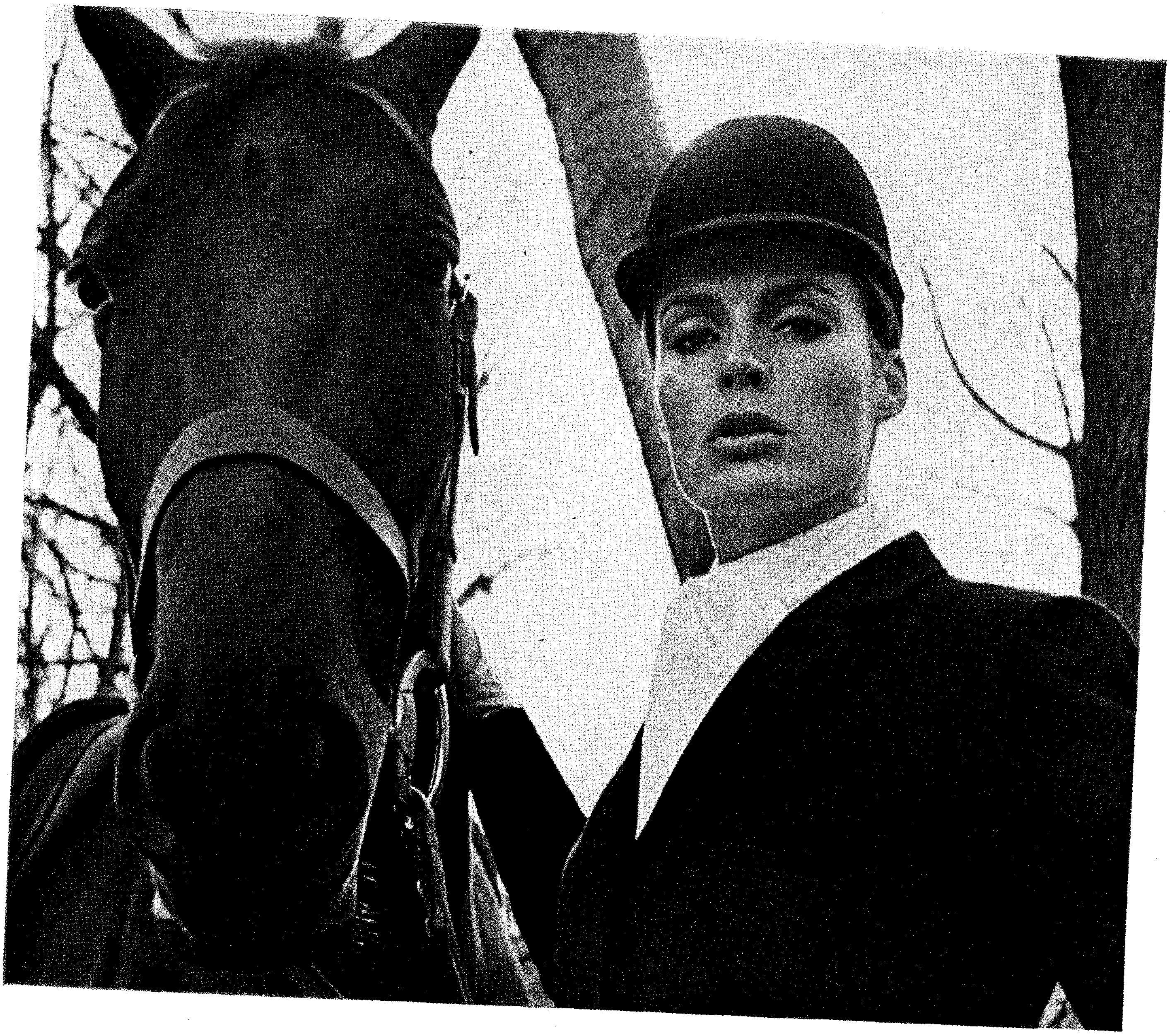

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.—Rare books and manuscripts drawn from the Library's Lenox Collection; through June 3. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts), together with a sampling of the Western art they inspired; through June 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Juilliard American Opera Center—The Juilliard School will open the new Juilliard Theatre with benefit début performances by its American Opera Center, offering Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress," conducted by Erich Leinsdorf and staged by Tito Capobianco. (Juilliard School, Lincoln Center. Thursday, April 23, and Saturday, April 25, at 8:15, and Sunday, April 26, at 2. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Hunter College Opera Theatre—Performances of "Elephant Steps," written by Stanley Silverman and directed by Richard Foreman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, April 24, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 25, at 8 and 11.)

Mannes Opera Workshop—Performances of Rossini's "Il Signor Bruschino" and Puccini's "Il Tabarro," staged by Fabrizio Melano. Paul Berl is the music director. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Saturday through Monday, April 25-27, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

John Brownlee Opera Workshop—Act IV of Offenbach's "The Tales of Hoffmann," in French, and Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi," in English, the first staged by M. M. Streicher, and the second by James Lucas. Anton Coppola will conduct the Repertoire Orchestra. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lorin Maazel conducting—Thursday, April 23, at 8:30; Friday, April 24, at 2; Saturday, April 25, at 8:30; and Monday, April 27, at 7:30 (all with André Watts, piano); and Thursday, April 30, and Saturday, May 2, at 8:30, and Monday, May 4, and Monday, May 11, at 7:30 (all with Mr. Maazel acting as violin soloist, and with David Nadien, also violin).

Houston Symphony Orchestra—Hans Schwieger conducting, with Young Uck Kim, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 22, at 8:30.)

London Philharmonic Orchestra—Bernard Haitink conducting the orchestra, appearing here for the first time, in three programs. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 23, and Saturday, April 25, at 8:30, with Claudio Arrau, piano, and Friday, April 24, at 8:30, with Ivan Davis, piano.)

American Symphony—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Teiko Maehashi, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 26, at 3, and Monday, April 27, at 8:30.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the final concert of the season, with Karen Altman, soprano; William Metcalf, baritone; and Michael May, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 24, at 8:30.)

Norwegian Singing Society—Norman Myrvik directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 25, at 8:30.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing an all-Brahms program, with an orchestra and soloists. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, April 26, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra—Abraham Kaplan directing the final concert of the season, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Stafford Wing, tenor; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Concordia Choir—Ralph C. Schultz directing a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 26, at 8:30.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing the final concert of the season, with soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 1, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Bruce Trinkley directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 2, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Conjunto Brasileiro Roberto de Regina—A program of medieval and Renaissance music from Spain, Portugal, and France. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, April 22, at 8:30.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 25, at 8:30.)

Earl Wild—Piano, in a benefit concert. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, April 26, at 5:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—With Leonid Hambro, piano, in a benefit concert. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, April 28, at 8:30.)

Anthony di Bonaventura, Jeanette Scovotti, and Sidney Harth—Piano, soprano, and violin, in a benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 29, at 8:30. For tickets, call OR 4-3103.)

Aaron Rosand—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 29, at 8:30.)

Lois Whiteman—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, April 29, at 8:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The last in a series of programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller, this one with Evelyne Crochet, piano, and Gwendolyn Sims, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 30, at 8:30.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals of Spanish music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, May 1, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Alban Berg Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by a wind ensemble conducted by Arthur Weisberg; Janet Steele and Diana Hoagland, sopranos; Ma Si-hon, violin; Tung Kwong-kwong, piano; and others. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, April 22, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Incredible String Band and **Stone Monkey Mime Troupe**—A staged production of "U," a pop pantomime. (Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Thursday, April 23, at 8; Friday and Saturday, April 24-25, at 8 and 11:30; and Sunday, April 26, at 7:30.)

Mary Lou Williams—With a twelve-man band. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday and Sunday, April 25-26, at 8. For tickets, call 280-3567.)

Jacques Loussier Trio—An all-Bach program, with present-day improvisations. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 26, at 3.)

Jefferson Airplane, Manfred Mann: Chapter Three, and Glenn McKay's Head Lights—Fillmore East. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 28-29, at 8 and 11:30.

Rod McKuen—Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, April 28-29, at 8:30.

Mountain, Leslie West-Felix Pappalardi, and Blodwyn Pig—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, at 8 and 11:30.

Jaki Byard Trio—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 1, at 8:30.

B.B. King and His Friends—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 2, at 8:30 and at midnight.

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium**: Mets vs. San Diego, Wednesday, April 22, at 2:05. . . . **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Oakland, Friday, April 24, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, April 25-26, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. California, Tuesday,

Guide de Paris

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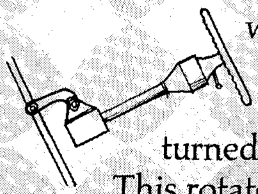
What makes a car's wheels turn when you turn the steering wheel.



Most cars turn by means of a steering system called Recirculating Ball. Here's how it works (bear with us, please):

When you turn the steering wheel, the steering column is turned.

This rotates the spiral drive gear.

Which moves the recirculating ball segment.

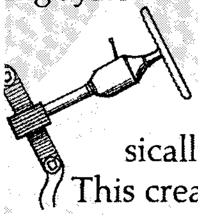
Which rotates the sector shaft.

Which moves a lever.

Which, through the tie rods, turns the wheels.

Sounds complicated? That's precisely our point.

What makes the Audi's wheels turn when you turn the steering wheel.



The Audi's wheels turn by means of a steering system called Rack-and-Pinion. And here's how *it* works:

When the steering column is turned, a pinion (which is basically a gear) is rotated.

This creates horizontal movement of the rack.

Which, through the tie rods, turns the wheels.

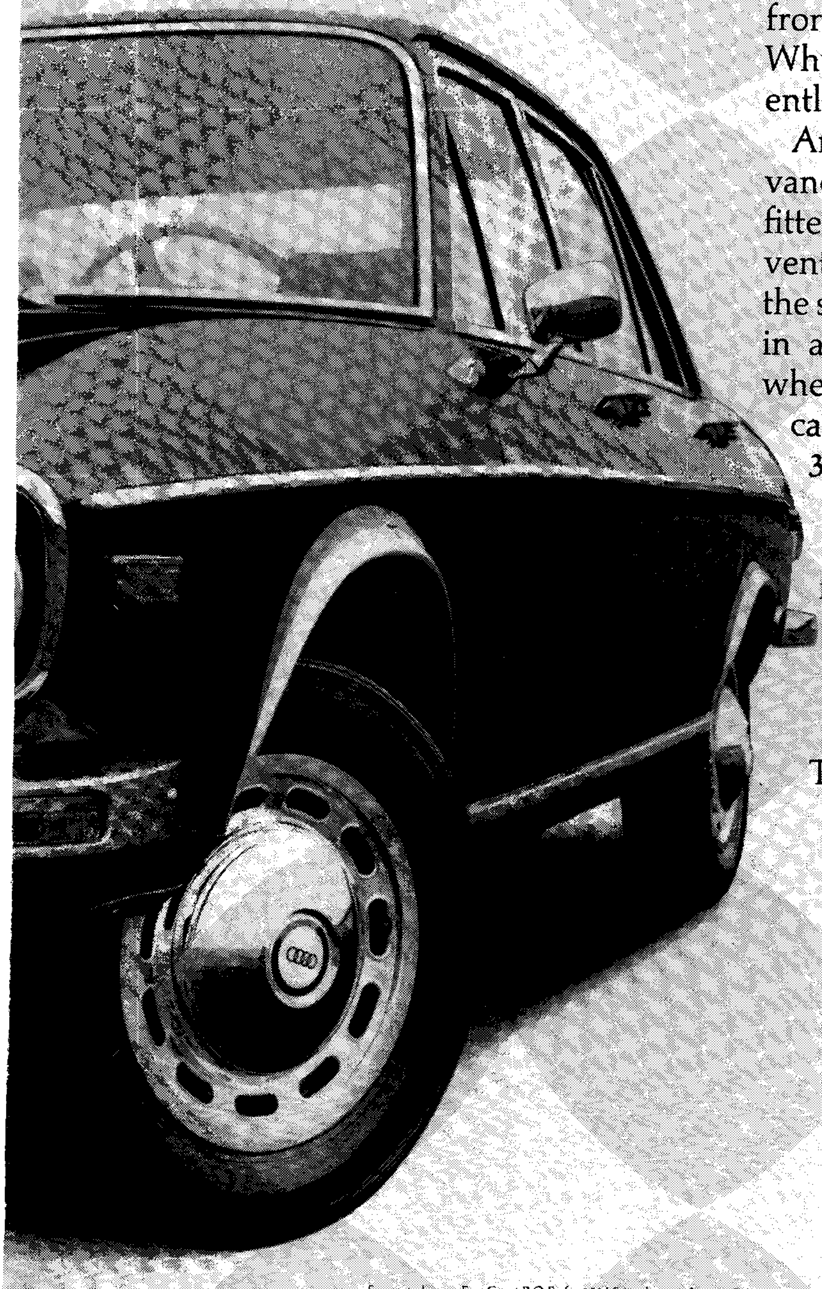
Though you may not understand all the words, we're sure you can see how much simpler and more direct our system is. (Fact is, considering the number of moving parts, it's the simplest steering system in the world.)

This simplicity and directness is why you get a better feel of the road with our steering system than you do with the others. And the better your feel of the road, the more control you have over the car—especially in those situations where split-second correction is so vital.

Rack-and-Pinion steering is just one of the Audi's many points of difference. It also has front-wheel drive. Inboard front disc brakes. Why this remarkable car even uses gas differently than most other cars.

And as for the interior, well, it's just as advanced as the rest of the Audi. With posture-fitted seats specifically designed to help prevent fatigue. Vital controls located right on the steering column. And, well, why not come in and see for yourself. (You can find out where your nearest Porsche Audi dealer is by calling 800-553-9550 free. Or, in Iowa, call 319-242-1867 collect.)

While you're down there, you'll have an opportunity to drive the Audi, too, naturally—and see that the things we say in our advertising aren't just things we say in our advertising.



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The revolutionary new car from Germany.

Suggested price, East Coast P.O.E., for 100 LS (as shown) $3,795. Other models start at $2,995. (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher.) Local taxes and dealer delivery charges, if any, additional.

All-girl lace for the all-girl girl, shirt shaped terrific by Gregg Draddy. In white polyester lace that fairly outdazzles the sun, 8 to 14 sizes 44.00. Young Idea, Cleveland, Ohio. Please add .75 outside delivery area.

Halle's

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 28, at 8; Wednesday, April 29, at 3; and Thursday, April 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Milwaukee, Friday, May 1, at 8, and Saturday, May 2, at 2.

CREW—Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 25.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, Princeton, and M.I.T. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 25.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. Saturday, April 25.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 2.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. Saturday, May 2.)

HORSE SHOWS—Boulder Brook Club Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 25-26.) . . . ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Rosemont, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 2-3.)

HUNT RACING—Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 25.) . . . ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 2.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 23. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 25, and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 2. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays; last day Saturday, May 30. Post time is 1:45 through Saturday, April 25; after that, 2. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 2.

TRACK—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 24-25.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, May 25. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; *through Saturday, Nov. 14.*

FOR CHILDREN

LES DANSEURS AFRICAINS—The National Ensemble from Mali, performing songs, ritual dances, and acrobatics. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, April 26, at 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . DRAGON MARIONETTES: "Puss in Boots." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Saturday, May 2, at 2.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Golden Tambourine," Saturday, April 25. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sunday, April 26. . . . ¶ "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, May 2. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Afternoons at 2:30.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "The Princess and the Pea," Saturday, April 25, at 3:30. "Pinocchio," Saturday, May 2, at 3:30. (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952.) . . . ¶ A benefit performance of "Peter Pan." (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 77th St. Sunday, April 26, at 3. For tickets, call 877-1952.) . . . PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE: "Just So Stories," Wednesday, April 22. . . . ¶ "This Was America," Thursday, April 23. . . . ¶ "Martin Luther King, Jr.," Friday, April 24. . . . ¶ "Young Abe Lincoln," Wednesday, April 29. . . . ¶ "Young Tom Edison," Thursday, April 30. . . . ¶ "The Circus," Friday, May 1. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 10.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "New Challenge of the Planets." Starting Tuesday, April 28, there will be a new show, "The Zodiac: Realm of Wandering Stars." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In CENTRAL PARK: A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include kids, lambs, deer, monkeys, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the BRONX ZOO: In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a variety of small animals, among them lambs, piglets, kids, and prairie dogs. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

POETRY READINGS—Mark Van Doren reading from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, April 28, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 22, at 2: Chinese art, including porcelains, snuff bottles, jade and other hardstone carvings; from many owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 23, at 2: English and Continental silver; the property of Frank M. Loughman and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 25, at 2: Eighteenth-century and other French furniture and decorations, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 28, at 2: English and American literature, bibliography, and autograph letters; from various collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 30, at 2: Old Master and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, April 24. . . . NOTE: On Saturday, April 25, at 10:15, there will be an auction of antique and classic automobiles at PB-84, 171 E. 84th St. Included will be a 1928 Stutz Black Hawk speedster, a 1912 Kissel Kar, a 1952 Cunningham coupé, and a 1916 Studebaker seven-passenger touring model. An admission charge will be made. (Exhibition hours: Thursday and Friday, April 23-24, from 9 to 7.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Ten programs in a series of Japanese films, some without English titles: April 22 at 2 and 5:30, "Marital Relations" (1955); April 23 at 2, "Large Size: Part One" (1957); April 23 at 5:30, "Large Size: Part Two" (1957); April 23 at 8, "Large Size: Part Three" (1957); April 24 at 2 and 5:30, "Bonchi" (1960); April 25 at 3 and 5:30, "The Life of a Certain Swordsman" (1959); April 26 at 2 and 5:30, "Crossroads" (1928); April 27 at 8 and April 28 at 2, "Rebellion" (1967); April 29 at 2 and 5:30, "Flowing" (1956); April 30 at 2 and 5:30, "Women of the Night" (1948). . . . ¶ April 24 at 8: "Dillinger Is Dead" (1968), in Italian, directed by Marco Ferreri. . . . ¶ April 25 at 11:30: Four short films from the Filmmakers Cooperative and Canyon Cinema Cooperative. . . . ¶ April 27 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Male and Female" (1919), directed by Cecil B. deMille, with Gloria Swanson. . . . ¶ April 28 at 5:30: "The Seed of Man" (1969), in Italian, directed by Marco Ferreri. . . . ¶ April 30 at 8: "A Woman of the World" (1925), with Pola Negri. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—April 22: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954), with Richard Carlson. . . . ¶ April 23: "It Came from Outer Space" (1953), with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush. . . . ¶ April 24: "The Mummy" (1932), with Boris Karloff. . . . ¶ April 25: "Wolf Man" (1941), with Claude Rains. . . . ¶ April 26: "This Island Earth" (1955), with Jeff Morrow. . . . ¶ April 28: "State of the Union" (1948), with Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. . . . ¶ April 30: "Desire" (1936), with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME—Starts Sunday, April 26, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

BACARDI light rum. Its subtle flavor makes it perfect for daiquiris, the Bacardi Cocktail, martinis, or with fruit juices, soda or tonic. Use Bacardi light rather than gin or vodka. *Daiquiri Recipe:* Squeeze ½ lime or lemon. Add ½ tsp. sugar, jigger of Bacardi, ice. Shake. (Or use daiquiri mix.) For the Bacardi Cocktail, add tsp. of grenadine.

BACARDI dark rum. Slightly more pronounced in flavor, yet smooth and mellow. Best for highballs, sours, rum & colas, Manhattans, eggnog, hot rum drinks, on-the-rocks, with water or your favorite mixer. Use Bacardi dark rather than whiskey.

BACARDI 151. A very high proof rum. Enjoy it in exotic drinks like the Mai-Tai, in hot rum drinks, gourmet cooking and flaming dishes.

AÑEJO.™ The world's smoothest liquor? Quite possibly. Añejo is the ultimate rum. It's been delicately aged. So it is very dry and mellow. Many connoisseurs prefer it to brandy. Sip it from a snifter, in a highball or on-the-rocks. Magnifico.

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Delta introduces a totally new concept in single handle faucets, the Delta Fjord.

To look at, it looks like the most elegant widespread you've seen. But to operate, it operates as simply as the rest of Delta's famous single handle line.

Frankly, all one handle does is work the pop-up control. The other handles all the necessities—on-off, volume, and control.

Delta designed the Fjord for what's happening in the bathroom—the new posh look you'd like your bathroom to look like. Unique. Elegant. Individual.

But we didn't want to throw out our own original idea . . . the handle with only one moving part . . . so we didn't. We combined them to give you the best of both; worry-free maintenance (after all, how much can go wrong with *one* moving part), and distinctive, decorating design that defies description.

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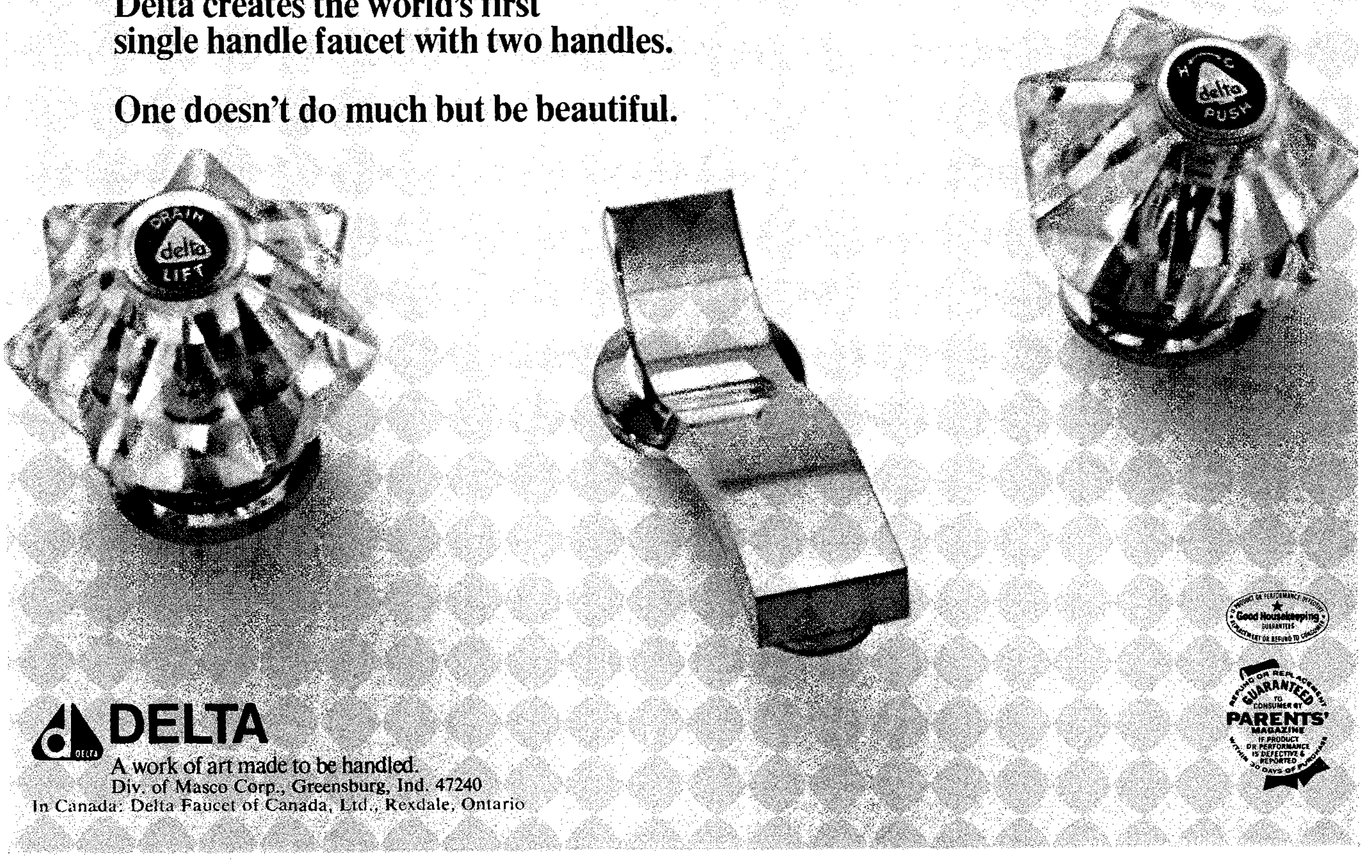
Now, proven Delta quality comes in a prize package of both drama and dependability.

It's not enough to be *just* beautiful.

Delta creates the world's first single handle faucet with two handles.

One doesn't do much but be beautiful.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

Alice's Restaurant—Arthur Penn's tender, simple film from Arlo Guthrie's best-selling talking-blues ballad record. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through April 28.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Richard Burton as Henry VIII and Genevieve Bujold as Anne Boleyn, in a well-acted but peculiarly unconvincing account of their thousand-day marriage. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—In his first full-length movie, Jean Cocteau created a fairy-tale atmosphere of sensuous elegance. This movie is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is Beauty. With Marcel André as the father and Michel Auclair as the brother. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 26-27.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 28.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A match (Robert Culp and Natalie Wood) and a mismatch (Elliott Gould and Dyan Cannon) in the best American comedy of 1969. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Boys in the Band—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggot, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—This Western turns out to be one of those buddy-buddy chaffing, bantering jobs, but at least the buddies are Paul Newman and Robert Redford. Directed by George Roy Hill from William Goldman's screenplay. With Katharine Ross. (U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Not top-drawer Chaplin, but still pleasant. With Merna Kennedy. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant satire of the American as imperialist. With Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, Everett Sloane. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 23.)

A Cold Wind in August (1961)—A low-budget film distinguished by the great intensity that Lola Albright brings to the role of a thirtyish stripper who seduces a seventeen-year-old boy and discovers sexual pleasure. It's a kind of tawdry American version of "Devil in the Flesh," but not bad. Directed by Alexander Singer. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through April 23.)

Daybreak ("Le Jour Se Lève;" 1939)—The director, Marcel Carné, and the writer, Jacques Prévert, collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the masochistic trickery of the man he kills (Jules Berry). Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas. With Arletty and a good score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through April 29.)

Easy Rider—A ballad about an eastbound cycle-odyssey across modern America. The two heroes are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through April 28.)

Fellini Satyricon—Man without God running photogenically amok. Gawd. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—One of those "classic" early Warner Brothers musicals—silly but from time to time irresistibly wonderful in a way that will never come back. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes, Joan Blondell is tough and honest, Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 28.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's extraordinary first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through April 29.)

Funny Girl—A great star with a gift for comedy, and some good songs. Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Gold Diggers of 1935—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't too skillful. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 28.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—More pleasant than might have been expected, though inflated and unduly prolonged. Peter O'Toole gives a romantic performance of great distinction, and Petula Clark, as his wife, has a fine glow. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 28.)

Hello, Dolly!—The extraordinary Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-rousing musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Hot Pepper (1933)—A raucous, sassy comedy with some rather startling dialogue, featuring the "What Price Glory?" team—Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen—and Lupe Velez. Dudley Nichols wrote the story; John Blystone directed. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 23-26.)

Intimate Lighting—A small but charming and humane comedy about a young couple who visit an old friend of the man's and discover how the two men's paths—once so close—have diverged. Directed by Ivan Passer. A Czechoslovakian film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Judge Priest (1934)—Some Irvin S. Cobb stories, brought to the screen by John Ford. Viewed now, this piece of Americana about a trial in a Kentucky town in 1890 is also a slice of old Hollywood: the cast includes Will Rogers, Anita Louise, Rochelle Hudson, Hattie McDaniel, and that much maligned comedian Stepin Fetchit. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 22.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterworks of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 30.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 26-27.)

The Liberation of L. B. Jones—William Wyler's melodrama about the modern South may please blacks more than it pleases whites, and it's easy to see why. A bit player named Brenda Sykes has the most beautiful face to hit the screen since Elizabeth Taylor was a child. (State 2, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; through April 26.)

Loving—A beautifully sustained piece of movie-making by Irvin Kershner. It is an unusual American movie in that it has the sensibility and feeling for character generally associated with Czech films or prewar French films. George Segal is the middle-class man trying to live without giving up his illusions that he can be an artist. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448. . . . ¶ Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332; through April 26.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane," though it lacks the satirical dimensions. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life. Tim Holt plays the mother-fixated son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello is his mother; Agnes Moorehead is his nervous old-maid aunt. With Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 23.)

M*A*S*H—The best American war comedy since sound came in. With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; through April 28. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6000; starting April 29.)

Mississippi Mermaid—A small, endearing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride from France through the classified ads. Catherine Deneuve plays the bride. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous report of behavior between intimates. Questions about love, choice, luck, and religion are talked about and lived out by four characters in Clermont-Ferrand. One of the best conversation films ever, full of delicate attention to the way people listen, and wonderfully acted by a cast that includes Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Patton—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Power and the Glory (1933)—Preston Sturges wrote the script (which is sentimental and heavy-handed but is nevertheless almost a warmup for "Citizen Kane"), and the producer, Jesse Lasky, who considered it "the most perfect script" he'd ever seen, insisted that the director, William K. Howard, shoot it word for word. Spencer Tracy is the railroad tycoon who has killed himself, and the story is told from his funeral by Ralph Morgan. With Colleen Moore and slinky Helen Vinson. Photographed by James Wong Howe. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 27-29.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the robust, gluttonous monarch; among the ladies he marries are Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester. Alexander Korda directed this warhorse of the movie repertory, which is still alive and in good spirits. With Robert Donat and John Loder. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 24-27.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—James Dean as the classic misunderstood kid, in the generation-gap soap opera that had more emotional resonance for kids than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and—remember?—Dennis Hopper. Nicholas Ray directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through April 23.)

The Road to Glory (1936)—William Faulkner and Joel Sayre wrote the screenplay for Howard Hawks. The setting is the First World War, and the movie demonstrates how gallantly actors can fight and die. With Fredric March and Warner Baxter. Photographed by Gregg Toland. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 27-29.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film. Directed by Roman Polanski. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 28.)

The Sicilian Clan—An expert, glossy thriller by Henri Verneuil, with some good set-piece ideas, and holes in the plot that aren't noticeable at the time. Jean Gabin plays the patriarchal bastard who heads a Mafia family. Alain Delon joins the clan in a jewelry raid that is carried out with high style. In French. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Sterile Cuckoo—A good, modest movie with two memorable characters—a desperate, funny, imaginative girl (Liza Minnelli) having an affair with an ordinary, nice boy (Wendell Burton). Alan J. Pakula directed, from Alvin Sargent's impeccable script. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 28.)

Sunny Side Up (1929)—This *very* early musical was full of twinkles and dimples and yet so extraordinarily successful that it might almost be worth a footnote in the history of popular taste. With Janet Gaynor—who sang in those days—and Charles Farrell. Donald Crisp directed; had he gone on directing, he might have achieved notoriety. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 23-26.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh, with Laurence Olivier as Lord Nelson, but the movie is rather soggy. Alexander Korda directed, in the lavish style considered appropriate to national heroes. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 24-27.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Heavy-handed but compelling version of Horace McCoy's novel about the thirties. With Jane Fonda as the marathon dancer and Gig Young as the promoter, and both are first-rate. Sydney Pollack directed. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630; and Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through April 28.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. First showing at 4 on Saturdays and Sundays. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 28.)

La Vérité (1960)—Brigitte Bardot as a messy hippie in Henri-Georges Clouzot's messy, self-serious courtroom drama. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting April 30.)

The Wages of Fear (1953)—The most exciting French melodrama of the fifties. Henri-Georges Clouzot's Existential thriller about the responses of four men to a situation in which character no longer determines fate: they are driving trucks loaded with nitroglycerine over rough roads. With Yves Montand. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting April 30.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Woodstock—An amiable gloss on the Woodstock Festival, which was the mob scene we got away with. None of the troubles are shown; none of the muddles of organization, none of the freak-outs. Michael Wadleigh directs. The good-natured hippies who put up with so much are depicted in a way that is perfectly true, but not enough of the whole truth, so that the picture emerges with an odd obsequiousness to the law-and-order paternalists who want mostly manners out of the young. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Z—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Zabriskie Point—Michelangelo Antonioni doesn't have the temperament to deal with the current American scene, and his attempt results in an awkward and obtuse movie—a disaster. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting April 29.)

Note—At **TOWN HALL**, 113 W. 43rd (JU 2-4536): A series of Laurel-and-Hardy films. April 22 and 24, at 5:30: "A Chump at Oxford" (1940), "Below Zero" (1930), and "Helpmates" (1931).... ¶ April 27-29 and May 1, all at 5:30: "Our Relations" (1936), "Going Bye Bye" (1931), and "Our Wife" (1931). ... **ALICE TULLY HALL**, Lincoln Center (362-1911): A series of international films. April 23 at 6:30: "The Wedding March" (United States, 1927).... ¶ April 23 at 9:30: "Thomas the Impostor" (France, 1965).... ¶ April 30 at 6:30: "The Unknown" (United States, 1927) and "Saturnino Farandolo" (Italy, 1913).... ¶ April 30 at 9:30: "Partner" (Italy, 1968).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 28: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**
From April 29: **ZABRISKIE POINT.**

Evergreen 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
Through April 26: "End of a Priest," a Czechoslovakian film.
From April 27: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 25: "Thanos & Despina" (in Greek).
April 26: Theatre closed.
From April 27: "The Joke," a Czechoslovakian film.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 28: "The Minx," Jan Sterling; and "Interlude" (1968), Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.
From April 29: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 28: **GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.**
From April 29: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 28: **EASY RIDER**; and **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**
From April 29: "Diary of a Schizophrenic Girl" (in Italian).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through April 25: "Jenny," Marlo Thomas, Alan Alda.
From April 26: "Sympathy for the Devil," a Jean-Luc Godard film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE SICILIAN CLAN (in French).

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WOODSTOCK.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
WOMEN IN LOVE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
ZABRISKIE POINT.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"How to Succeed with Sex."

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
To be announced.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 28: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**
From April 29: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through April 26: "End of the Road," Stacy Keach.
From April 27: "riverrun," Louise Ober.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
MISSISSIPPI MERMAID (in French).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Lawyer," Barry Newman; and "True Grit" (1969), John Wayne, Glen Campbell.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through April 26: **LOVING.**
From April 27: "Hi, Mom!," Robert De Niro.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 28: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**
From April 29: "Halls of Anger," Calvin Lockhart.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
April 22: "Antonio das Mortes" (in Portuguese).
From April 23: "Early Works," a Yugoslav film. (On Sunday, April 26, the theatre will be closed to the public.)

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 23: **CITIZEN KANE**; and **THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS.**
April 24-25: Short films by Truffaut, Polanski, Lester, Mogugub, and Marker.
April 26-27: **THE LADY VANISHES**; and **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST** (in French).
April 28-29: "Wild Horses of Fire" (1964, in Ukrainian); and "A Ballad of Love" (1966, in Russian).
From April 30: **JULES AND JIM** (in French); and "Black Orpheus" (1959, in Portuguese), Marpessa Dawn.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 28: **THE STERILE CUCKOO**; and **ROSEMARY'S BABY.**
From April 29: "Ben-Hur" (1959), Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
INTIMATE LIGHTING, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Me" (in French).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through April 28: "Artful Penetration."
From April 29: "End of the Road," Stacy Keach.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through April 29: **DAYBREAK** and **THE 400 BLOWS** (both in French).
From April 30: **THE WAGES OF FEAR** and **LA VÉRITÉ** (both in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through April 28: "Skullduggery," Burt Reynolds, Susan Clark.
From April 29: "Without a Stitch" (in Danish).

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
PATTON.

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through April 26: **THE LIBERATION OF L. B. JONES.**
From April 27: "Hi, Mom!," Robert De Niro.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
FUNNY GIRL.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.
Saturday and Sunday, April 25-26, at noon and 2: Kenneth Clark's series of films, "Civilisation." This week, "The Smile of Reason" and "The Worship of Nature."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through April 28: "Every Bastard a King," Pier Angeli.
From April 29: "Halls of Anger," Calvin Lockhart.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
LOVING.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FELLINI SATYRICON (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through April 28: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**
From April 29 (tentative): "True Grit" (1969), John Wayne, Glen Campbell.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Monique," Sibylla Kay.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Brotherly Love," Peter O'Toole, Susannah York.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

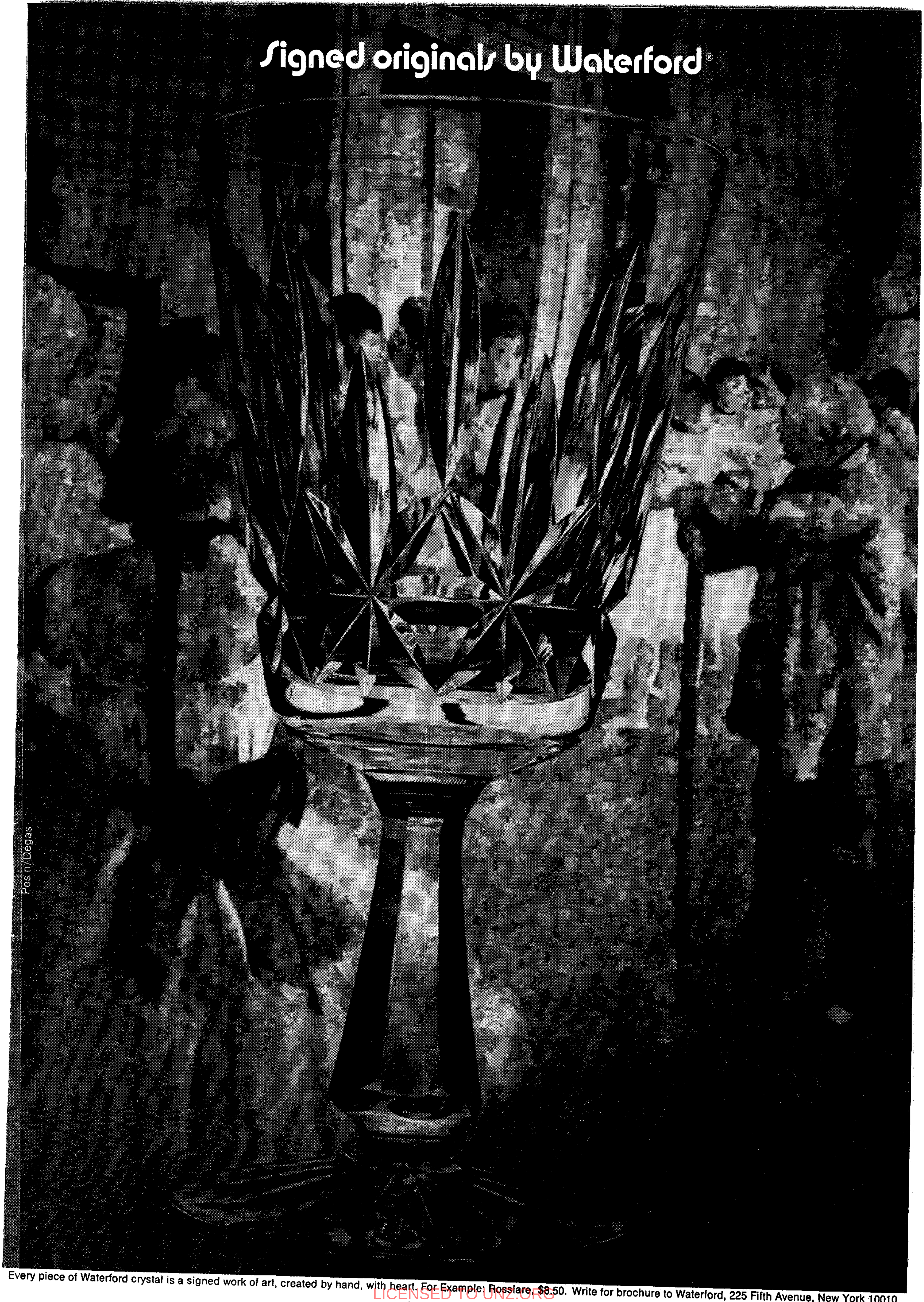
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
THE CIRCUS (silent); and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 22: **JUDGE PRIEST**; and "Hello Sister" (1933), James Dunn, ZaSu Pitts.
April 23-26: **SUNNY SIDE UP**; and **HOT PEPPER.**
April 27-29: **THE ROAD TO GLORY**; and **THE POWER AND THE GLORY.**
From April 30: "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 28: **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935**; and **FOOTLIGHT PARADE.**
From April 29: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 23: **REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE**; and **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST.**
April 24-27: **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII**; and **THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!**
From April 28: **ULYSSES**; and **BEDAZZLED.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 28: "Artful Penetration."
From April 29: "End of the Road," Stacy Keach.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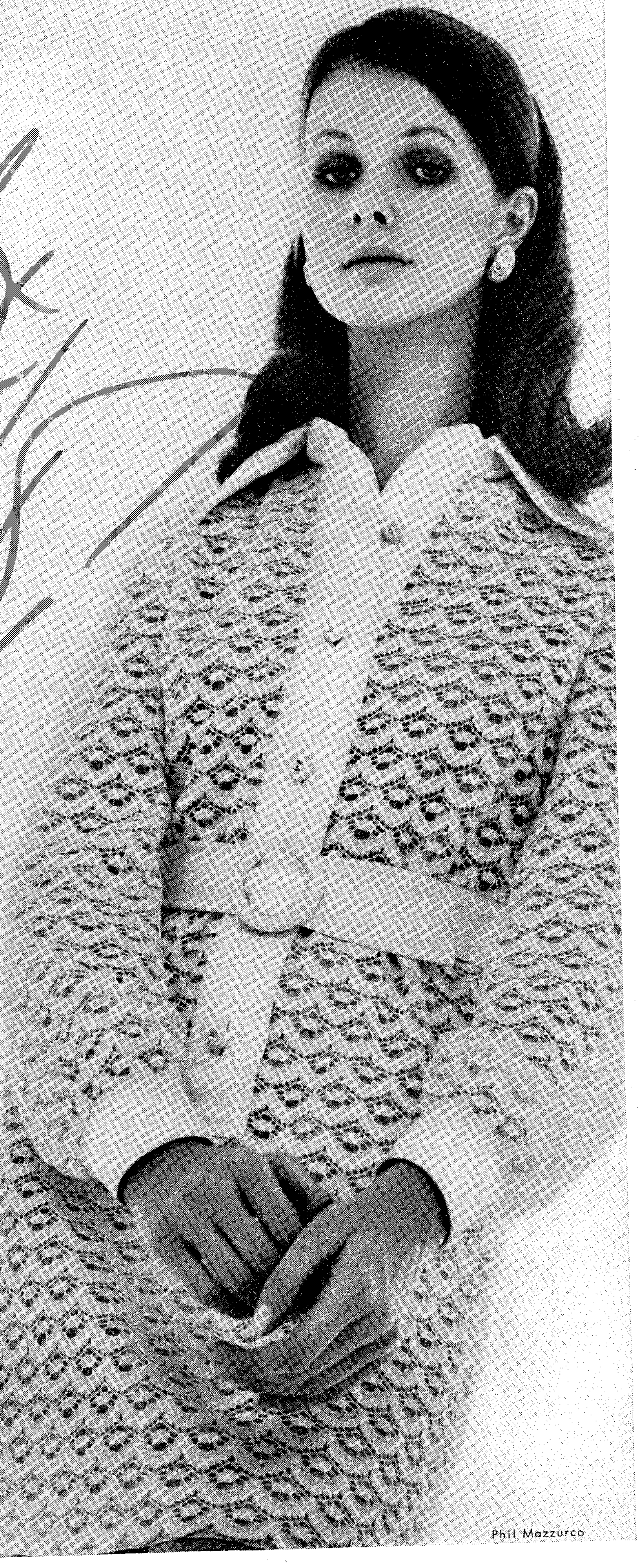


Phil Mazzurco

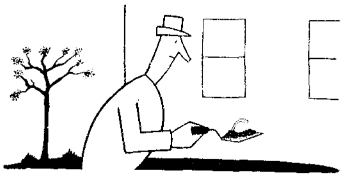
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

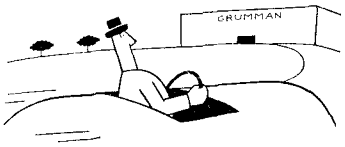
AS we awaited Earth Day, we received the following letter from a friend in Stonington, Connecticut:

"Earth differs somewhat from place to place, but in the small patch of ground behind where we live the soil covering the bedrock is composed of sand, clay, and humus, with a liberal dusting of small pieces of coal, glass, and stone. The coal is a relic of the days when the cellar furnace was coal-fired. The sand is broken-down, powdered sandstone. The clay is sticky. And the humus is the result of the decay of vegetable and animal life—of plants, leaves, bugs, and even smaller living things. Chemical components of this soil include nitrogen, phosphoric acid, potash, and lime. Apart from some bare patches and some vegetable beds, grass covers most of this soil. Water filters through it. Out of it have grown green peppers, a rosebush, much honeysuckle, and an apple tree. The earth is at once full of poison and the antidotes to poison; tetanus bacillus is undoubtedly well distributed in it, and so are many micro-organisms akin to those soil micro-organisms that were found to be the first, effective antibiotics. Yet, getting down to earth and turning over a trowelful, we are more likely to be reminded of the value of *everything* in the soil by seeing an earthworm wriggling through from one porous lump of dirt to another. Charles Darwin was among the first to examine the invaluable job the earthworm does of turning up the subsoil. But, before Darwin, Gilbert White, the eighteenth-century curate of Selborne, England, made a remark that we should like to offer to all those speakers on April 22nd who wish to stress the fact that there is nothing natural in or on the earth which we can with safety wildly distort or dispense with. White wrote, 'Earthworms, though in appearance a small and despicable link in the chain of Nature, yet, if lost, would make a lamentable chasm.' "

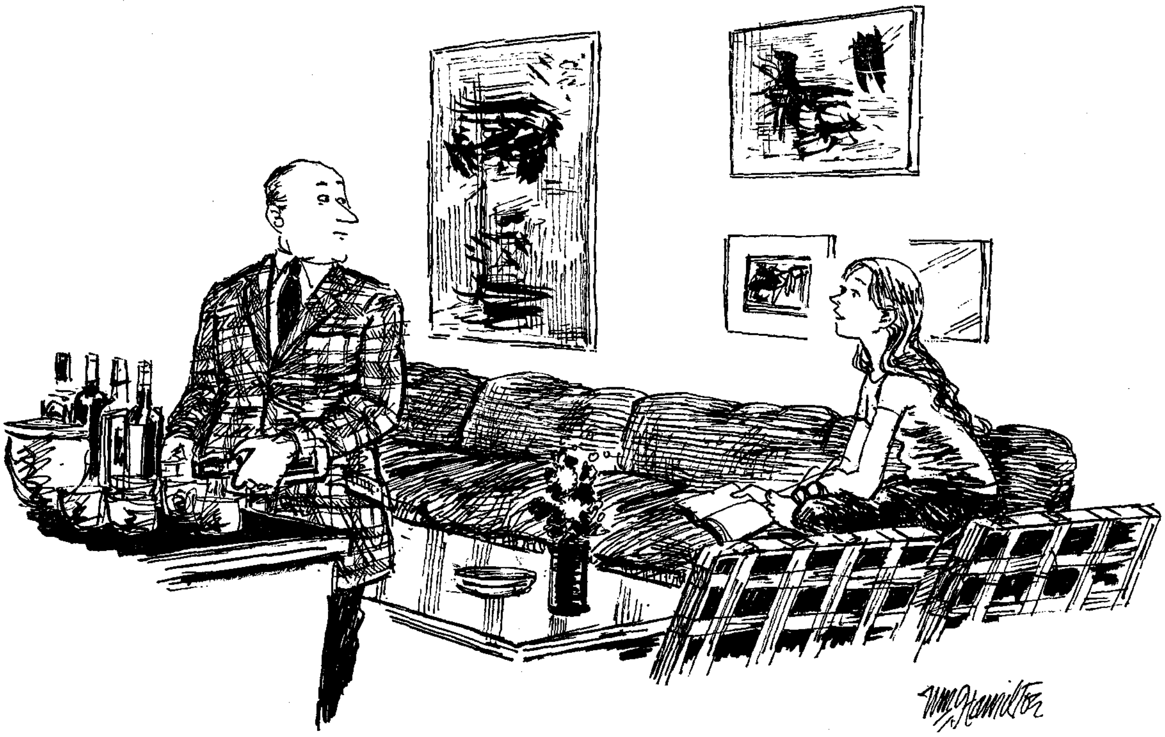


Support

WEDNESDAY of last week, while the Apollo 13 astronauts were making their way back from the moon, using the lunar module simultaneously as a tugboat for their disabled command module and as a lifeboat for themselves, we drove out to the Grumman Aerospace Corporation, at Bethpage, where the LM was built. About seventy engineers who had worked on it were in a big, rectangular room called the Mission Support Room, where they were on hand to answer questions from the Mission Control Center, in Houston. The engineers in Houston and the engineers at Bethpage kept in touch over ten open telephone lines. The engineers at Bethpage sat at six long tables, and at each table they were arranged in groups according to their specialties—propulsion, environment control, thermodynamics, structural analysis. Groups that had to confer frequently, such as the radar engineers and the guidance engineers, were seated across from each other. The arrangement was a little like an orchestra's, and in the middle of one of the long sides of the room was a simple platform, like a conductor's, for the project manager and his assistants, whose job it was to refer any question from Houston to the engineer who could best answer it. Most of the men were in shirtsleeves.



One of the men on the platform the night of the accident was Kenneth Doris, a young engineer from the Mission Support and Evaluation Group, whose job, as Mission Cognizant Engineer, was to monitor the radio communications between the spacecraft and Houston, and alert the Project Manager about anything that might interest Grumman. We looked Mr. Doris up, and asked what it had been like. He said he had smoked a pipe through much of the evening. He had thought that his shift that night would be uneventful, for there was no particular reason to believe the LM would be much of a topic of conversation just yet. The astronauts wouldn't use it for another two days, when they would be in orbit around the moon. At 10:11 that night, Captain James A. Lovell, Jr., the commander of the Apollo 13 mission, reported a loud bang, followed by a sudden drop in the oxygen pressure of one of the two tanks in the service module. He spoke so calmly that Doris wasn't particularly alarmed. The first indication that anything was seriously wrong was a remark by Commander Lovell that the electric power was low. Even then Doris wasn't alarmed, for Ground Control radioed back that it could see no reason for the dip in power, and Doris therefore assumed the dip would be a momentary one—like the brief power failure that occurred during the Apollo 12 mission when its spacecraft was hit by lightning. It took him and the other Grumman engineers three or four more minutes to realize that the electric power in the command and service modules of the Apollo 13 mission *wasn't* coming back on. One of Doris's jobs as Mission Cognizant Engineer was to anticipate problems that might come up and then alert the engineer involved. His first thought was that certain vital parts of the LM, such as its antennas, were in danger, for they were kept warm by heaters that ran on electricity supplied by the command and service modules. (At this point, the LM's own power sys-



"Say, Daddy, what the hell does 'risqué' mean?"

• •

tem was shut down.) He was checking with some other engineers in the Mission Support Room to find out how long the parts could survive without heat when Houston asked a more serious question: How long could the astronauts survive in the LM? Doris thought immediately of "Marooned," a science-fiction film he had seen recently, in which a group of astronauts stranded in a spaceship waited for rescue while their supplies of power, oxygen, and water—which engineers call "consumables"—dwindled. Most Grumman engineers now maintain that there never was a moment when they thought the astronauts' lives might be in danger, but Doris said he had a very bad moment when he heard through his earphones that there was just fifteen minutes' worth of consumables left for the command module. Mission Control quickly told the astronauts to get into the LM, and Doris was glad to find that Fred W. Haise, Jr., was already there. Haise is something of a favorite at Grumman, for he spent the better part of a year there while the LM was being built, and one Grumman engineer who worked closely with him feels that he knows more about LMs than any other astronaut.

As the crisis continued, more questions poured in from Mission Control, which was particularly interested in knowing how the LM's rocket would perform under the new circumstances. Would the fact that there now were three men in the LM instead of two throw the craft off balance when the LM's main rocket was fired? Would the fact that the LM and the command module were at a slight angle to each other—the connection between them was flexible—affect the thrust of the rocket? The Grumman engineers had to refer these questions to a computer. The LM was called upon to perform a number of tasks an LM doesn't ordinarily do, such as taking on the command module's function of slowly rotating the entire Apollo spacecraft, so that no one side would be exposed too long to the sun. The engineers had to find out whether there was sufficient fuel in the LM to power the thruster rockets around its sides to control the rotation. (One interested citizen telephoned Grumman to suggest that instead of putting up with all these difficulties the three astronauts should fly the LM down to the moon and wait there until help arrived from the earth.) Later, when the LM was running low on water for cooling some of its electric systems, the engineers suggested a way of cooling the machinery by using the life-support systems that were to have cooled the astronauts on the moon. Since the build-up of carbon dioxide in the spacecraft could become a problem, the engineers were asked to compute whether there was enough oxygen left to replenish the two spacecraft cabins in the event that the bad air had to be expelled into space.

During the long coast back to earth, when everything seemed to be going relatively well, the questions became less dramatic. Two days after the accident, someone asked a group of Grumman engineers what would be the most important items from inside the LM that the astronauts could bring back with them in the command module. Their answer was, among other things, the two Hasselblad cameras that the astronauts were to have used on the moon, the black-and-white television camera, and the on-board tape recorder. The engineers were so confident of the astronauts' safe return that their concern had shifted to the equipment the astronauts had hoped to use on the moon, for it would burn up, along with the LM, in the earth's atmosphere. What pleased the engineers at Grumman most, of course, were the occasional words of praise the astronauts had for the LM. At one point, an astronaut remarked that the LM was really working beautifully, and Mission Control agreed. "You should have seen us beam," Doris said.

As many of the engineers in the Mission Support Room were designers, we stopped in at the Clean Room—a gigantic white room, the size of an airplane hangar—where the LMs are assembled, for we wanted to talk with some of the engineers who had put together the LM the astronauts were riding in. It was known around Grumman as LM-7, since it was the seventh of fifteen LMs that the company is completing for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. LM-8 had already been shipped to Cape Kennedy, but LMs 9, 10, and 12 were on the Clean Room floor, surrounded by scaffolds. Before going inside, we put on a white smock and a blue hat. The engineers inside the Clean Room all wore white smocks, too, which made them look somewhat alike. We listened while two engineers discussed whether the accident to Apollo 13 would affect the design of the LMs they were working on. Earlier, we had heard talk that NASA might want more room for consumables. If a defect was found in the command and service modules' oxygen system, changes might have to be made in that as well. One of the two men, Ray McCormick, who was now Vehicle Manager for LM-12, had for a time been Vehicle Manager for LM-7; he remembered it as a good ship. It wasn't always easy for Clean Room engineers to distinguish between one LM and another, and a third engineer, John Caffrey, said that about the only way he managed to remember LMs that no longer were in the Clean Room was by associating a particular LM with the people who had worked on it. One engineer he especially associated with LM-7 was J. J. Chisholm, a propulsion technician who had helped install the big rocket in the LM's descent stage that was bringing the astronauts home. At the moment, Chisholm was removing the bolts from the lid of an egg-shaped metal case. As he wielded his wrench, he recollected that the hardest part of installing the LM-7's rocket was working in extremely cramped space, and he said he had had to be careful not to put his foot through the rocket's bell-shaped nozzle, which in places was only seven one-thousandths of an inch thick. When he had loosened the final bolt, an overhead crane hoisted the lid off the case, which contained a small white rocket with green pipes at its top. It was the ascent-stage rocket for LM-9—the rocket that would lift Apollo 15 off the moon. The engineers gathered around for a look, and one of them said the rocket was beautiful. Caffrey, who inspects equipment for damage and defects, checked the rocket's small nozzle for dents. McCormick told us that even if the LM-7's big descent rocket had failed to work, the astronauts might have been able to come home by means of the little ascent engine alone. During these tense moments, it was easier for him and the other engineers to keep working, he said; the astronauts were a couple of hundred thousand miles away, and a lot could still happen. "Everyone here is kind of quiet today," he said. "But on Friday afternoon, after the astronauts get back, I think we're going to have quite a little party."

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IN Wilmington, you may, if you're up to it, buy spaghetti at the Borgia Italian Food Festival.

Centennial Ball

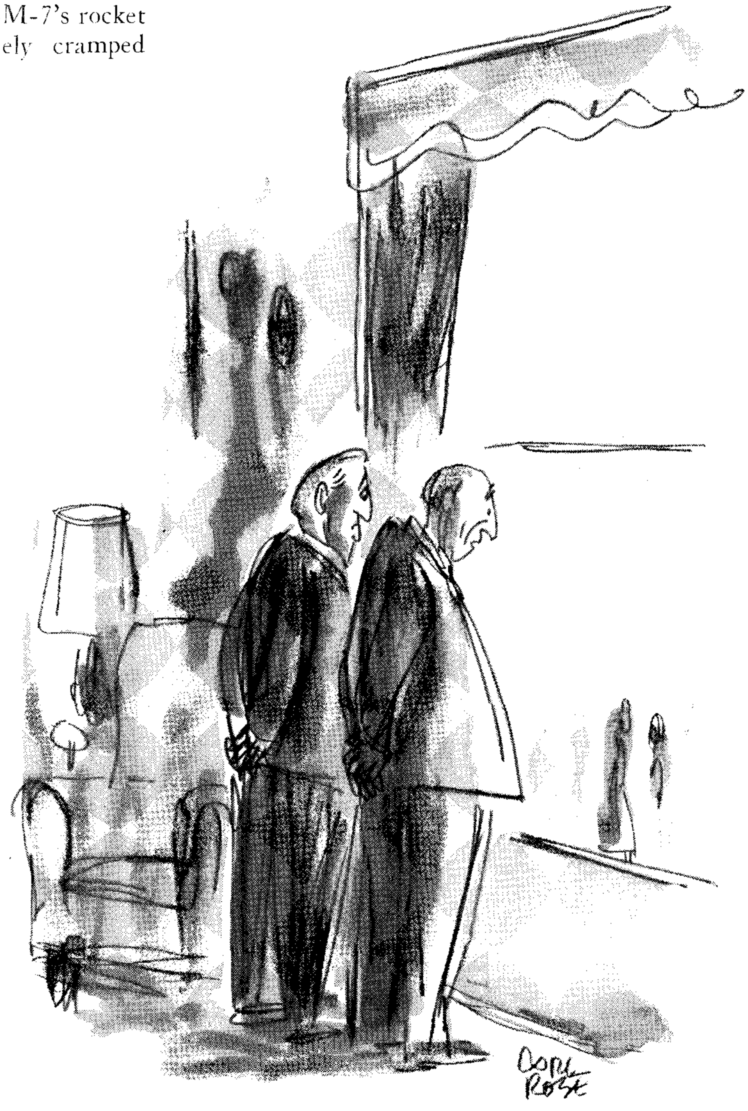
THE Metropolitan Museum of Art, a great big museum, has been celebrating its hundredth anniversary in a number of ways lately, and last week it all came together at a great big dance. When we arrived that evening, everyone was talking knowledgeably about all the amusing things that had happened at all the other celebrations. "Did you have your name written in hieroglyphics?" a woman with blue hair and a pink dress asked us. "*I* did, and it was very good fun." We were forced to admit we had missed all previous celebrations, including the open house that had been going on that day (smart people went to the open house and talked with curators and ate birthday cake and had fun with hieroglyphics), and we said we were pinning all our hopes on the great big dance. "Well, it's *four* dances, actually, and that should make up for something," the lady said.

The four dances took place in four rooms got up as New York at different points during the life span of the Museum—1870, 1910, 1930, and 1970. Everyone asked everyone else which room he liked the best, and in the 1970, which was a discothèque, designed by Billy Baldwin, everyone told everyone else that he admired the fabric panels. The fabric panels were used to hide the fountain in the Fountain Restaurant, which many people had hoped to see. "I had hoped they would throw celebrities into the fountain," a woman with pink hair and a blue dress told us. "And now I can't see the fountain. I don't see any celebrities, either."

We did see some celebrities. We saw August Heckscher sneaking out early, and we saw Barbra Streisand. Miss Streisand was walking in the regal Egyptian manner she knows so well out from the Egyptian Sculpture Court, which had been transformed for the evening by Angelo Donghia into a nineteen-thirties roof-garden supper club with (like Miss Streisand) Egyptian pretensions. Meyer Davis led the orchestra in this room, which was appropriate.

Toward the end of the evening, all the rooms except the discothèque shut down. We sat on a curved sofa just outside the discothèque, where we could see some archaic Greek sculpture, an American flag, a New York State flag, and a girl in green pants with purple leather fringes. We could also see a girl in a felt dress.

"I once made a skirt out of felt for my summer work at Chapin," said a



"Hems are going down all over the world, Bradley. I fear they shall not go up again in our time."

girl who was sitting near us. "Well, my nurse made it, really, but I had to wear it."

We also saw the owner of the Mets, Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, of whom we are very fond. Mrs. Payson said she had never been to a better party and hated to leave. "But I must be up at eleven," she went on. "It is Opening Day at Shea Stadium, and I have to raise the World Championship flag."

◆

THE letterhead of the Danish Express Laundry, Ltd., in London, bears the Presidential seal and the legend "Launderers to the President of the U.S.A."

Eric Brown

ON the evening of last week's antiwar demonstration, we stepped into a coffee shop near Columbia University for a snack and found five young men sitting at an M-shaped counter sipping coffee. Two of them were policemen in uniform, who were holding riot helmets on their laps, and two others, who wore headbands and a variety of political buttons on the lapels of Army jackets, and were sitting directly opposite the policemen, apparently were demonstrators. The fifth man, who was sitting next to the policemen, had a neat black beard and was wearing a dark-brown overcoat. Addressing the policemen but looking over at the two demonstrators, this man said, "Now that I've been seen with you, I've blown my cover." All five men laughed uneasily.

"Don't worry, we know you guys a mile away anyway," said one of the demonstrators, who was holding a daffodil in front of him on the counter.

"I'm not worried," the plainclothesman replied. Then he turned to the uniformed policemen and said, "Actually, these guys are on the job with me," and, pointing to the daffodil, he added, "That's his microphone." There was more uneasy laughter.

We left, crossed the street, and entered the campus. As we approached Low Plaza, two girls who looked about fifteen years old were skipping in the opposite direction. "We heard two shots," one of them called out to us, laughing.

"They weren't shots," a young man told them. "They were firecrackers."

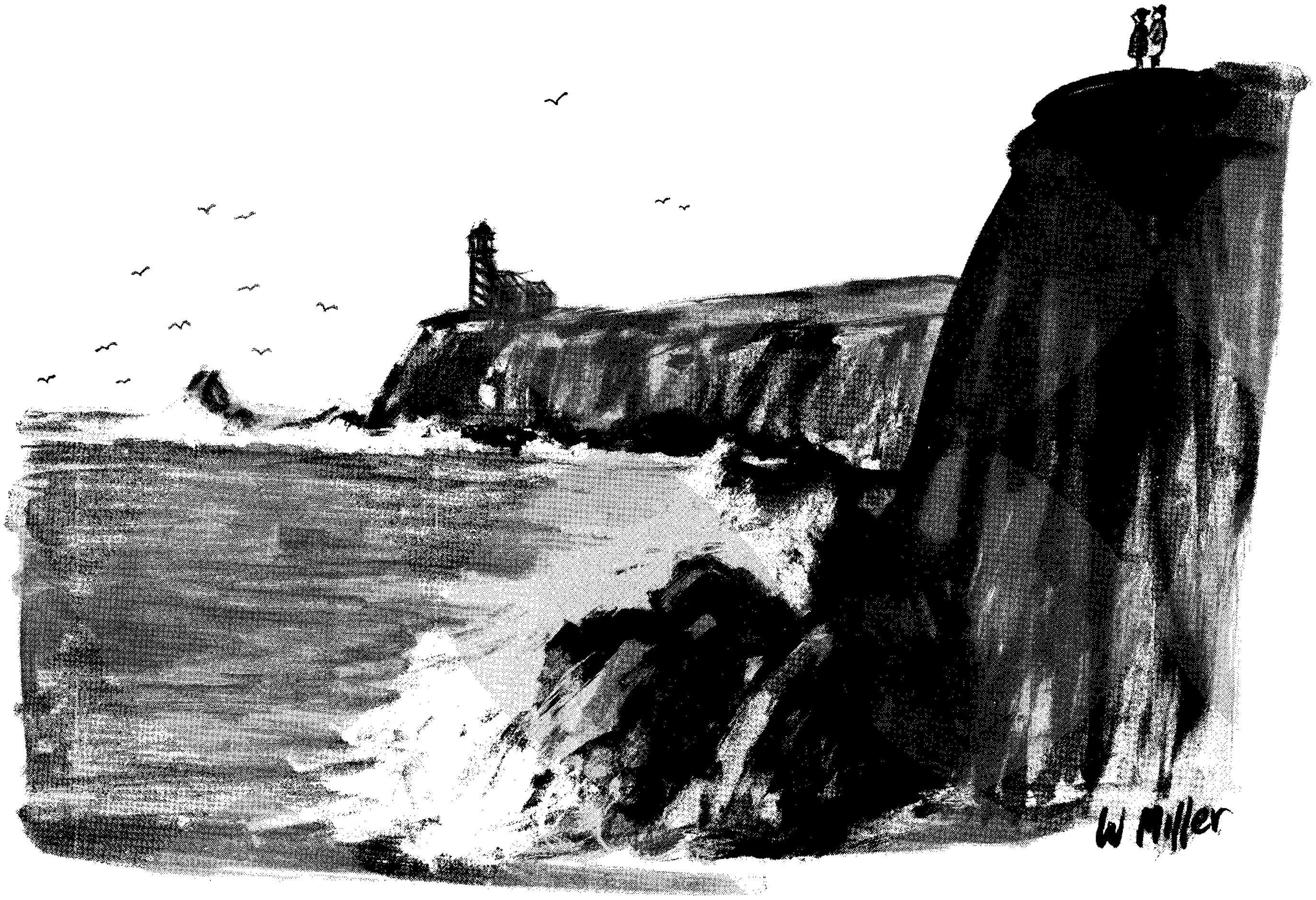
"Anyway, we're not going back in. It was scary," the second of the girls said, and they continued on their way.

At the center of the vast, dimly lit Plaza—which is walled on four sides by buildings of monumental proportions—a crowd of three or four hundred young people had gathered. Onlookers mingled with the demonstrators. The onlookers appeared jittery and apprehensive, but many seemed to be trying to maintain an attitude of amused boredom. "Nobody takes this seriously," one student told us. "They're just out for thrills. It's a kind of party for them." Some of the demonstrators wore helmets, and a number of them carried sticks or metal pipes. From several of them we learned that the demonstration had been organized by a group called the December 4 Movement, or D4M, in order to precipitate a student strike at Columbia with the aim of forcing the University to pay bail money for the Black Panthers facing trial in New York. No speeches were being made, and the crowd seemed undecided about what to do. Some of its members had spilled bottles containing a mixture of paint and chemicals that gave a foul smell, and the whole area was pervaded with an odor like that of vomit. Someone set a small American flag on fire and held it up on a long cardboard pole as it burned. We went over to see who was holding the pole, and it turned out to be a little girl who looked about ten years old. Several times, people at the edge of the crowd moved in one direction or another chanting, "Strike now! Shut it down!" or "Power to the people!" or just "Power! Power! Power!," but the bulk of the crowd did not follow their lead. Finally, the crowd began a tour of the borders of the Plaza. Several demonstrators threw rocks at windows, and the progress of the crowd was marked by the sound of glass shattering and falling on the stone porches of the buildings. At the rear of the demonstration, a number of students who were wearing Columbia blazers and who looked like athletes were cracking jokes about the demonstrators and making threatening remarks: "I'd like to cream a couple of those punks!" "I wish we had about six baseball bats!" "Baseball bats with bombs in them!" When a demonstrator threw several large rocks at a lamp and missed his target each time, they laughed and jeered.

The demonstration group—with its detractors in tow—now began to move toward Hamilton Hall, and as it got closer the demonstrators began to shout slogans and obscenities and to give Indian war whoops. When they drew near the building, rocks began to fly and glass to shatter. After a moment, however, the rock-throwing stopped. In the doorway of the building, a tall young man in a lumber jacket was standing with his arms folded and his face averted. Some members of the crowd rushed forward to remonstrate with him. Then they withdrew, but other figures darted forward and hurled rocks and bottles of chemicals and paint. Several bottles hit the wall above the young man, and pieces of glass and paint splashed down on his jacket, hands, and face. One onlooker said, "God, how stupid! He just wants to get hurt." But several other onlookers rushed forward, put their arms around him, and led him away from the building as he clutched at his eyes. One of them shouted, "Stop throwing rocks, you bastards!" Not more than a minute later, the same young man returned to the doorway of the building. Again onlookers took hold of him and dragged him away. When they released him, he returned once more. This time, a dozen or so of the demonstrators came forward, and the rock-throwing stopped. We heard the young man say, "I just don't think you should break the windows. I don't like what's happening to the Panthers or what's happening in Vietnam, either, but the University is one of the few places that are trying to do something relatively nice in a world that's not very pretty. It's a big, helpless, fumbling anteater, and it's cowardly to attack it. I don't want these buildings wrecked, and I don't want the cops brought on the campus, and the only way I can think of to accomplish that is to stand here."

By now, twenty or thirty demonstrators were jostling around him. Many of them called out that he would get hurt if he stood there, and others told him that the reason he was there was that he wanted to be a "big hero" and that he was on an "ego trip." Meanwhile, however, most of the crowd seemed to lose interest in Hamilton Hall and drifted away to the center of the Plaza.

Later in the evening, the campus security guards were called out, and after that the city's Tactical Patrol Force was called. The students smashed more windows, in other buildings, and then entered the student center to hold a meeting. The police did not attempt to enter the building, and the demon-



"Why, this looks exactly like that lovely painting Gladys Folsom has over the sofa she covered in that ghastly brocade material she found in that little shop on Third Avenue."

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strators left the campus quietly when their meeting was over.

The next day, we went to talk with the young man who had stood in front of Hamilton Hall. He was a junior at the University, and his name was Eric Brown. We asked him if he belonged to any political organizations, and he answered, "Oh, no! What I did could not have worked at all if I had belonged to an organization. It had to be spontaneous, and it had to be nonviolent. If I belonged to an organization, it would give the demonstrators something to fight against with the violent methods they like to use. I just talked to some friends about it and then decided to do it. When the demonstrators came up to me, some of them jostled me and pushed, to try to start a fight. But if I had fought back, it would have given them just what they wanted. When young men get in a situation like this—and I know I am like this, too—they tend to feel that the issue is joined when there is a violent clash. The anti-radical groups hang around the demonstration waiting for an opportunity for direct action. When it comes, they don't have to think about the issues anymore, and neither do the radicals. The *fight* becomes the issue. By fighting, I would have given everyone something he could relate to. By not having anyone to fight with, they were forced to confront themselves. I could tell, though, that their wanting a fight was just a tactic—somehow they didn't seem *really* angry. They didn't really want to hurt anybody. They wanted to face something they expected and could understand. One thing that I wasn't prepared for at all was the way the onlookers rushed forward to shield me and guide me away—putting themselves in danger. At one point, a very big, powerful student told these humanitarian students to leave me alone and let me stand there. This was one confrontation I didn't expect at all."

We asked why he had decided to make his stand.

"I'm afraid of what's going to happen in this country," he answered. "If repression comes, I'm afraid it's going to be very harsh—and it will be much harsher if institutions like Columbia have been destroyed. Did you read the summary of a C.B.S. poll in the *Times* saying that seventy-six per cent of the American public favored some abridgments of the Bill of Rights? I find this very frightening. And then, also, I simply believe that the world would be a much darker place without institutions of learning where people are free to learn what they want and read what they want and write what they want. Even in their own terms, I don't think the radicals gain anything by smashing windows at Columbia. I think the extreme radicals got their support two years ago because they had been *hurt*. They were the victims of violent overreaction on the part of constituted authority. But now they are committing violence. And if other students simply stand up and oppose them individually and non-violently, and the radicals hurt the other students, they will cancel out the origins of their support. Things are so difficult and overwhelming now that it's hard to think anything through. But I think it's valid to examine *one thing*, one part of what's going on, and to try to act morally within the limits of what you understand, even if you don't know the implications for international revolution, or the historical process or something. That way, you gain a little peace of mind and enough certainty to act."

PORCUPINES AT THE UNIVERSITY

"'AND now the purple dusk of twilight time/ steals across the meadows of my heart,' " the Dean said.

His pretty wife, Paula, extended her long graceful hands full of Negronis.

A scout burst into the room, through the door. "Porcupines!" he shouted.

"Porcupines what?" the Dean asked.

"Thousands and thousands of them. Three miles down the road and comin' fast!"

"Maybe they won't enroll," the Dean said. "Maybe they're just passing through."

"You can't be sure," his wife said.

"How do they look?" he asked the scout, who was pulling porcupine quills out of his ankles.

"Well, you know. Like porcupines."

"Are you going to bust them?" Paula asked.

"I'm tired of busting people," the Dean said.

"They're not people," Paula pointed out.

"*De bustibus non est disputandum*," the scout said.

"I suppose I'll have to do something," the Dean said.

MEANWHILE the porcupine wrangler was wrangling the porcupines across the dusty and overbuilt West.

Dust clouds. Yips. The lowing of porcupines.

"Git along theah li'l porcupines."

And when I reach the great porcupine canneries of the East, I will be rich, the wrangler reflected. I will sit on the front porch of the Muehlebach Hotel in New York City and smoke me a big seegar. Then, the fancy women.

"All right you porcupines step up to that yellow line."

There was no yellow line. This was just an expression the wrangler used to keep the porcupines moving. He had heard it in the Army. The damn-fool porcupines didn't know the difference.

The wrangler ambled along reading the ads in a copy of *Song Hits* magazine. "Play Harmonica in 5 Mins.!," and so forth.

The porcupines scuffled along making their little hops. There were four-five thousand in the herd. Nobody had counted exactly.

An assistant wrangler rode in from the outskirts of the herd. He too had a copy of *Song Hits* magazine, in his hip pocket. He looked at the head wrangler's arm, which had a lot of little holes in it.

"Hey Griswold."

"Yeah?"

"How'd you get all them little holes in your arm?"

"You ever try to slap a brand on a porky-pine?"

Probably the fancy women will be covered with low-cut dresses and cheap perfume, the wrangler thought. Probably there will be hundreds of them, hundreds and hundreds. All after my medicine bundle containing my gold and my lucky drill bit. But if they try to rush me I will pull my guitar. And sing them a song of prairie virility.

"PORCUPINES at the university," the Dean's wife said. "Well, why not?"

"We don't have *facilities* for four or five thousand porcupines," the Dean said. "I can't get a dial tone."

"They could take Alternate Life Styles," Paula said.

"We've already got too many people in Alternate Life Styles," the Dean said, putting down the telephone. "The hell with it. I'll bust them myself. Singlehanded. Lye."

"You'll get hurt."

"Nonsense, they're only porcupines. I'd better wear my old clothes."

"Bag of dirty shirts in the closet," Paula said.

The Dean went into the closet.

Bags and bags of dirty shirts.

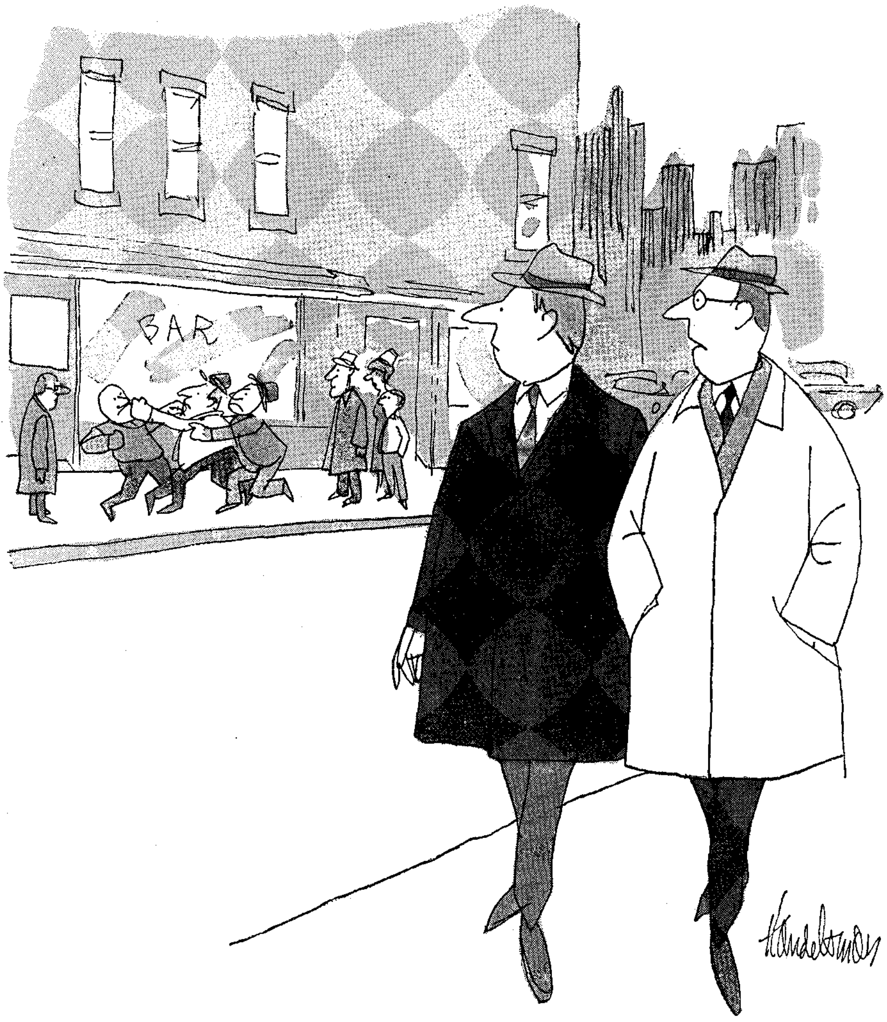
"Why doesn't she ever take these shirts to the laundry?"

GRISWOLD, the wrangler, wrote a new song in the saddle:

Fancy woman fancy woman
How come you don't do right
I oughta rap you in the mouth
    for the way you acted
In the porte-cochere of the Trinity
    River Consolidated
    General High last Friday
Nite.

I will sit back and watch it climbing the charts, he said to himself. As recorded by Merle Travis. First, it will be a Bell Ringer. Then, the Top Forty. Finally a Golden Oldie.

"All right you porcupines. Git along."



"My personal Golden Rule is never to interfere with what others do unto others."

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The herd was moving down a twelve-lane trail of silky-smooth concrete. Signs along the trail said things like "NEXT EXIT 5 MI." and "RADAR IN USE."

"Griswold, some of them motorists behind us is gettin' awful edgy."

"I'm runnin' this here porky-pine drive," Griswold said, "and I say we better gettum off the road."

The herd was turned onto a broad field of green grass. Green grass with white lime lines on it at ten-yard intervals.

The Ed Sullivan show, the wrangler thought. Well, Ed, how I come to write this song, I was on a porky-pine drive. The last of the great porky-pine drives you might say. We had four-five thousand head we'd fatted up along the Tuscalora and we was headin' for New York City.

THE Dean loaded a gleaming Gatling gun capable of delivering three hundred and sixty rounds a minute. The Gatling gun sat in a mule-drawn wagon and was covered with an old piece of canvas. Formerly it had sat on a concrete slab in front of the R.O.T.C. Building.

First, the Dean said to himself, all they see is this funky old wagon pulled by this busted-up old mule. Then, I whip off the canvas. There stands the gleaming Gatling gun capable of delivering three hundred and sixty rounds a minute. My hand resting lightly, confidently on the crank. They shall not pass, I say. *Ils ne passeront pas.* Then, the porcupine hide begins to fly. I wonder if these rounds are still good?

THE gigantic Gatling gun loomed over the herd like an immense piece of bad news.

"Hey Griswold."

"What?"

"He's got a gun."

"I *see* it," Griswold said. "You think I'm blind?"

"What we gonna do?"

"How about vamoosing?"

"But the herd—"

"Them li'l porcupines can take care of their own selves," Griswold said. "God damn it. I guess we better parley." He got up off the grass, where he had been stretched full length, and walked toward the wagon.

"What say potner?"

"Look," the Dean said. "You can't enroll those porcupines. It's out of the question."

"That so?"

"It's out of the question," the Dean repeated. "We've had a lot of trouble around here. The cops won't even speak to me. We can't *take* any more trouble." The Dean glanced at the herd. "That's a mighty handsome herd you have there."

"Kind of you," Griswold said. "That's a mighty handsome mule *you* got."

They both gazed at the Dean's terrible-looking mule.

Griswold wiped his neck with a red bandanna. "You don't want no porkypines over to your place, is that it?"

"That's it."

"Well we don't *go* where we ain't wanted," the wrangler said. "No call to throw down on us with that . . . *machine* there."

The Dean looked embarrassed.

"You don't know Mr. Ed Sullivan, do you?" Griswold asked. "He lives around here somewheres, don't he?"

"I haven't had the pleasure," the Dean said. He thought for a moment. "I know a booker in Vegas, though. He was one of our people. He was a grad student in comparative religion."

"Maybe we can do a deal," the wrangler said. "Whichaway is New York City?"

"WELL?" the Dean's wife asked. "What were their demands?"

"I'll tell you in a minute," the Dean said. "My mule is double-parked."

THE herd turned onto the Cross-Bronx Expressway. People looking out of their cars saw thousands and thousands of porcupines. The porcupines looked like badly engineered vacuum-cleaner attachments.

Vegas, the wrangler was thinking. Ten weeks at Caesars Palace at a sock 15 Gs a week. "The Ballad of the Last Drive." Leroy Griswold singing his smash single, "The Ballad of the Last Drive."

"Git along theah li'l porcupines."

The citizens in their cars looked at the porcupines, thinking: What is wonderful? Are these porcupines wonderful? Are they significant? Are they what I need?—DONALD BARTHELME

IBN HAKKAN AL-BOKHARI, DEAD IN HIS LABYRINTH

. . . like the spider, which builds itself a feeble house.—*The Koran, XXIX, 40.*

“THIS,” said Dunraven with a sweeping gesture that did not fail to embrace the misty stars while it took in the bleak moor, the sea, the dunes, and an imposing, tumbledown building that somehow suggested a stable long since fallen into disrepair, “this is the land of my forebears.”

Unwin, his companion, drew the pipe out of his mouth and made some faint sounds of approval. It was the first summer evening of 1914; weary of a world that lacked the dignity of danger, the two friends set great value on these far reaches of Cornwall. Dunraven cultivated a dark beard and thought of himself as the author of a substantial epic, which his contemporaries would barely be able to scan and whose subject had not yet been revealed to him; Unwin had published a paper on the theory supposed to have been written by Fermat in the margin of a page of Diophantus. Both men—need it be said?—were young, dreamy, and passionate.

“It’s about a quarter of a century ago now,” said Dunraven, “that Ibn Hakkan al-Bokhari, chief or king of I don’t know what Nilotic tribe, died in the central room of this house at the hands of his cousin Zaid. After all these years, the facts surrounding his death are still unclear.”

Unwin, as was expected of him, asked why.

“For several reasons” was the answer. “In the first place, this house is a labyrinth. In the second place, it was watched over by a slave and a lion. In the third place, a hidden treasure vanished. In the fourth place, the murderer was dead when the murder happened. In the fifth place—”

Tired out, Unwin stopped him.

“Don’t go on multiplying the mysteries,” he said. “They should be kept simple. Bear in mind Poe’s purloined letter, bear in mind Zangwill’s locked room.”

CENTER COLLEGE FACULTY QUARTERS
D. Fradon

“Well, so much for that artist-in-residence.”

“Or made complex,” replied Dunraven. “Bear in mind the universe.”

Climbing the steep dunes, they had reached the labyrinth. It seemed to them, up close, a straight and almost endless wall of unplastered brick, barely higher than a man’s head. Dunraven said that the building had the shape of a circle, but so wide was this circle that its curve was almost invisible. Unwin recollected Nicholas of Cusa, to whom a straight line was the arc of an infinite circle. They walked on and on, and along about midnight discovered a narrow opening that led into a blind, unsafe passage. Dunraven said that inside the house were many branching ways but that, by turning always to the left, they would reach the very center of the network in little more than an hour. Unwin assented. Their cautious footsteps resounded off the stone-paved floor; the corridor branched into other, narrower corridors. The roof was very low, making the house seem to want to imprison them, and they had to walk one behind the other through the complex dark. Unwin went ahead, forced to slacken the pace because of the rough masonry and the many turns. The unseen wall flowed on by his hand, endlessly. Unwin, slow in the blackness, heard from his friend’s lips the tale of the death of Ibn Hakkan.

“Perhaps the oldest of my memories,” Dunraven said, “is the one of Ibn Hakkan al-Bokhari in the port of Pentreath. At his heels followed a black man with a lion—unquestionably they were the first black man and the first lion my eyes had ever seen, outside of engravings from the Bible. I was a boy then, but the beast the color of the sun and the man the color of night impressed me less than Ibn Hakkan himself. To me, he seemed very tall; he was a man with sallow skin, half-shut black eyes, an insolent nose, fleshy lips, a saffron-colored beard, a powerful chest, and a way of walking that was self-assured and silent. At home, I said, ‘A king has come on a ship.’ Later, when the bricklayers were at work here, I broadened his title and dubbed him King of Babel.

“The news that this stranger would settle in Pentreath was received with welcome, but the scale and shape of

his house aroused disapproval and bewilderment. It was not right that a house should consist of a single room and of miles and miles of corridors. 'Among foreigners such houses might be common,' people said, 'but hardly here in England.' Our rector, Mr. Allaby, a man with out-of-the-way reading habits, exhumed an Eastern story of a king whom the Divinity had punished for having built a labyrinth, and he told this story from the pulpit. The very next day, Ibn Hakkan paid a visit to the rectory; the circumstances of the brief interview were not known at the time, but no further sermon alluded to the sin of pride, and the Moor was able to go on contracting masons. Years afterward, when Ibn Hakkan was dead, Allaby stated to the authorities the substance of their conversation.

"Ibn Hakkan, refusing a chair, had told him these or similar words: 'No man can place judgment upon what I am doing now. My sins are such that were I to invoke for hundreds upon hundreds of years the Ultimate Name of God, this would be powerless to set aside the least of my torments; my sins are such that were I to kill you, Reverend Allaby, with these very hands, my act would not increase even slightly the torments that Infinite Justice holds in store for me. There is no land on earth where my name is unknown. I am Ibn Hakkan al-Bokhari, and in my day I ruled over the tribes of the desert with a rod of iron. For years and years, with the help of my cousin Zaid, I trampled them underfoot until God heard their outcry and suffered them to rebel against me. My armies were broken and put to the sword; I succeeded in escaping with the wealth I had accumulated during my reign of plunder. Zaid led me to the tomb of a holy man, at the foot of a stone hill. I ordered my slave to watch the face of the desert. Zaid and I went inside with our chest of gold coins and slept, utterly worn out. That night, I believed that a tangle of snakes had trapped me. I woke up in horror. By my side, in the dawn, Zaid lay asleep; a spider web against my flesh had made me dream that dream. It pained me that Zaid, who was a coward, should be sleeping so restfully. I reflected that the wealth was not infinite and that Zaid might wish to claim part of it for himself. In my belt was my silver-handled dagger; I slipped it from its sheath and pierced his throat with it. In his agony, he muttered words I could not make out. I looked at him. He was dead, but, fearing that he might rise up, I ordered my slave to obliterate the dead man's face with a heavy rock. Then we wandered under the sun, and one day we spied a sea. Very tall ships plowed a course through it. I thought that a dead man would be unable to make his way over such waters, and I decided to seek other lands. The first night after we sailed, I dreamed that I killed Zaid. Everything was exactly the same, but this time I understood his words. He said, "*As you now kill me, I shall one day kill you, wherever you may hide.*" I have sworn to avert that threat. I shall bury myself in the heart of a labyrinth so that Zaid's ghost will lose its way.'

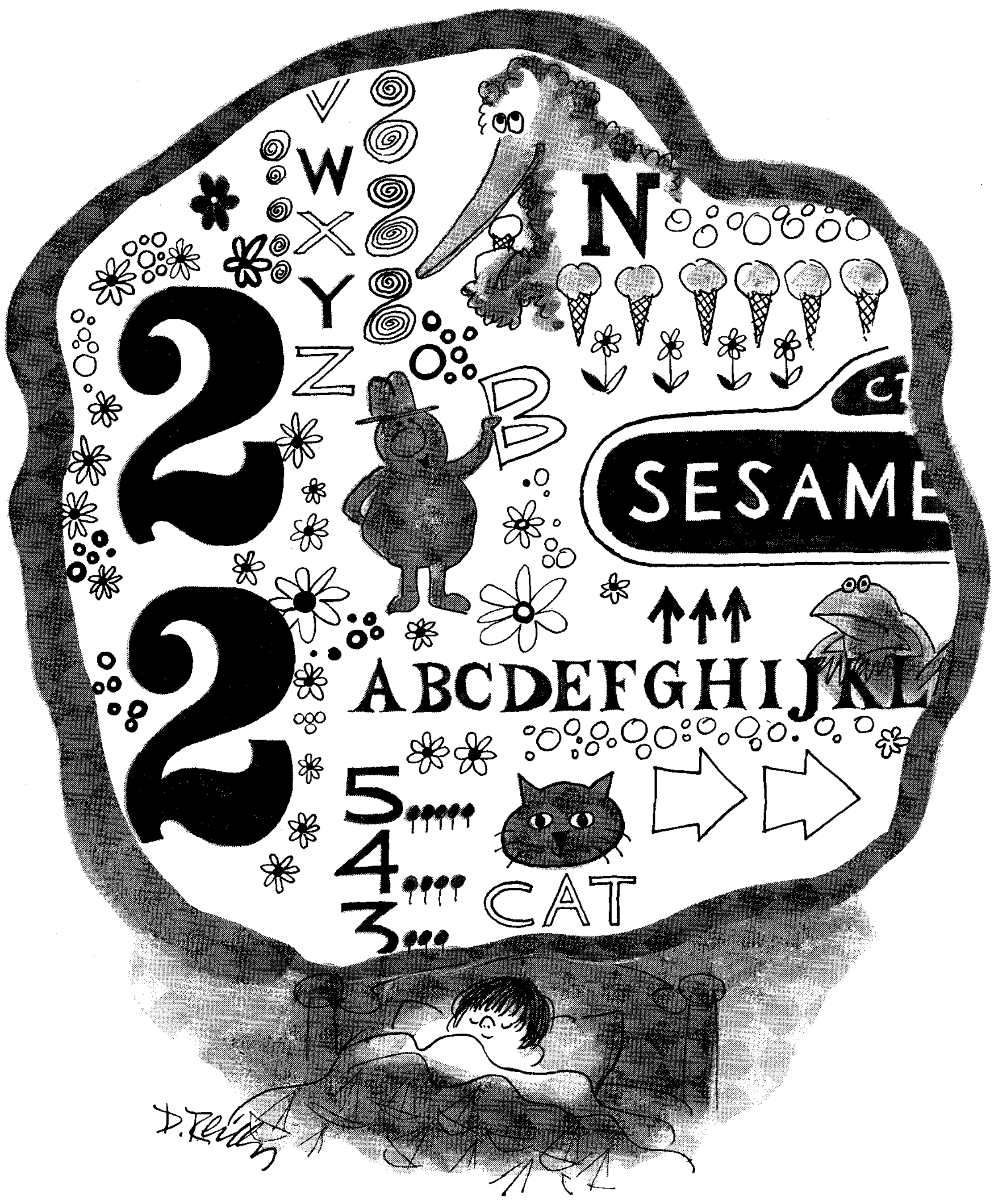
"After having said this, he went away. Allaby did his best to think that the Moor was mad and that his absurd labyrinth was a symbol and a clear mark of his madness. Then he reflected that this explanation agreed with the extravagant building and with the extravagant story but not with the strong impression left by the man Ibn Hakkan. Who knew whether such tales might not be common in the sand wastes of Egypt, who knew whether such queer things corresponded (like Pliny's dragons) less to a person than to a culture? On a visit to London, Allaby combed back numbers of the *Times;* he verified the fact of the uprising and of the subsequent downfall of al-Bokhari and of his vizier, whose cowardice was well known.

“Al-Bokhari, as soon as the bricklayers had finished, installed himself in the center of the labyrinth. He was not seen again in the town; at times, Allaby feared that Zaid had caught up with the king and killed him. At night, the wind carried to us the growling of the lion, and the sheep in their pens pressed together with an ancient fear.

“It was customary for ships from Eastern ports, bound for Cardiff or Bristol, to anchor in the little bay. The slave used to go down from the labyrinth (which at that time, I remember, was not its present rose color but was crimson) and exchange guttural-sounding words with the ships’ crews, and he seemed to be looking among the men for the vizier’s ghost. It was no secret that these vessels carried cargoes of contraband, and if of alcohol or of forbidden ivories why not of dead men as well?

“Some three years after the house was finished, the Rose of Sharon anchored one October morning just under the bluffs. I was not among those who saw this sailing ship, and perhaps the image of it I hold in my mind is influenced by forgotten prints of Aboukir or of Trafalgar, but I believe it was among that class of ships so minutely detailed that they seem less the work of a shipbuilder than of a carpenter, and less of a carpenter than of a cabinetmaker. It was (if not in reality, at least in my dreams) polished, dark, fast, and silent, and its crew was made up of Arabs and Malayans.

“It anchored at dawn, and in the late afternoon of that same day Ibn Hakkan burst into the rectory to see Allaby. He was dominated—completely dominated—by a passion of fear, and was scarcely able to make it clear that Zaid had entered the labyrinth and that his slave and his lion had already been killed. He asked in all seriousness whether the authorities might be able to help him. Before Allaby could say a word, al-Bokhari was gone—as if torn away by the same terror that had brought him for the second and last time to the rectory. Alone in his library, Allaby reflected in amazement that this fear-ridden man had kept down Sudanese tribes by the knife, knew what a battle was, and knew what it was to kill. Allaby found out the next day that the boat had already set sail (bound for the Red Sea port of Suakin, he later learned). Feeling it was his duty to verify the death of the slave, he made his way up to the labyrinth. Al-Bokhari’s breathless tale seemed to him utterly fantastic, but at one turn of the corridor he came upon the lion, and the lion was dead, and at another turn there was the slave, who was also dead, and in the central room he found al-Bokhari—with his face obliterated. At the man’s feet was a small chest inlaid with mother-of-pearl; the lock had been forced, and not a single coin was left.”



Dunraven’s final sentences, underlined by rhetorical pauses, were meant to be impressive; Unwin guessed that his friend had gone over them many times before, always with the same confidence—and with the same flatness of effect. He asked, in order to feign interest, “How were the lion and the slave killed?”

The relentless voice went on with a kind of gloomy satisfaction, “Their faces were also bashed in.”

A muffled sound of rain was now added to the sound of the men’s steps. Unwin realized that they would have to spend the night in the labyrinth, in the central chamber, but

"A trillion-dollar economy is all right with me, but will it buy happiness?"

that in time this uncomfortable experience could be looked back on as an adventure. He kept silent. Dunraven could not restrain himself, and asked, in the manner of one who wants to squeeze the last drop, "Can this story be explained?"

Unwin answered, as though thinking aloud, "I have no idea whether it can be explained or not. I only know it's a lie."

Dunraven broke out in a torrent of strongly flavored language and said that all the population of Pentreath could bear witness to the truth of what he had told and that if he had to make up a story he was a writer, after all, and could easily have invented a far better one. No less astonished than Dunraven, Unwin apologized.

Time in the darkness seemed more drawn out; both men began to fear they had gone astray, and were feeling their tiredness when a faint gleam of light from overhead revealed the lower steps of a narrow staircase. They climbed up and came to a round room that lay in ruin. Two things were left that attested to the fear of the ill-starred king: a slit of a window that looked out onto the moors and the sea, and a trapdoor in the floor that opened above the curve of the stairway. The room, though spacious, had about it something of a prison cell.

LESS because of the rain than because of a wish to have a ready anecdote for friends, the two men spent the night in the labyrinth. The mathematician slept soundly; not so the poet, who was hounded by verses that his judgment knew to be worthless:

Faceless the sultry and overpowering lion,
Faceless the stricken slave, faceless the king.

Unwin felt that the story of al-Bokhari's death had left him indifferent, but he woke up with the conviction of having unravelled it. All that day, he was preoccupied and unsociable, trying to fit the pieces of the puzzle together, and two nights later he met Dunraven in a pub back in London and said to him these or similar words: "In Cornwall, I said your story was a lie. The *facts* were true, or could be thought of as true, but told the way you told them they were obviously lies. I will begin with the greatest lie of all—with the unbelievable labyrinth. A fugitive does not hide himself in a maze. He does not build himself a labyrinth on a bluff overlooking the sea, a crimson labyrinth that can be sighted from afar by any ship's crew. He has no need to erect a labyrinth when the whole world already is one. For anyone who really wants to hide away, London is a better labyrinth than a lookout tower to which all the corridors of a building lead. The simple observation I have just propounded to you came to me the night before last while we were listening to the rain on the roof and were waiting for sleep to fall upon us. Under its influence, I chose to put aside your absurdities and to think about something sensible."

"About the theory of series, say, or about a fourth dimension of space?" asked Dunraven.

"No," said Unwin, serious. "I thought about the labyrinth of Crete. The labyrinth whose center was a man with the head of a bull."

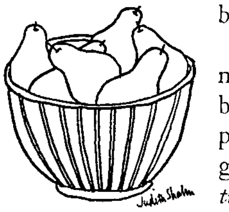
Dunraven, steeped in detective stories, thought that the solution of a mystery is always less impressive than the mystery itself. Mystery has something of the supernatural about it, and even of the divine; its solution, however, is always tainted by sleight of hand. He said, to put off the inevitable, "On coins and in sculpture the Minotaur has a bull's head. Dante imagined it as having the body of a bull and a man's head."

"That version also fits my solution," Unwin agreed. "What matters is that both the dwelling and the dweller be monstrous. The Minotaur amply justifies its maze. The same can hardly be said of a threat uttered in a dream. The Minotaur's image once evoked (unavoidably, of course, in a mystery in which there is a labyrinth), the problem was virtually solved. Nonetheless, I confess I did not fully understand that this ancient image held the key, but in your story I found a detail I could use—the spider web.”

“The spider web?” repeated Dunraven, baffled.

“Yes. It wouldn’t surprise me at all if the spider web (the Platonic spider web—let’s keep this straight) may have suggested to the murderer (for there is a murderer) his crime. You remember that al-Bokhari, in the tomb, dreamed about a tangle of snakes, and upon waking found that a spider web had prompted his dream. Let us go back to that night in which al-Bokhari had that dream. The defeated king and the vizier and the slave are escaping over the desert with treasure. They take shelter for the night in a tomb. The vizier, whom we know to be a coward, sleeps; the king, whom we know to be a brave man, does not sleep. In order not to share the treasure, the king knifes the vizier. Several nights later, the vizier’s ghost threatens the king in a dream. All this is unconvincing. To my understanding, the events took place in another way. That night, the king, the brave man, slept, and Zaid, the coward, lay awake. To sleep is to forget all things, and this particular forgetfulness is not easy when you know you are being hunted down with drawn swords. Zaid, greedy, bent over the sleeping figure of his king. He thought about killing him (maybe he even played with his dagger), but he did not dare. He woke the napping slave, they buried part of the treasure in the tomb, and they fled to Suakin and to England. Not to hide themselves from al-Bokhari but to lure him and to kill him, they built—like the spider its web—the crimson labyrinth on the high dunes in sight of the sea. The vizier knew that ships would carry to Nubian ports the tale of the red-bearded man, of the slave, and of the lion, and that sooner or later al-Bokhari would come in search of them in their labyrinth. In the last passageway of the maze, the trap lay waiting. Al-Bokhari had always underrated Zaid, and now did not lower himself to take the slightest precaution. At last, the wished-for day came; Ibn Hakkan landed in England, went directly to the door of the maze, made his way into its blind corridors, and perhaps had already set foot on the first steps when his vizier killed him—I don’t know whether with a bullet—from the trapdoor in the ceiling. The slave would finish off the lion and another bullet would finish off the slave. Then Zaid crushed the three faces with a rock. He had to do it that way; one dead man with his face bashed in would have suggested a problem of identity, but the beast, the black man, and the king formed a series, and, given the first two terms, the last one would seem natural. It is not to be wondered at that he was driven by fear when he spoke to Allaby; he had just finished his awful job and was about to flee England and unearth the treasure.”

A thoughtful silence, or disbelief, followed Unwin’s words. Dunraven asked for another tankard before giving his judgment.



“I admit,” he said, “that my Ibn Hakkan could have been Zaid. Such metamorphoses are classic rules of the game, are accepted *conventions* demanded by the reader. What I am unwilling to admit is your conjecture that a part of the treasure remained in the Sudan. Remember that Zaid fled from the king and from the king’s enemies both; it is easier to picture him stealing the whole hoard than taking the time to bury a portion of it. At the very end, perhaps no coins were found in the chest because no coins were left. The bricklayers would have eaten up a fortune that, unlike the red gold of the Nibelungs, was not inexhaustible. And so we have Ibn Hakkan crossing the seas in order to recover a treasure already squandered.”

“I shouldn’t say squandered,” Unwin said. “The vizier invested it, putting together on an island of infidels a great circular trap made of brick and destined not only to lure a king but to be his grave. Zaid, if your guess is correct, acted out of hate and fear, and not out of greed. He stole the treasure, and only later found that he was really after something else. He really wanted to see Ibn Hakkan dead. He pretended to be Ibn Hakkan, he killed Ibn Hakkan, and in the end he *became* Ibn Hakkan.”

“Yes,” agreed Dunraven. “He was a good-for-nothing who, before becoming a nobody in death, wanted one day to look back on having been a king or having been taken for a king.”

The Two Kings and Their Two Labyrinths

(This is the story the Reverend Allaby told from the pulpit.)

Chroniclers worthy of trust have recorded (but only Allah is all-knowing) that in former times there was a king of the isles of Babylon who called together his architects and his wizards and set them to build him a labyrinth so intricate that no wise man would dare enter inside, and so subtle that those who did would lose their way. This undertaking was a blasphemy, for confusion and marvels belong to God alone and not to man. With the passage of time there came to his court a king of the Arabs, and the king of Babylon (wishing to mock his guest’s simplicity) allowed him to set foot in his labyrinth, where he wandered in humiliation and bewilderment until the coming of night. It was then that the second king implored the help of God and soon after came upon the door. He suffered his lips to utter no complaint, but he told the king of Babylon that he, too, had a labyrinth in his land and that, God willing, he would one day take pleasure in showing it to his host. Then he returned to Arabia, gathered his captains and his armies, and overran the realms of Babylon with so fair a fortune that he ravaged its castles, broke its peoples, and took captive the king himself. He bound him onto a swift camel and brought him into the desert. Three days they rode, and then the captor said, “O king of time and crown of the century! In Babylon you lured me into a labyrinth of brass cluttered with many stairways, doors, and walls; now the Almighty has brought it to pass that I show you mine, which has no stairways to climb, nor doors to force, nor unending galleries to wear one down, nor walls to block one’s way.”

He then loosened the bonds of the first king and left him in the heart of the desert to die of thirst and hunger. Glory be to the Living, who dieth not.

—Jorge Luis Borges

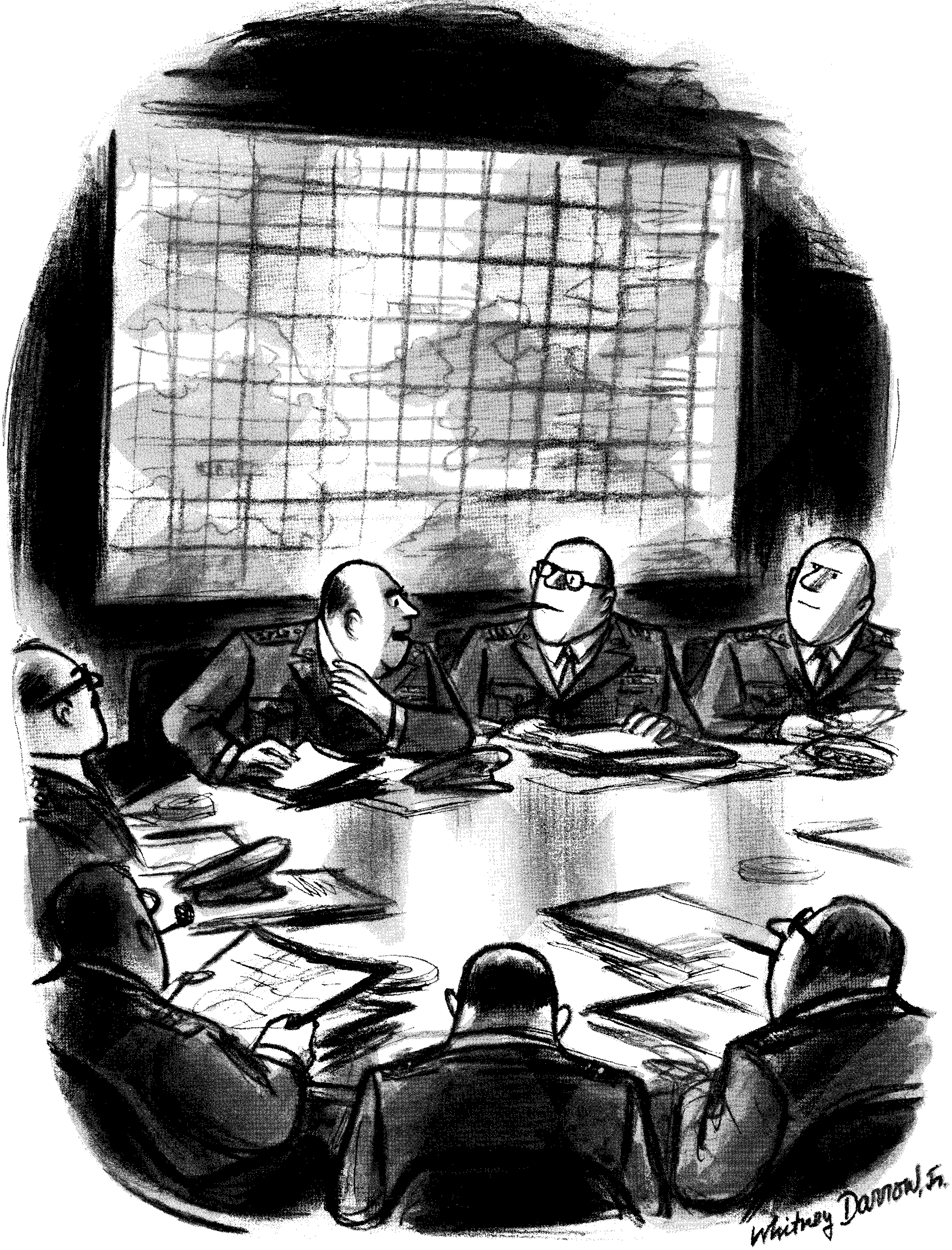
(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in collaboration with the author.*)

•

THE JUDGES

Crouched on wet shingle at the cove
In daylong search for treasure-trove—
Meaning the loveliest-patterned pebble,
Of any color imaginable,
Ground and smoothed by a gentle sea—
How seldom, Julia, we agree
On our day’s find: the perfect one
To fetch back home when day is done,
Splendid enough to stupefy
The fiercest, most fastidious eye,
Tossing which back we tell the sea,
“Work on it one more century!”

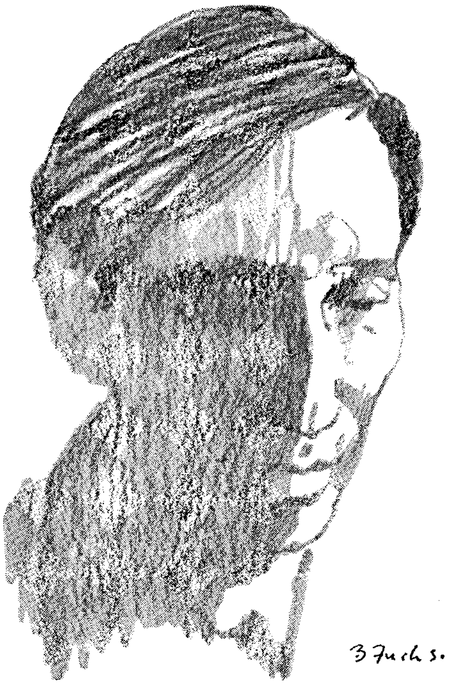
—Robert Graves



"Hey, can you guys keep a secret?"

PROFILES

THE RULES OF THE GAME



Ivan Illich

ACROSS the Tiber from the sumptuous palaces of the Vatican, in an old square off the Piazza Navona, there stands a fragmented statue of unknown origin that has come to be known as Pasquino, in honor of a fifteenth-century tailor who lived nearby. Tradition has it that the original Pasquino was a man of mordant wit who delighted in cutting men's reputations apart. For centuries, Romans have been using the statue, the pedestal on which it stands, and the wall behind it to affix satirical quatrains, epigrams, and lampoons in prose and verse. These pasquinades, as the satires are called, have been directed against the venality of popes and cardinals, against indulgences and simonies, against the vainglory of princes, against any person or institution considered unjust. Pope Julius II, for example, was described by the following verse: "A fraudulent merchant, he has sold so much Heaven that none remains for him." Throughout the centuries, Pasquino has been a symbol of resistance to all pomp and solemnity—and especially to clericalism. It was in a café facing the statue of Pasquino, one sunny June morning in 1968, that Monsignor Ivan Illich, a naturalized United States citizen of Spanish, German, and Yugoslav ancestry who had become one of the most admired, feared, and controversial priests in the American hemisphere, chose to eat his breakfast before keeping an appointment to which he had been summoned at the Vatican. Illich, a tall, lanky man in his early forties with handsome, hawklike features, who was dressed for the occasion in a secular gray suit, a secular white shirt, and a secular black tie, rose from a third cup of *cappuccino* shortly before 9 A.M. He walked with a swift and feline stride across the Ponte Sant' Angelo and toward the building, just to the left of St. Peter's Basilica, that houses the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith. This agency, also known as the Holy Office, is an offshoot of the Sacred Congregation of the Universal Inquisition, which had its origins in the early thirteenth century. It was to answer certain questions about his faith that Illich had been summoned to the Vatican. The questions had been divided by the Holy Office into four categories: "Dangerous Doctrinal Opinions," "Erroneous Ideas Against the Church," "Bizarre Conceptions About the Clergy," and "Subversive Interpretations Concerning the Liturgy and Ecclesiastical Discipline." In past centuries, men had often been dragged to similar interrogations in chains. In 1968, proceedings of such nature were rather more civilized, even in the case of a man who had become "*una cosa de curiosità, de maraviglia, de scandalo*"—"an object of curiosity, bewilderment, and scandal"—to the Roman Catholic Church. Illich, for seven years the director of a center of higher learning in Mexico whose progressive character had come to alarm the Vatican, had arrived in Rome by plane, and he presented himself punctually at the Holy Office, smiling and very obviously a free man.

After ringing the doorbell and being admitted into a small vestibule, Illich was led through a set of double doors—one of them padded with leather for soundproofing—into a large reception room, which he recalls as rather stuffy. He was left there alone to wait. The windows were shuttered and partly covered with triple sets of curtains. The chairs were of a high-baroque style, gilded and upholstered with red plush. In front of a large sofa stood an imposing table of pink marble. On it was a ballpoint pen chained to a green plastic holder, which was glued to the table. Illich walked to a window and opened it wide. Leaning on the windowsill, he looked out at the construction site of a new church building, designed to serve as a meeting hall for future Vatican councils. Men in yellow helmets were directing the placement by large cranes of some precast cement modules twelve feet high. Behind the building site, and partly hidden by the cranes, stood the splendid little medieval Church of Camposanto Teutonico. Illich sat down at the pink marble table and, with the chained green pen, wrote a brief letter in Portuguese—one of eleven languages in which he is fluent—to a close friend, a Brazilian archbishop. He described, in that brief note, the furniture in the reception room of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith and expressed grave doubt whether any part of a church should be built with precast cement blocks.

Punctually at nine, Franjo Cardinal Šeper, of Yugoslavia, the head of the Congregation and one of the highest ranking prelates in the Roman Catholic Church, entered the room and greeted Illich. The Cardinal, having received a ceremonial kiss on his ring, vigorously shook his visitor's hand. After exchanging a few phrases in Italian, the two men talked for twenty minutes in Serbo-Croatian about the weather in Dalmatia. Cardinal Šeper, as Illich later described him, seemed "very kind, very correct, most humane, rather apologetic . . . acting like a man obligated to proceed in a transaction which embarrassed him profoundly." After this pleasant interlude in the Cardinal's native tongue, the two men went back to Italian to discuss the business at hand. Cardinal Šeper then called into the room an unsmiling man dressed in a worn black cassock, and explained that this official of the Holy Office, whom he introduced as Monsignor de Magistris, would show Illich where he was to go next. On the way out of the reception room, Monsignor de Magistris picked up a heavy silver inkwell with a pen in it—Illich is struck to this day by the preponderance of pens in his recollection of that visit—and the two men walked down some back stairs to a very ancient and creaky elevator, which took them several stories deeper into the subterranean regions of the Vatican. They emerged into a musty corridor lined from floor to ceiling with shelves of ancient leather-bound volumes. After passing through three more narrow rooms lined with bookcases—which were covered with what Illich describes as "real chicken wire"—they arrived in a chamber dominated by a heavy oak table on which stood two candlesticks, a Bible, a black wooden crucifix with a white figure of Christ, and a large dossier of press clippings, one of which Illich recognized as a page from the French weekly *Paris-Match.* Behind the table sat a small, rubicund man who appeared to be in his fifties. Monsignor de Magistris deposited the silver inkpot on the table. Illich walked up to the man seated at the table, and the following conversation took place (in Italian):

"I am Illich."

"I know."

"Monsignor, who are you?"

"Your judge."

"I thought I would know your name."

"That is unimportant. I am called Casoria."

All three men then made the sign of the cross, and Illich was asked to put his hand on his chest and swear to tell the truth. He obliged. He was then asked to keep secret everything that took place in the ensuing exchanges and was warned that a special excommunication would be issued against anyone who revealed the proceedings of the Congregation. Illich, in very rapid Italian, replied that he refused to take any oath of secrecy, on the grounds that such an oath would be "against the natural law of self-defense and the divine law of honesty in the Church" and that it would contradict the Vatican Council's reforms of the Congregation's methods, violating in particular the papal edict "Integrae Servandae," of 1965, which stated that the charges and the rules of procedure of the Congregation should be a matter of public record.

This refusal apparently took the two officials by surprise, and a heated discussion followed. "We have other means at our disposal!" Monsignor Casoria exclaimed, waving some papers in the air. "If you don't want to swear to secrecy, this is over!"

Thereupon, Illich began to intone, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the . . ."

"What are you doing?"

"I am putting an end to this session."

Illich recalls some very excited shouting. "This is without precedent!" the interrogators cried. Illich persisted, and it was finally agreed that he would not have to answer any accusations until he had received a written copy of all the charges against him. Monsignor de Magistris went upstairs to confer with Cardinal Šeper, and while he was gone the two men remaining in the chamber had a strained but polite conversation. Illich asked the judge what his official post was at the Vatican. Monsignor Casoria disclosed that in addition to being a Judge of the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, he was Under-Secretary of the Sacred Congregation for the Discipline of the Sacraments, Counsellor of the Sacred Congregation for the Clergy, Deputy to the Monasteries of Rome, and a specialist in the physical details of unconsummated marriages. When Monsignor de Magistris returned, he announced that, with Cardinal Šeper's consent, a written copy of the Congregation's questions would be brought to Monsignor Illich that afternoon.

Illich was staying at the Capranica, Rome's oldest and most distinguished ecclesiastical residence, where he had once lived while studying for the priesthood. And he was waiting there when, at three-thirty, a messenger arrived with a Xerox copy of the Congregation's questionnaire. Illich sat down to read it, and almost at once he started laughing. He laughed a good deal that afternoon as he sat in the Roman sunshine perusing the extraordinary document that had been drawn up against him, for he found that most of the questions were not only theologically unsound and based on the vaguest of anonymous innuendoes; they were also very funny: "What do you think of Heaven and Hell, and also of Limbo?" "Do you deny the distinction between shepherds and sheep among the people of God on earth?" "What are your thoughts on the peaceful coexistence of East and West?" "What did you have to do with the kidnapping of the Archbishop of Guatemala?" "What is the nature of your relations with Octavio Paz and Carlos Fuentes?" "Is it true that you would like to see women go to confession without a grate in the confessional box?" "Is it true that, beginning in 1960, there has been in you a dangerous general development of new ideas and disintegrating tendencies of a humanitarian and libertarian nature?" "What would you answer to those who say that you are petulant, adventurous, imprudent, fanatical, and hypnotizing, a rebel against all authority, disposed to accept and recognize only that of the Bishop of Cuernavaca, Mexico?"

That evening, sitting in a *trattoria* near the Teatro di Marcello over an excellent Roman dinner and three carafes of Frascati, Illich composed

"Chief, I think the oomray is ugbayed!"

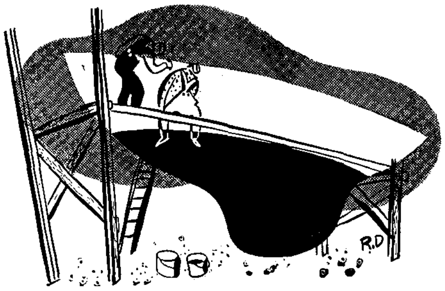
a letter (in Italian) to Cardinal Šeper, which began:

> MOST REVEREND EMINENCE:
>
> Following upon the interview that Your Eminence granted me yesterday morning with so much pastoral feeling, I find myself obliged to report to Your Eminence all that took place during and after the interrogation conducted by Msgr. de Magistris and Msgr. Casoria, and to give Your Eminence my own view of the situation as it now stands.
>
> Let me start by saying that, faced with authoritative procedures which, at least in my opinion, are very questionable in both substance and style, I am left—as a Christian and as a priest—with a single, clear-cut choice.
>
> I can, on the one hand, simply withhold any defense of myself, without claiming my reasonable rights or advancing my lawful defense. On the other hand, I can (not for my sake but for the sake of defending the divine constitution of the Church and the honorable status of its ecclesiastical institutions) set myself systematically in opposition to everything that I recognize as a distortion of the Gospel, contrary to the divine principles that govern the Church, contrary to what has been decided by the councils, and contrary even to the most recent and repeated statements of the highest ecclesiastical authorities.
>
> Eminence, I must acknowledge to you that I have decisively chosen the first way, and that I have resolved to take as my watchword "If a man asks you to lend him your coat, then give him your shirt as well."

In this letter, Illich added that many of the questions put to him were so phrased as to elicit defamatory information about other priests, about laymen, and even about bishops—information that he suggested the judges should "ferret out by other and more correct channels." And he stressed the fact that his refusal to answer the Congregation's questionnaire was in no way a personal defense but had the purpose of "contributing to the greater splendor of the Church." The letter ended in a tone of contrite subservience to Rome that has always been Illich's style, and that annoys many of his progressive friends. "Trusting in Your Eminence's continued understanding," he wrote, "I declare myself Your Eminence's most humble son."

The next morning, before boarding a plane for Mexico, Illich returned to the Vatican to deliver his letter personally to Cardinal Šeper, and the Cardinal received him with emphatic cordiality. "I had the impression that his feelings were somewhere between perplexity, incredulity that such a procedure was possible, exasperation, and humorous annoyance," Illich said later. "As we parted, he gave me an *abbraccio*, most affectionately. And then a truly extraordinary thing happened. We were speaking in Croatian, and as the Cardinal led me to the door his last words to me were '*Hadjite, hadjite, nemojte se vratiti!*'—which means 'Get going, get going, and never come back!' In other words, 'Beat it!' It wasn't until I was going down the stairs from his office that it struck me that he was quoting from the Inquisitor's last words to the prisoner in Dostoevski's story of the Grand Inquisitor."

WHEN Illich arrived in the United States in 1952, shortly after he had been ordained in Rome, he was assigned to the Incarnation Church in New York's Washington Heights, a prosperous, conservative Irish neighborhood that was receiving a startling influx of Puerto Ricans. He was welcomed to the parish by its pastor, Monsignor John Casey, a hearty Irishman who had once served as secretary to Francis Cardinal Spellman. "Ivan Illich?" Monsignor Casey asked incredulously as he greeted his new curate. "What kind of a name is that to go around with? It sounds Communist. We'll call you Johnny." One of Johnny Illich's first assignments was to add Spanish to the number of languages he spoke by attending the Berlitz School, where Monsignor Casey had been studying Spanish three times a week for three years, with indifferent results, in order to attend to his growing flock of Puerto Rican parishioners. Illich's performance at Berlitz staggered Monsignor Casey; he covered seven lessons in one session. Within three weeks, Illich had quit Berlitz. Within three months, he was speaking Spanish fluently, having learned it mostly by standing around the street corners of Washington Heights asking questions of his Puerto Rican parishioners. Where did they come from? What were their native customs? What could the Church do to make them feel more at home? Illich discovered that although not all Puerto Ricans had close ties to the Church, more than one-third of the nominally Roman Catholic population in the New York archdiocese was Puerto Rican, and he soon became aware that the problem of integrating Puerto



SONG

(FOR LUTE, RECORDER, AND DEVIATED SEPTUM)

The whole world is in bud again;
With half a nose I greet the spring!
As each new freshet swells the tide
And flocks of songbirds homeward wing,
My left-hand nostril opens wide—
And slam! The other's shut again.

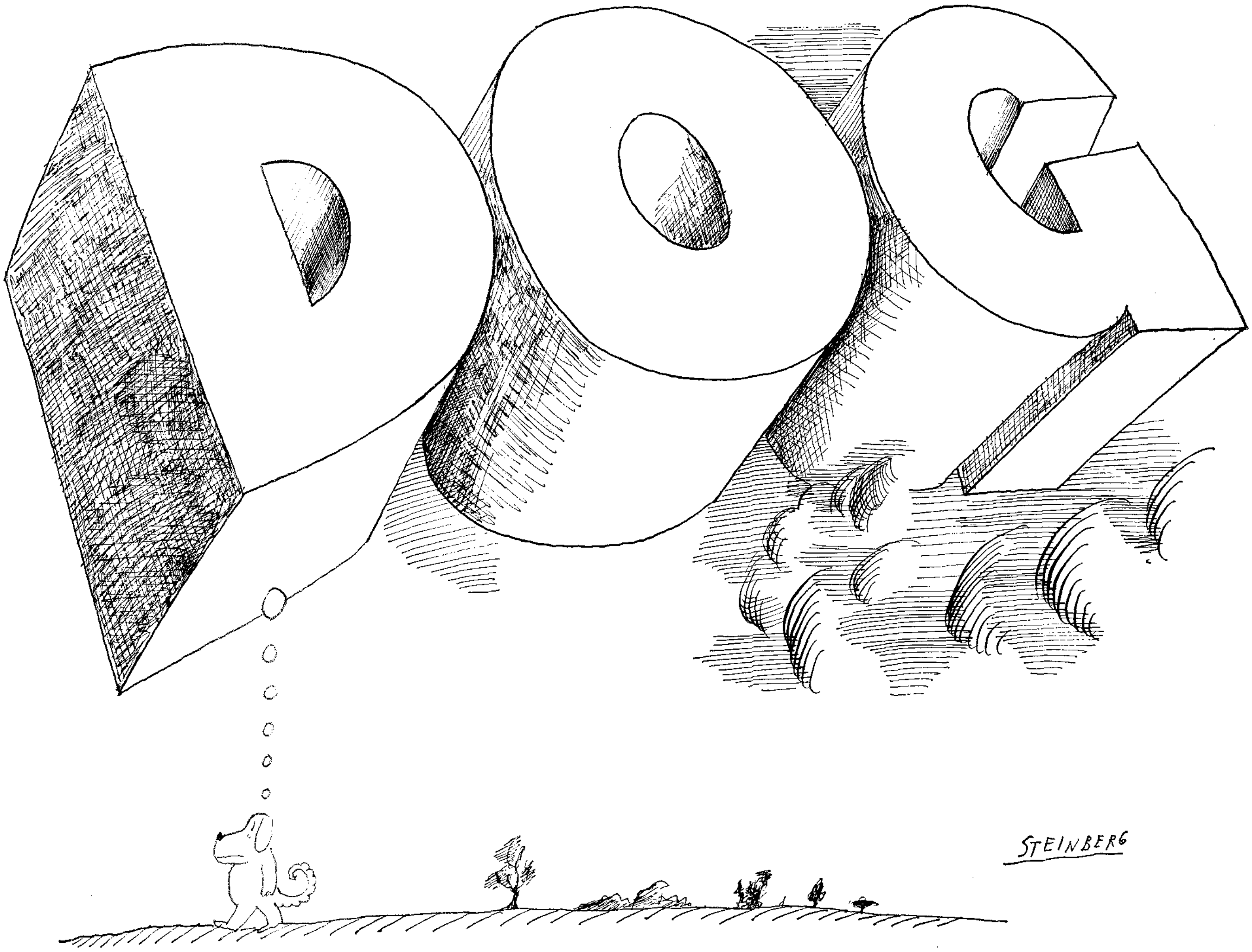
The whole world is in bud again;
So bring me berries sweet and wild
That nectar from the sun distill,
And bring me lilies undefiled
That I may drink my nostril's fill—
Before the trap springs shut again.

The whole world is in bud again:
A fragrantly full factory
Where Nature's always on the job;
From tactile to olfactory
My four and one-half senses throb—
Until the gate swings shut again.

So let the whole world bud again!
My song is ended. Here I wait
For breath untrammelled, odors pure—
An unperverted deviate
With half a hope of half a cure . . .
Oh, damn! The damned rut's shut again!

—GERALD JONAS

• •



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Ricans into American-style religion was one of Cardinal Spellman's biggest headaches. Before long, Illich was revolutionizing the New York archdiocese's approach to the Puerto Rican problem. His methods were unorthodox. During his yearly vacations, he walked, rode horseback, and hitchhiked all over Puerto Rico with a knapsack on his back. "The first Mass I said at about six in the morning, after I had slept on the altar steps of the chapel," he wrote of a typical day on one of those excursions. "Then I travelled on, by horseback, to the next chapel. I heard confessions, baptized, married, and off I went to the third chapel, on horseback still, where I arrived after noon."

A genial, dynamic, obsessed man, Illich puzzled his colleagues. His background was strikingly different from that of most of the young curates in the New York archdiocese. His father, who came from a titled Dalmatian family, had been a wealthy engineer and landowner in prewar Germany; his mother's family were Sephardic Jews who had come to Germany from Spain. Born in Vienna in 1926, Illich was expelled from the Austrian school he attended in the thirties because of his mother's Jewish background. During the war, he continued his education in Italy, and at first he seemed destined to be a scientist. He did research in crystallography at the University of Florence, and developed a method of discerning blood types by their crystallographic formation. By the time he was twenty-four, he had earned a doctorate in history from the University of Salzburg (he wrote his dissertation on Toynbee's philosophy of history) and other degrees in philosophy and theology at the Gregorian University in Rome. Since his teens, Illich has been a close friend of Jacques Maritain, and he describes Maritain as a central influence on his life. The Vatican had wished Illich to enter the Collegio di Nobili Ecclesiastici, where gifted linguists and intellectuals are prepared for high-ranking careers in the Church's diplomatic corps. It was therefore a source of bewilderment to all who knew him when this high-strung, suave, dazzlingly brilliant aristocrat turned away from the distinguished posts for which the Holy See had intended him and sought assignment to an obscure position in New York City's most conventional Irish territory. "What in heck did you come here for?" one of his colleagues at Incarnation, Father Joseph Connolly, once asked him. "I came because my friends in Rome ribbed me about not being able to make it in an American parish," Illich answered. A need to test himself, to accept the toughest challenges, has always been a trait of Illich's character, which some of his friends say borders on the masochistic.

According to Father Connolly, living in the same parish with Illich was "like riding a Piper Cub with an atom bomb under the seat." Illich climbed stairs three at a time; he never walked through the rectory but swept through it like a tornado. His ability to recruit people was nothing short of extraordinary. He started employment agencies for Puerto Rican migrants and persuaded Madison Avenue magnates to publicize them. When he set up Sunday camps for Puerto Rican children, dozens of Irish bus drivers gave up their Sundays to take the kids to the country. He encouraged young social workers to live in *cuartitos*—small apartments in the Puerto Rican slums—so that they could better observe the needs of the people. "The Puerto Ricans idolized him," Father Connolly has said. "He was Mr.

"I just want to tell you, Ed, how much I admire you for sticking it out here, when everyone else is copping out and fleeing to the suburbs."

• •

Puerto Rico, their Babe Ruth." Father Connolly has also described him as "the most prayerful and ascetic priest I've ever known." Illich was in the church by 6 A.M., before anyone else, saying his breviary and his rosary. He forgot to eat when there was work to do. He was known for his zeal in visiting the sick, the aged, and men in jail, and also for his rigorous, sometimes pedantic orthodoxy. He was always looking up ancient sources to resolve a doctrinal dispute. He insisted on frequent confession and frequent Communion. Some of Illich's colleagues criticized him for an overabundance of zeal—they felt, for instance, that he encouraged too many women to enter convents. "Lay off that stuff," Father Connolly would say. "You're pushing them in." Yet although Illich was idolized by parishioners, he was never entirely at ease with the other priests he met and worked with in New York. He once turned to Father Connolly, a man from Hell's Kitchen who had worked as a slaughterhouse butcher, and said wistfully, "I wish I had been a slaughterhouse butcher, so I could be closer to the other priests." Father Connolly smiled, and told Illich, "You were not cast for the role of shepherd but for empire."

Early in his career, Illich began to criticize the American Church for its smugness, its bureaucracy, and its chauvinism—especially for its way of imposing its own values on minority groups such as the Puerto Ricans. He voiced his criticism in essays published in theological journals under the pen name of Peter Canon. "A critical attitude is precisely one of the areas in which Christian love for the Church can develop," he wrote in one of the first of these essays. "Criticism is the fruit of hard work and prayer." Irritated by the "ecclesiastical conquistadores" whom he saw working as missionaries in Puerto Rico—he was shocked by their ignorance of native idiom and their lack of interest in native tradition—he soon began to agitate for a radical transformation of American missionary methods. The missionary must be indifferent not only to possessions and material comfort, he wrote, but to all the values and customs of his own home. The American priest working with people of a foreign culture should cultivate a spirit of "total cultural indifference." To Illich, any expression of cultural superiority seemed as powerful a manifestation of original sin as the confusion of tongues at Babel. The process of obtaining grace, he wrote on one occasion, might involve a total stripping away of cultural values, "a beatitude of cultural poverty." The missionary, therefore, had to be "willing to witness with his life, to a foreign people, the relativity of human convictions in front of the unique and absolute meaning of the Revelation."

Illich frequently pointed out that many Puerto Ricans failed to attend Mass in the United States because it started on time. And if he had had his way, he would have totally transferred the church of the *campesinos*, with its unpunctuality, its semi-pagan rituals, its great community feast days, to the streets of New York. He wanted to cut through all formalities in order to meet the needs of the communicants. His crusade to give church weddings to the numerous Puerto Rican couples who had had only a civil or consensual marriage was a nightmare for Incarnation Parish. "The rectory bell would ring at any time of day or night," Father Connolly has recalled, "and there would be a bridal party, bride and groom all dressed up, holding flowers, accompanied by all their children and friends, asking for Father Illich to marry them on the spot. And he was ready to marry them, without any papers or certificates. We had to hold him back. How did we know the groom wasn't already married to someone else? We had to curb him—he was like a wild horse. I'd say to him, 'Form them first—don't just get them to church.' His idea was simply to bring all the Puerto Ricans into church and make them feel they were wanted. He had the aristocrat's bread-and-circuses approach to the poor. I'd say to him, 'John, you're getting at them through their stomachs.' "

In 1956, in what turned out to be a highly successful bread-and-circuses approach, Illich decided to stage a national feast day for the Puerto Ricans of New York. The Italians had their Columbus Day and the Irish had their St. Pat's. Why shouldn't the Puerto

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Ricans have their San Juan's Day, on June 24th? San Juan Masses had indeed been offered in St. Patrick's Cathedral since 1953, drawing a few thousand persons, but Illich wanted his celebration held in a grandiose outdoor space that would be reminiscent of a native plaza. He asked permission to hold the fiesta in the great quadrangle of Fordham University, and Cardinal Spellman was invited to be a guest of honor. "The boss says all right," the message came back from the chancery, "but he says he doesn't like to play to empty houses." Illich saw to it that the house was full. He took ads in Spanish-language newspapers and travelled through the city for weeks on a sound truck announcing the fiesta. "You might get five thousand people," a police official said the day before the event to Father Joseph Fitzpatrick, of Fordham, who was helping Illich plan San Juan's Day. "I've been watching Father Illich, and I think there will be thirty thousand," Father Fitzpatrick said. Enough police were assigned to handle a crowd of eight thousand. The event was scheduled for noon, but streams of Puerto Rican families began converging on Fordham at dawn, and by noon there were thirty-five thousand people in the quadrangle. It was a kind of turning point for New York's Puerto Ricans—the first time they had gathered in such numbers to assert their cultural identity. Illich had arranged for national flags and native bands, and had programmed speeches in Spanish by Puerto Rican leaders and New York officials, including Mayor Robert Wagner. He had also provided a large traditional *piñata*—a gaily colored paper vessel that when hit with a bat spills out hundreds of gifts for children to scramble over. Breaking open the *piñata* was to bring the fiesta to its climax. The Cardinal knew what happens when a *piñata* is broken, but some of the police—already tense because of the unexpected size of the crowd—did not. As the gifts spilled out of the *piñata*, thirty-five thousand Puerto Ricans shouted and seemed to converge upon the Cardinal. The police, fearing a riot, whisked the Cardinal out of the Fordham quadrangle, though he was reluctant to leave. "CROWDS SWAMP CARDINAL, MAYOR" was the front-page headline of the *News* the following day. "What did the Big Boss think?" one of Illich's friends asked a chancery official the next morning. "He's thrilled" was the reply. "Without Illich's mob scene, the story would barely have made page 17." By that time, the Cardinal had concluded, for many reasons, that Illich was a key man in his diocese, and a key man in the American Church. A few months after the mob scene at Fordham, Spellman agreed to Illich's appointment as vice-rector of the Catholic University of Puerto Rico, where he was to start a pioneering center for the training of American priests in Latin-American culture. A year later, the Cardinal made Illich the youngest monsignor in the New York archdiocese. The nom de plume Peter Canon disappeared.

The new monsignor began to sign his essays "The Very Rev. Ivan Illich, Ph.D."

The relationship between Spellman and Illich was a remarkable one. The champion of Catholic traditionalism and the adventurous thinker whose ideas would radicalize thousands of American Catholics had a deep respect for each other. Illich recently described Spellman as "a simple man, rigorously true to himself, for whose consistency I had the most profound admiration." Spellman trusted and admired Illich, used him for a number of delicate diplomatic missions, sanctioned all his projects, and served as his protector as long as he lived. The two met many times, and disagreed three times out of four. "So you know better than the Archbishop of New York," Spellman would say, with a big smile. "Well, you'd better succeed."

With typical efficiency, Illich, within three months of his arrival in Puerto Rico, in November of 1956, had organized a conference of the heads of the largest Catholic universities in the United States to discuss the problems of Latin-American studies for missionaries. By the following summer, he had started an intensive language program to teach Spanish to American priests. The training center was called the Institute of Intercultural Communications. Its purpose was to steep American priests in various aspects of Puerto Rican and Latin-American culture, or, as a Brooklyn priest put it, "to stop the Irish malarkey of imposing our ways on other people." In 1957, Cardinal Spellman sent half his newly ordained priests there for training. The center was often crowded to overflowing. When rooms were scarce, Illich would set up a cot in the kitchen, where he read arcane European journals of theology late into the night. In the daytime, he tortured his students. He made them live on the simplest of native diets, inspired them to travel to the wildest mountain regions of Puerto Rico on foot and on horseback, and grilled them with cross-examinations worthy of a Jesuit novice-master. Father Edmund Burke, a priest in Brooklyn's Ocean Hill-Brownsville district, reported that during his first trip to the Institute he was often "ready to throw Illich into the Caribbean." According to Father Burke, "Illich ran a disorganized Latin-American shop, never appeared anywhere on time, and at midnight he came into my room and psychoanalyzed me until dawn. What he was doing was forcing Burke to take a good look at Burke, to get him rid of all the Yankee hangups." Father Burke, after overcoming the shock of his initial exposure to Illich, returned to Puerto Rico for three years in a row and became one of Illich's most devoted friends.

During the nineteen-fifties, the Catholic Church on the island had grown increasingly inimical to the progressive government of Luis Muñoz Marín. Illich, however, made friends with a number of the island's highest officials, and worked for four years, in the face of much criticism from the local hierarchy, to reconcile the Church to Muñoz Marín's government. His difficulties with the island hierarchy came to a head in the election year of 1960, when Bishop James P. Davis, of San Juan, and Bishop James E. McManus, of Ponce, both of whom were outraged by a birth-control program that Muñoz Marín had developed, formed a Catholic political party to oppose him. The bishops threatened excommunication for any Catholic who voted for Muñoz Marín, but Illich soon became known as an opponent of the Catholic party. "As a historian, I saw that it violated the American tradition of church and state separation," he said later of this episode. "As a politician, I predicted that there wasn't enough strength in Catholic ranks to create a meaningful platform, and that the failure of the Catholic party would be disastrous to the already frail prestige of the Church in Puerto Rico. As a theologian, I held that the Church must always condemn injustice in the light of the Gospel but never has the right to speak out in favor of a specific political party." And as a satirist, Illich found that a political party organized on a birth-control issue, campaigning under a banner decorated with a crucifix and a rosary was downright comical. He ridiculed the Catholic party frequently in private conversation and drew upon himself the grow-

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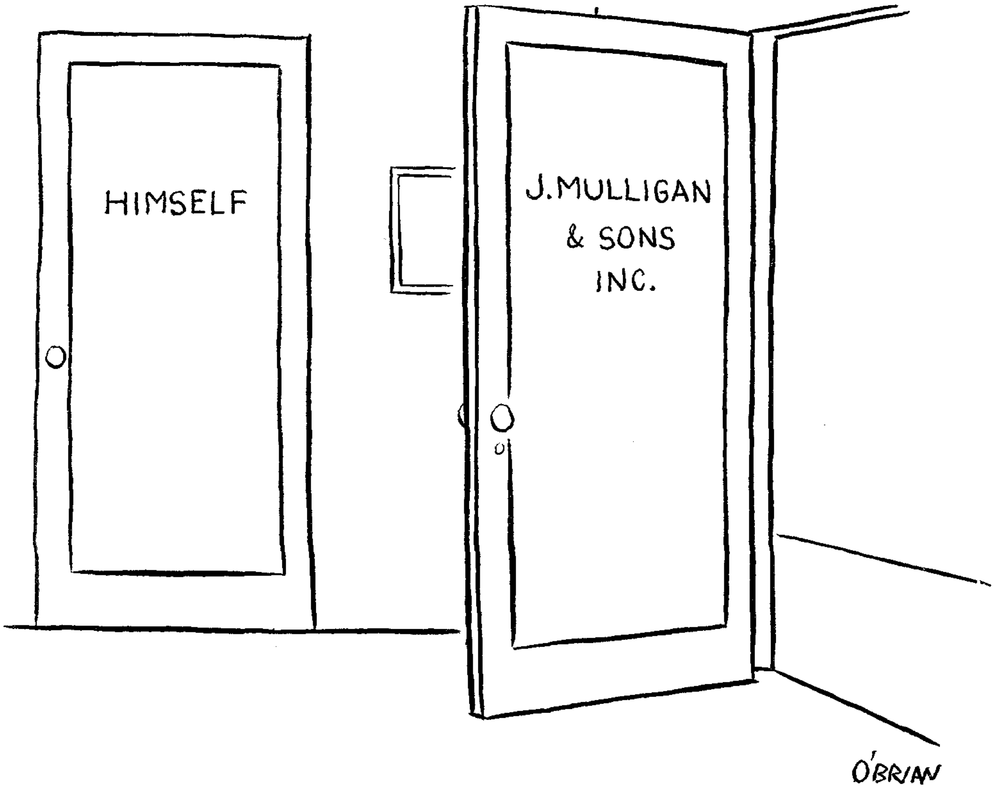
ing animosity of the head of his diocese, Bishop McManus. In October, when the election campaign was at its peak, Cardinal Spellman was expected in San Juan to consecrate Bishop Davis as archbishop. A few weeks before Spellman was due to arrive, a prominent Puerto Rican layman with wide influence in his government came to New York to ask the Cardinal if he would lunch with Governor Muñoz Marín while he was in San Juan. Cardinal Spellman readily agreed, and after the two had had lunch together they also attended a banquet honoring the new archbishop. Because Muñoz Marín was to be at the banquet, Bishop McManus had not only refused an invitation to attend but had forbidden any of his clergy to attend. Illich blithely overlooked the ban and went to the banquet with the Cardinal and the Governor. Within twenty-four hours, Bishop McManus—who is said to be convinced to this day that Illich arranged the meeting between Spellman and Muñoz Marín—had written Illich a stinging letter ordering him to leave the Ponce diocese. Illich returned to New York, where he was appointed to a position on the faculty of Fordham University that allowed him to travel and continue to work on his own projects. Bishop McManus shortly thereafter was relieved of his post.

For several weeks after his return from Puerto Rico, Illich studied a map of Latin America, searching, he said, for "a valley with an excellent climate, with a town not more than an hour away from a great library and a good university, where housing and food would be cheap enough to accommodate many students." Still obsessed with the problem of missionary training in Latin America, he flew to Santiago, Chile, and proceeded to walk and hitchhike to Caracas, Venezuela—a distance of three thousand miles. In moments of crisis or decision throughout his career, Illich has imposed on himself many austere disciplines—fasts, retreats, pilgrimages—of a kind that many of his contemporaries consider outdated. At the age of eighteen, when he decided to be a priest, he had gone into a thirty-day retreat under a Jesuit spiritual director to decide whether he should become a Jesuit. In 1959, he had undertaken a forty-day meditation at a monastery in the Sahara. His trip from Santiago to Caracas, which took him four months, was a form of pilgrimage that marked another turning point in his life. When asked what he learned on that walk, he smiles and answers, "I learned the meaning of distance." But it is evident that he was also searching for a place to start a new center of missionary training; he observed with growing alarm the contingents of Yankee priests who were dotting the slums of Lima, Buenos Aires, and Quito with smug brick rectories and parish schools in imitation of those in Chicago, Brooklyn, and St. Louis.

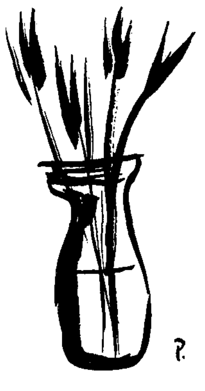
South America yielded no valley that met Illich's specifications, and he continued his search northward. In the spring of 1961, he found himself in Cuernavaca, Mexico, comparing the prices of the vegetables in its marketplace and the housing facilities with those in other Latin-American countries, and reflecting upon the delights of the city's perennially dry, sunny climate. The Bishop of Cuernavaca, Sergio Méndez Arceo, was known for his open-mindedness. One day, Illich rang the Bishop's doorbell, was ushered into his study, sat down on his couch, and announced, "I would like to start, under your auspices, a center of de-Yankeefication." The two men talked without interruption for nine hours. Illich settled in Cuernavaca because, he said, "I found in the Bishop a man for whom *le bon ton, le bon goût* were of supreme importance, a man with whom I could communicate on my own wavelength. I knew from the start that we could please and even surprise each other." The Bishop, for his part, agreed to sponsor the educational venture because he found Illich to be "an extraordinary man with startlingly lucid ideas, who I knew would live in a state of perpetual renewal."

The center of de-Yankeefication was launched under the most respectable Yankee auspices. It had the express approval of Cardinal Spellman, who considered it a continuation of the missionary training center that Illich had established in Puerto Rico. It had the joint support of Fordham University and the Bishops' Committee on Latin America. Richard Cardinal Cushing, of Boston, who described Illich's venture as "by far the best training center we have," helped to get it on its feet by setting up scholarships for his priests, and several other Catholic hierarchs did the same. It was first called CIF, for Center of Intercultural Formation, but that was later changed to CIDOC, for Center of Intercultural Documentation. At a conference at CIDOC shortly after it opened in 1961, the keynote address was given by Monsignor Helder Pessôa Câmara, of Rio de Janeiro, who, translating Illich's epithet into Portuguese, approvingly called the school "*un centro de digringoação.*" 1961 was the year that the Alliance for Progress was launched, and also the year that the Pope issued a call for the North American Church to send ten per cent of its personnel—or about twenty thousand priests and religious—to Latin America in order to alleviate the critical shortage of clergy on that continent. Illich saw an ominous conjunction between the two projects. He was sarcastic about the Al-



liance for Progress, which he labelled "an alliance for the progress of the middle classes," and he predicted that the kind of Yankee missionaries who responded to the Pope's call would be "pawns of United States cultural imperialism." Illich's CIDOC—part language school, part conference center, part free university, part publishing house—was designed not so much to train missionaries as to keep all but the most progressive of them away.

It is ironic that Ivan Illich should have chosen to settle down for the next phase of his career as priest-educator in a country that has produced one of the world's most reactionary brands of Catholicism. Mexico was the first of the new lands to be evangelized in the missionary zeal of the Counter Reformation, and it became the most powerful theocracy in Latin America. The spirit of dedication and of poverty represented by the first wave of missionaries—Franciscan, Dominican, and Augustinian friars—was soon perverted by the Church's growing riches. At the end of the eighteenth century, the Catholic Church owned more than half the money in circulation in Mexico and more than half its land. During the revolutions that swept through Latin America in the nineteenth century, the Mexican Church aligned itself closely with the wealthy landowners and sought alliances with the numerous foreign powers that periodically invaded the country to combat its movements of liberation. For these reasons, among others, the Church in Mexico was more violently persecuted by the nineteenth century's revolutionary governments and by the twentieth century's progressive regimes than it was in any other nation on the continent. In the eighteen-fifties, the number of priests in the nation had been reduced to a mere five hundred. The Mexican Church's funds, lands, schools, and hospitals were expropriated, its libraries confiscated and its seminaries closed, and well into the twentieth century the Mexican Church was deprived of most means of scholarship and theological research. For most of the past century, Mexican priests have been forbidden by their government (rather prophetically, it has turned out) to wear clerical clothing in public. In the nineteen-twenties, under the regime of President Plutarco Calles, church worship was severely restricted. And in that decade a prominent elected public official, Governor Tomás Canabal, of the state of Tabasco, publicly flaunted his hatred of Catholicism by naming his two sons Lucifer and Lenin, decreed that only married priests could reside in his state, ordered every church in his province torn down, and commanded his troops to shoot any groups of peasants who might congregate in the ruins of a church building. The hierarchy of the Mexican Church has emerged from these persecutions impoverished and bitter, nostalgic for its lost power. It ranks today, along with the Colombian hierarchy, as the most conservative in Latin America. The tenor of its theology is cautious and regressive, and the most popular forms of religious expression are still steeped in a worship of the Virgin that verges on idolatry. Mexican Catholicism today is marked by what theologians call integralism—that wedding of reactionary politics with reactionary theology which has played a large role in protecting the interests of oligarchies in many parts of the Latin-American continent. Yet in the midst of the aggressively conservative men who compose the Mexican episcopate there is one maverick. Bishop Méndez Arceo, of Cuernavaca, was to startle the world in 1962—a year after Ivan Illich had settled in Cuernavaca—by emerging as a leader of the Second Vatican Council's ultra-progressive ecumenical wing. Indeed, it is quite clear by now that Illich's inquisition in the bowels of the Vatican was aimed not only at removing Illich from Mexico but also at removing the bishop who has sponsored and protected him.



Sergio Méndez Arceo, seventh Bishop of Cuernavaca, is an erect and portly man in his early sixties, with warm brown eyes that are both witty and thoughtful, a luminous smile, and a most informal manner. His frayed cassocks, worn shoes, and modest way of life evidence a profound disdain for comfort, for worldly goods, and for any outward show of authority. The son of a prosperous lawyer in southern Mexico, he studied in Rome, wrote his doctoral dissertation on early-sixteenth-century humanism, and is the leading authority in Mexico on the thought of Erasmus. He lives in two austere, high-ceilinged rooms by the side of the Cuernavaca cathedral, his study stacked high with advanced intellectual journals in numerous languages and sparsely furnished with a few pieces of worn furniture that suggest a very aristocratic kind of poverty. On the walls hang a large painting (left by a previous occupant) of a saint whose name the Bishop can't remember, a portrait of Pope John XXIII drawn by a Protestant lay theologian, and a drawing of a Madonna with Indian features, done by the Mexican painter David Alfaro Siqueiros, a former leader of Mexico's Communist Party and a longtime resident of Cuernavaca. In these simple quarters, the Bishop lives alone, without a secretary, cook, or housekeeper, and he takes his meals—frugal fare brought in by nuns from a neighboring convent—with the twelve clergymen of the city in a little room off the cathedral cloister. Méndez Arceo's diocese, which is in the state of Morelos, south of Mexico City, was the terrain of Zapata's revolution, from 1911 to 1916, and the Bishop has always declared himself to be a staunch Zapatista. "To say that I am a Zapatista is to say that I am a citizen of Morelos," he has said. "Zapata was the only leader of the revolution with a coherent social program." Unlike most of his colleagues, Méndez Arceo takes great pride in the poverty of the Mexican Church, and of the Catholic Church in the United States he has said, "Its tragedy is its huge human organization and its horrible riches."

Before being appointed to the diocese of Cuernavaca, Méndez Arceo was spiritual director of students at the largest seminary in Mexico, and he is distinguished from other bishops by an immense interest and trust in the young. Seminarians are assigned to answer his phone on a rotating basis, so that he can become "intimately acquainted with the wishes of the young generation." He spends two days a month in retreat with the sixty priests of his diocese to "receive their impressions" of the work that has to be done—in fact, to allow them a chance to participate in the running of the diocese. And he has encouraged weekly meetings at which his young priests get together without him to discuss means of part-time secular employment, so that they can adapt themselves to what he calls "the inevitable secularization of the future clergy." Although Méndez Arceo is loved by his priests as few bishops are, he is gently criticized by some of the older men for one fault: he is too modest. "He is so simple, so approachable," one of them has said. "He does not satisfy our people's regressive need for

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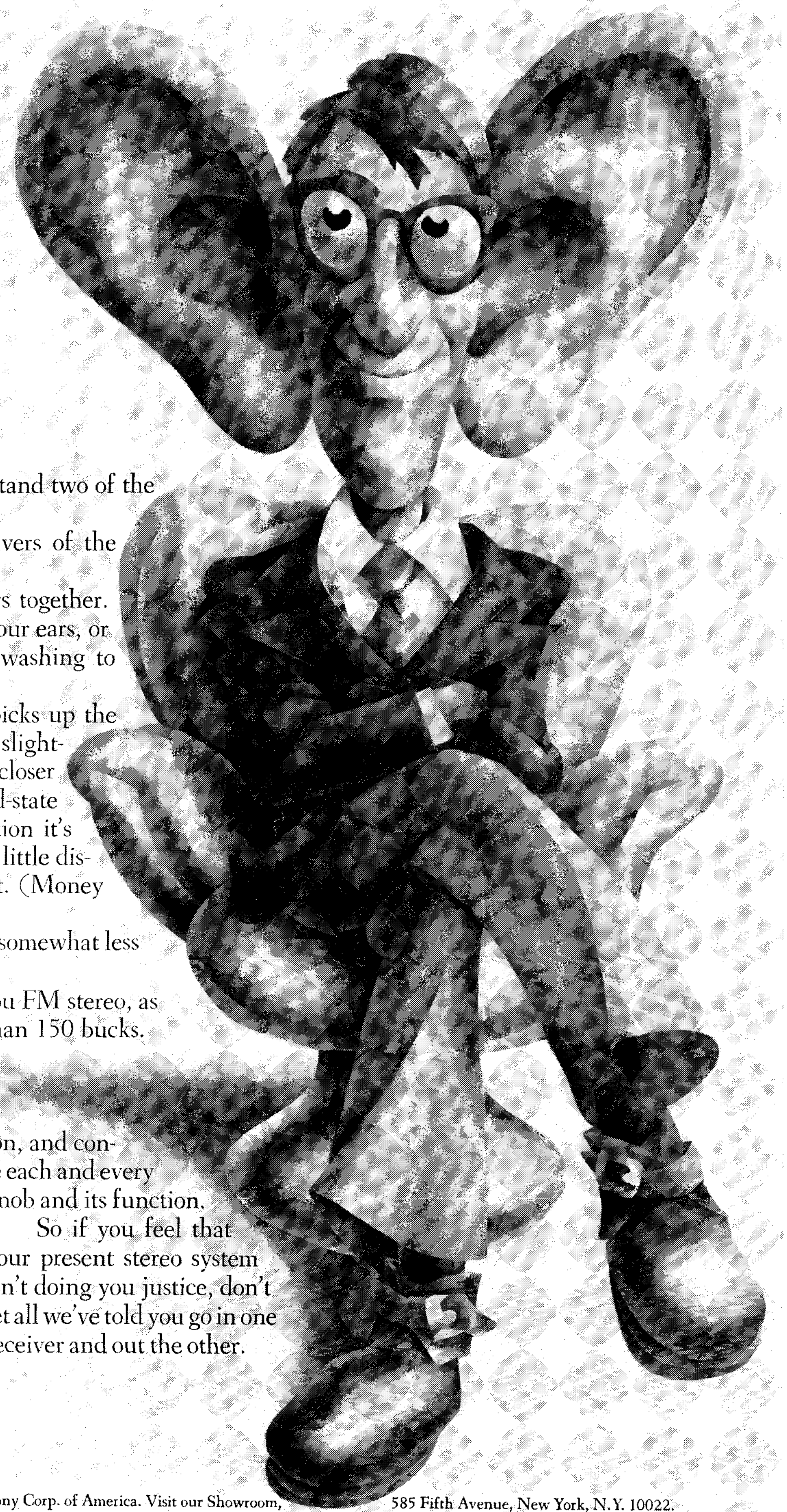

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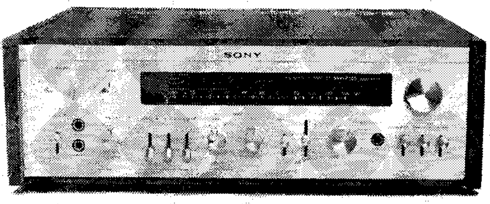

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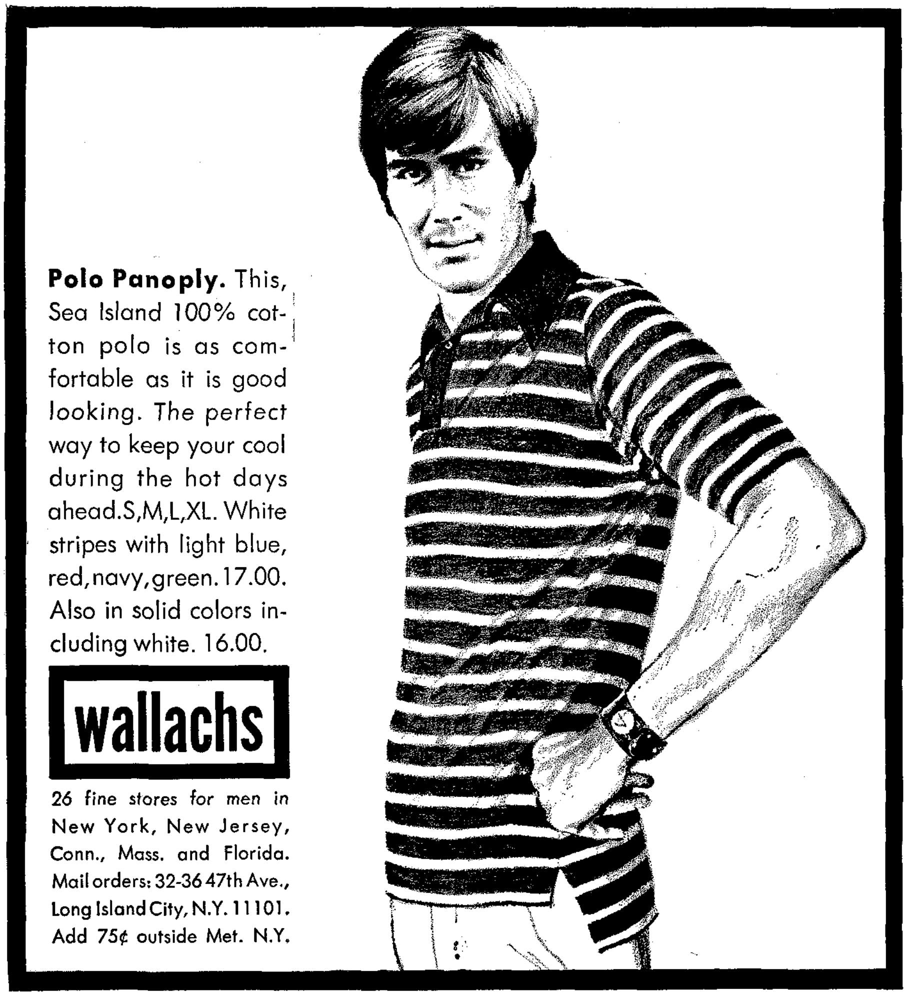

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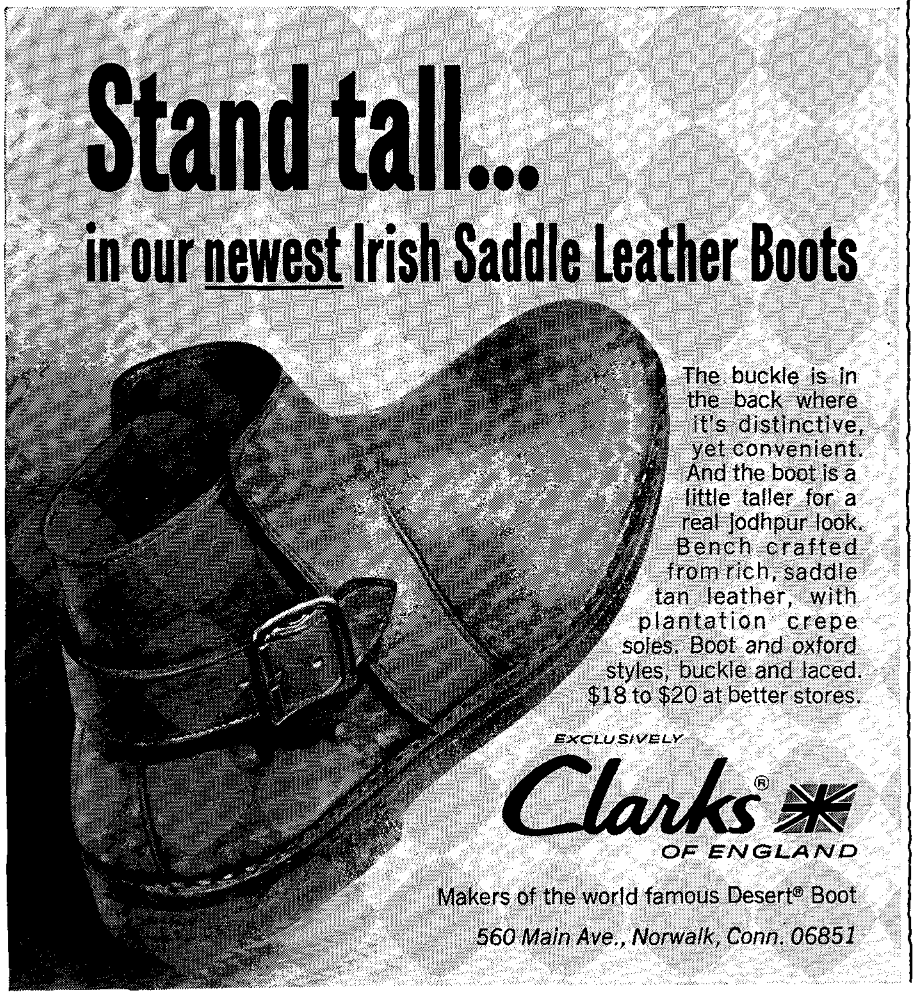

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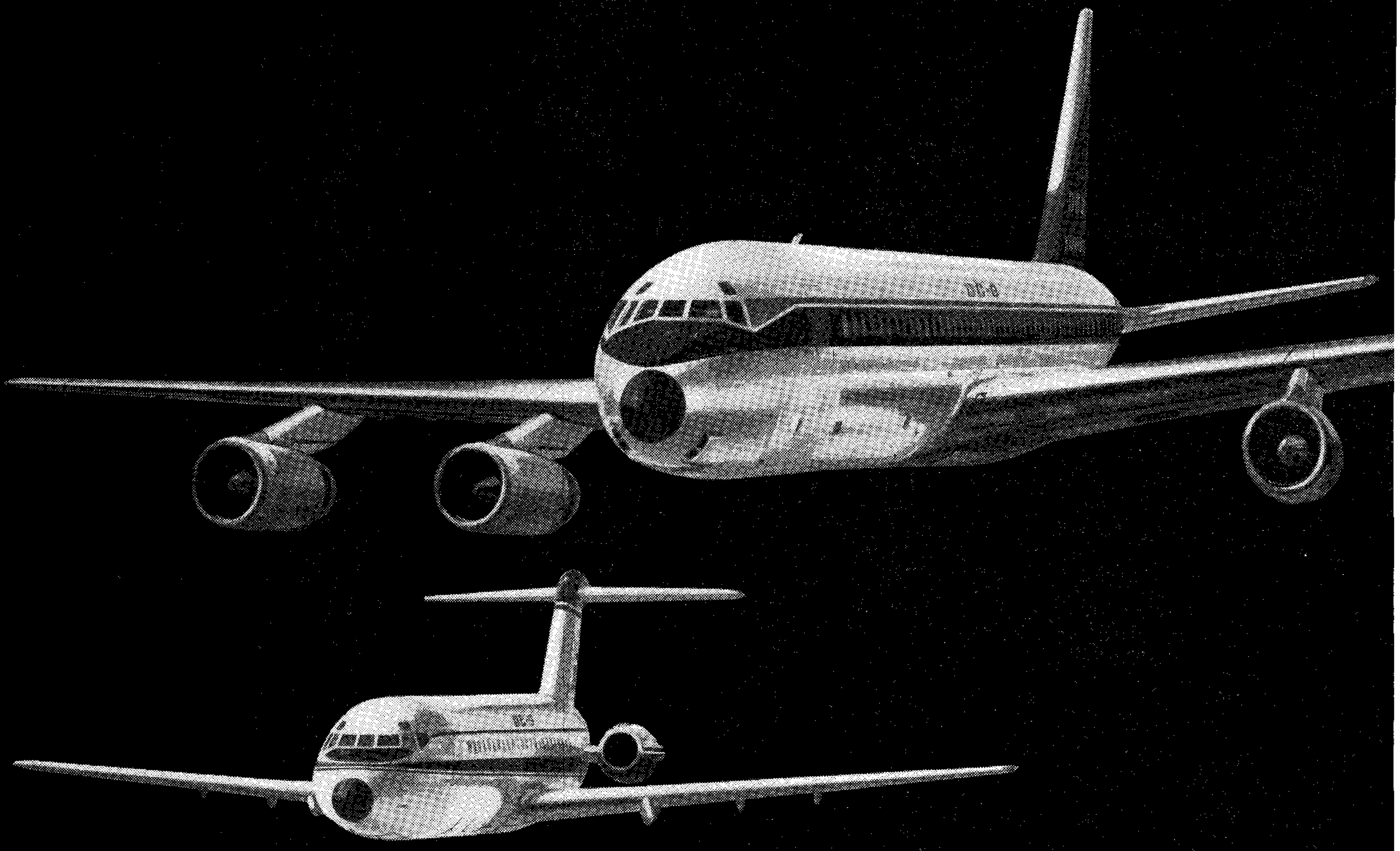
authority, their need for pomp, for formality, for great personages." But authoritarianism is not in the character of Méndez Arceo. He is a man who believes that "the desire for human power over others is demonic, the clearest manifestation of original sin," and he has said, "The bishop must preside with the greatest simplicity. He must advise rather than direct. He must respect the free spirit of scientific investigation. The bishop is the humble coordinator of the work of the Holy Spirit." A Mexican proverb that dates back to the evangelic spirit of the early sixteenth century goes, "*Báculo de oro, obispo de palo. Báculo de palo, obispo de oro*"—"Golden staff, wooden bishop. Wooden staff, golden bishop." Méndez Arceo's staff is a simple oak stick, which he begged, one Christmas week in Cuernavaca, from a boy dressed as a shepherd for a holiday procession. "That's just the staff I've been looking for!" the Bishop exclaimed as the child came down the street. "May I have it, brother?" The Bishop has used this staff in his cathedral ever since, at Masses that he celebrates dressed in a chasuble of rough Indian hemp and a mitre of white cotton.

When Méndez Arceo began the renovation of his cathedral—one of the oldest in Mexico—in the nineteen-fifties, he stripped the interior of its baroque altar and nineteenth-century ornaments, and stripped it, too, to the fury of the conservatives, of its statuary *santos*. He retained, at the left of the altar, one lone nineteenth-century statue of the Virgin Mary. The interior of the cathedral as he has restored it has the grandiose ruggedness of the early Franciscan mission style. Its furnishings have a severe modern elegance. The altar, a single slab of stone, is dominated by a plain bronze ciborium, which is flanked by stark bronze lecterns and a filiform wooden cross. "A cathedral, like a bishop, must be stripped and denuded of all material wealth," the Bishop says. "One hears the Lord best in the desert." On portions of the basilica's coarse interior walls, wherever the architects were able to restore the original seventeenth-century frescoes, is depicted the martyrdom of the missionary priest St. Philip, Mexico's only saint. Pointing to the image of St. Philip, hanging, thin and cerulean blue, from a gallows, the Bishop says, with a mischievous smile, "We are too poor to have more than one saint. Our poverty is our greatest asset."

To the discomfort of conservative



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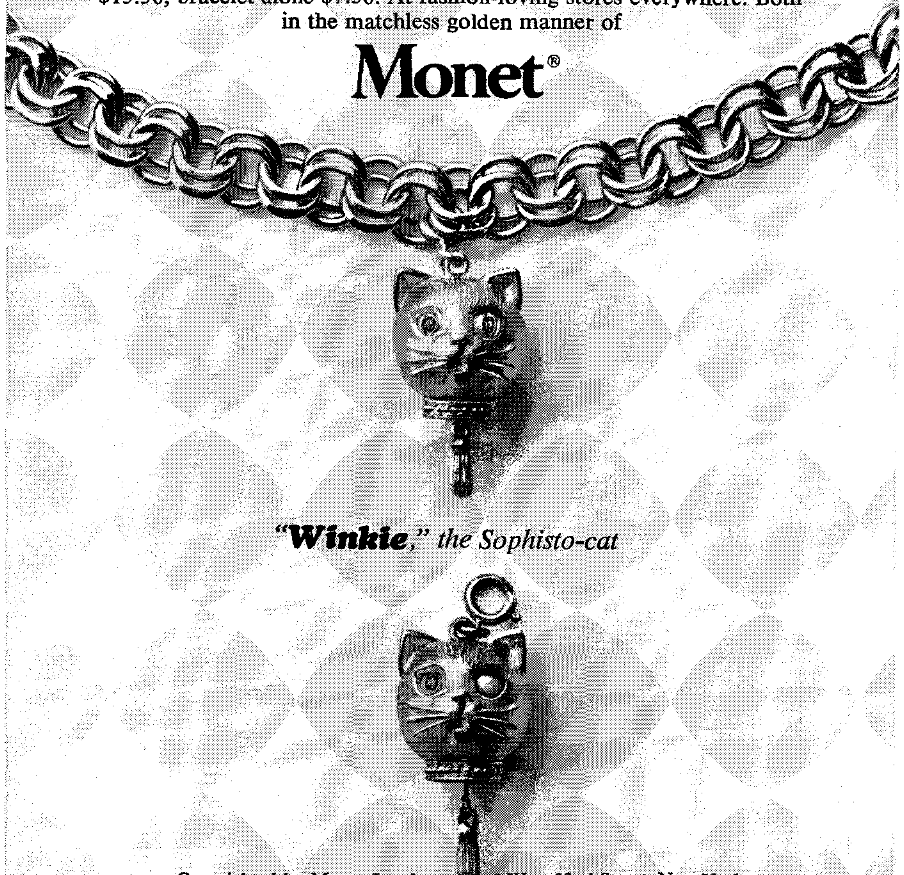

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Mexicans, the Bishop's Sunday Mass has become the chief tourist attraction of the state of Morelos. The music is based on folk melodies of Mexico, Chile, and Brazil, and is played, from the Angelus to the last Alleluia, by a native mariachi band of violins, drums, guitars, and trumpets. The mariachi Mass originated at CIDOC, where Illich, who had commissioned it from a young Canadian musicologist-priest, first had it performed. The Bishop heard it there, liked it, and, as an American in Cuernavaca says, "brought it to Broadway." The worshippers, who fill the cathedral long before the eleven-o'clock service begins, join lustily in the syncopated singing, and some of the younger members of the congregation literally dance to the altar at Communion time to the rhythm of a Chilean folk song. Between refrains, the Bishop frequently engages in a dialogue homily with his congregation. It is an animated, pentecostal atmosphere, for the Bishop is a great admirer of pentecostal sects, and of their "trust in the Holy Spirit." He believes in creating—and his arms flail the air powerfully as he says this—"an explosion of the Gospel through liturgy." Although in the rest of Mexico religion is considered a woman's thing and barely ten per cent of the Catholic men attend Mass, there is spectacular enthusiasm for religion in the Cuernavaca diocese because of the excitement and vigor of its liturgy. One young citizen of Cuernavaca has said that he and his friends have started to go to Mass again because Bishop Méndez Arceo has restored masculinity to religion. "It is evident," a young New York priest said recently, "that under such a bishop no Underground Church would ever need to exist."

The conservatives who were startled by the modernism of Méndez Arceo's liturgy were scandalized when he sanctioned the use of psychotherapy by a whole community of Benedictine monks in the dry, sage-covered hills above Cuernavaca. The experiment was started by the prior of the monastery of Santa María de la Resurrección, Grégoire Lemercier. Lemercier had settled in Cuernavaca with his community of Benedictines in 1951 after they were chased at gunpoint by a monk turned bandit from their former abbey, in southern Mexico. He quickly became a close friend of the Bishop's, and he was considered an eccentric from the start. His community of Benedictines was singing Mass in the Spanish vernacular as early as 1951, and its avant-gardism was a major influence on the Bishop's evolution toward

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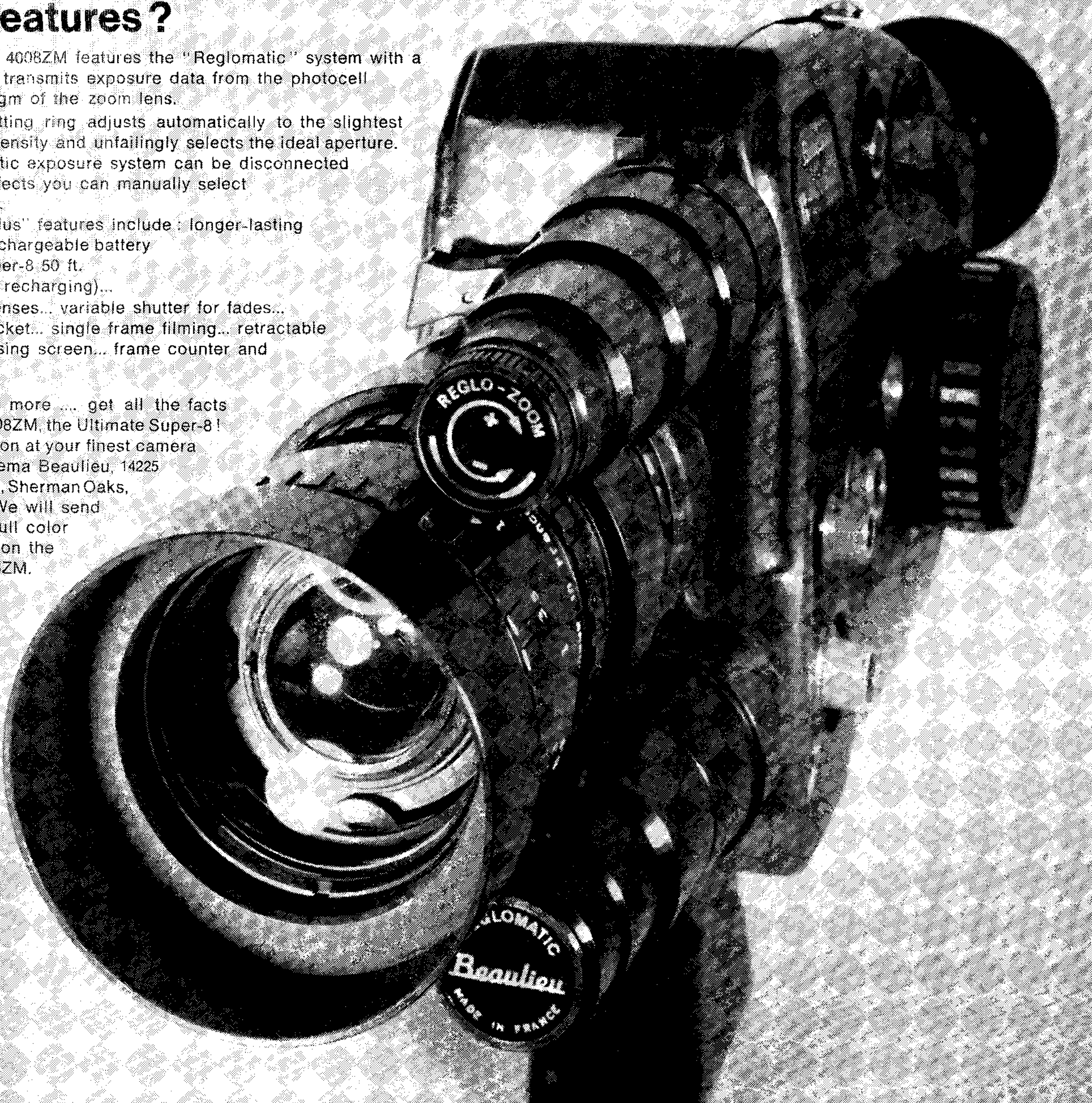

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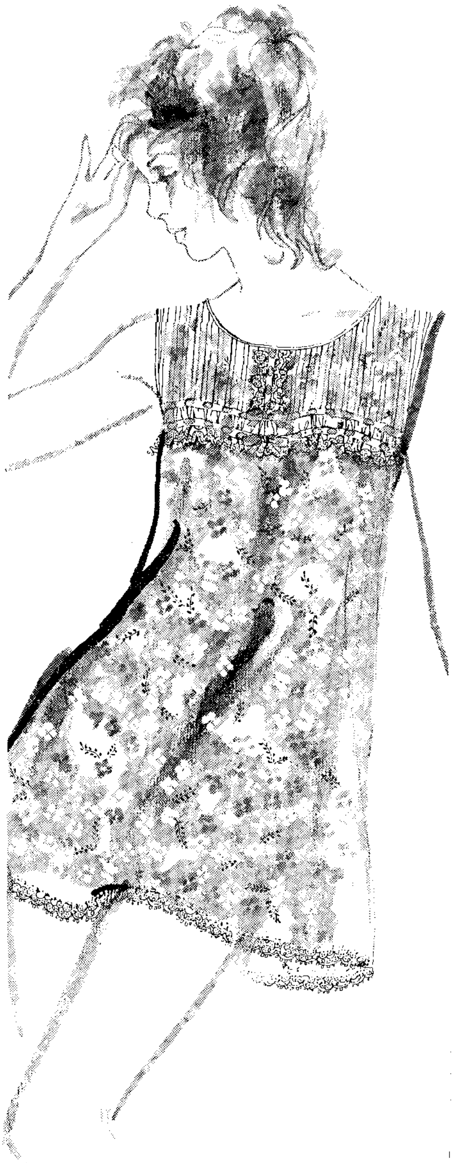

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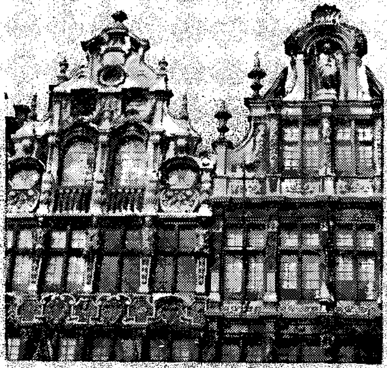
modernism; for until his arrival in Morelos, Méndez Arceo had been a relatively conservative man, primarily known for his rigorously classical Roman training. Lemercier, an intelligent, humorless Belgian with icy blue eyes, sought psychiatric help after experiencing a vision one night in October, 1960, while lying in bed after compline. He describes the vision in a recent book, "Dialogues with Christ": "I saw a multitude of lightning shafts of all colors, an excessively beautiful spectacle. . . . My eyes were wide open and I delighted infinitely in these fireworks, which I would have liked to prolong forever. . . . A sort of screen then appeared on the wall of my cell, on which I saw a rapid succession of human faces. This kaleidoscope focussed on a very beautiful face of great kindness. I started to weep with extreme violence, invaded by the profound consciousness of being loved by God, and of not deserving His love because of my sins." Lemercier entered into psychoanalysis three months later to allay his sense of guilt and to "purify his vocation," as he put it—particularly to aid him with the problems posed by celibacy. His monks, who had the same problems, also sought psychiatric help, and before long therapists were coming from Mexico City twice a week to hold group-therapy sessions at the monastery. Lemercier, with a typically Benedictine concern for productivity, observed that his monks worked faster and better under therapy—that they tilled more land, grew more vegetables, produced more stained glass. But the experiment outraged the Mexican hierarchy, which branded it "a repugnant immorality" and "'*aggiornamento*' and progress converted to heresy." For the fourth session of the Second Vatican Council, in 1965, Méndez Arceo nevertheless chose Lemercier to accompany him to Rome as his special theological adviser—a choice that hardly enhanced the Bishop's reputation at home.

Méndez Arceo was the only Mexican bishop who spoke at the Council. He spoke a great deal. And he startled observers by agreeing with the progressive Northern European bishops about most of the items on the agenda. The Mexican hierarchy's triumphalist view that the Church had never erred, and had nothing to learn or be sorry for, epitomized the traditionalists' resistance to ecumenism, whereas Méndez Arceo's concept of a sinful pilgrim Church ("*semper renovanda, semper reformanda*"), which should apologize to all those whom it had estranged through-



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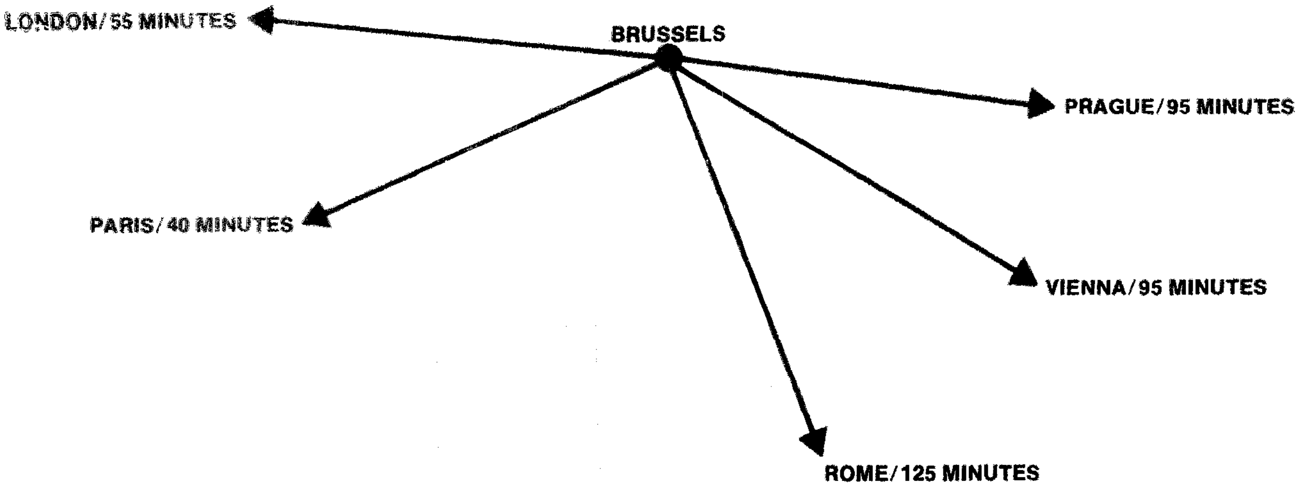
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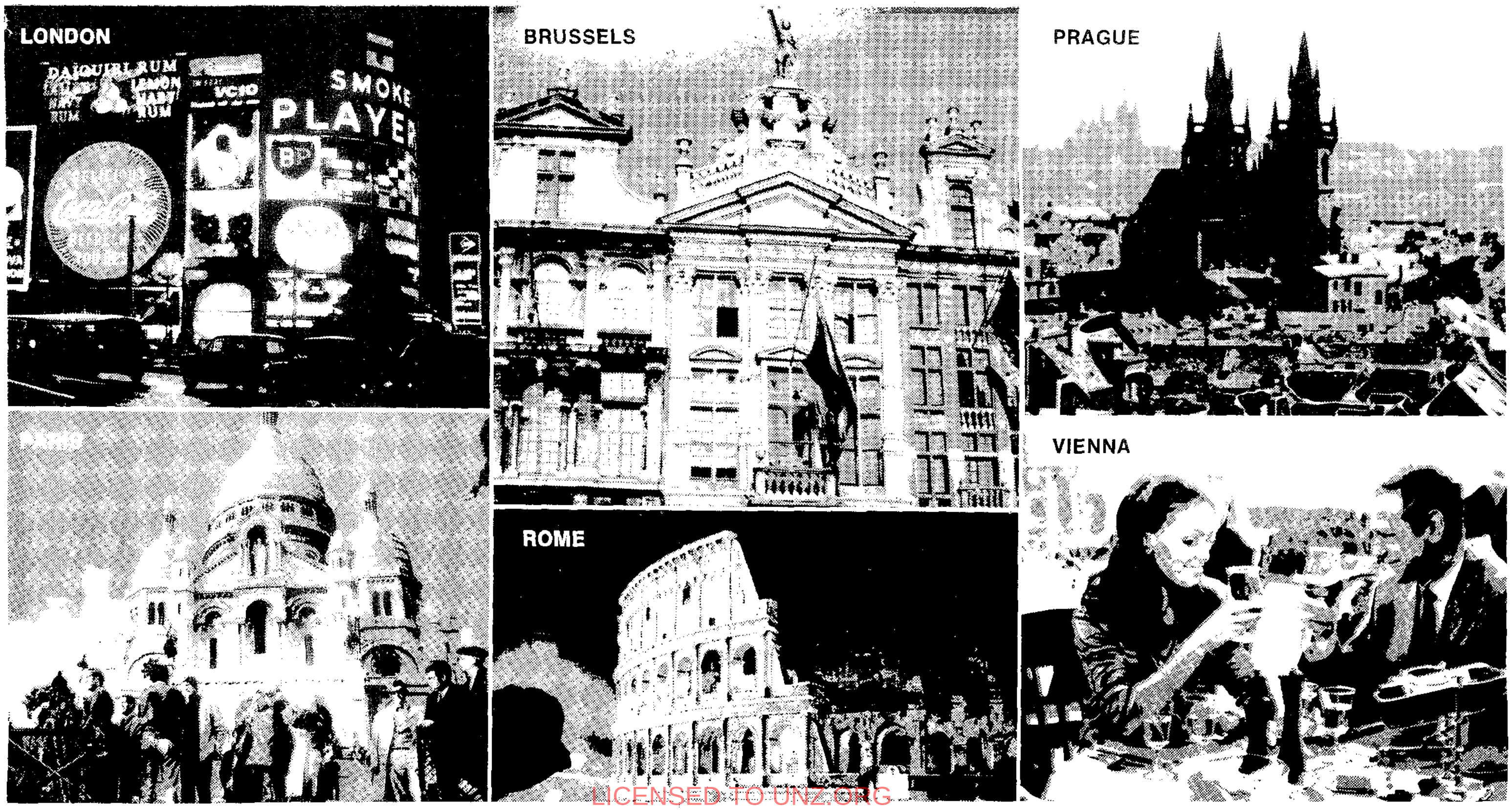
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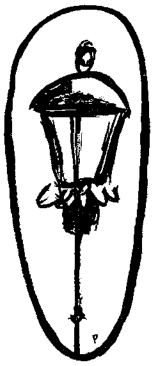
out history, put him in the vanguard of the ecumenical movement. Méndez Arceo had been the only bishop at the Council's first session, and was the first bishop at its second session, to suggest that the Church ask the "forgiveness" of the Jews—a request the Council fathers finally made. "The purification of the Church by the Council," Méndez Arceo said, "could not proceed without a humble declaration of regret at all the injustices committed throughout history against the Jewish people." His crusade for *rapprochement* with the Protestants was equally intense, for he has often said that he would like to be known as "a bishop of both confessions," in the sense that Karl Barth has been called "a theologian of both confessions." Since anti-Protestantism is more prevalent in Mexico than anti-Semitism, the Bishop's sympathy with Protestants was even more controversial in his country than his crusade for the Jews' forgiveness. The Bishop also urged that the ban of excommunication be lifted from all North and South American Freemasons, which prompted *Gente*, an official paper of the organization called Opus Dei, to urge immediate excommunication for him.

Méndez Arceo was progressive on many other points at the Council. He was, for example, a staunch supporter of collegiality, the decentralizing philosophy that aims at democratizing Church structures by giving the bishops a voice equal to the Pope's. At one point, after belittling such legalisms as requirements for fasts and definitions of venial sins, he described Christ's teaching as "a deliverance from the servitude of the law, in such a manner that the veritable Christian law is not one written in stone but *one written in hearts.*" He urged the Holy See to freely allow marriage for those priests who asked to return to the lay state. "The consciousness of a possibility of a return to the lay state and to the dispensation of the celibacy vows would be not a peril but a source of greater fidelity and serenity among priests," he said. And during the debate on religious liberty he took the floor to urge the Church to recognize the benefits of psychoanalysis. "The Church has assumed a position toward psychoanalysis that recalls the history of Galileo," he said. "This has been due in part to the anti-Christian dogmatism of some psychoanalysts; but, because of her distrustful approach, the Church up to now has had no influence on those engaged in this science." Going still further, he suggested that the methods of psychoanalysis might be used in clerical circles "to purify vocations." Although he warned that psychoanalysis might be harmful if it became overconfident of its methods, he praised it as "a precious tool for the spiritual and psychological liberation of man" and as "a most efficacious tool for discerning religious vocations and for elevating souls toward the way of evangelical virtue and Christian holiness."



But nothing the Bishop said at the Council shocked his compatriots more than his attempt to deëmphasize the cult of Mary. The question whether a statement on the Virgin Mary should be included in the schema "On the Church in the Modern World" or should appear in a separate document produced one of the Council's most heated debates. As the progressives saw it, a separate schema on Mary would encourage further excesses of devotion to the Virgin, and thus widen the cleavage between Catholics and Protestants. In the view of the traditionalists, who included the hard-line Roman Curialists and most Spanish-speaking clerics, Mary should have a schema to herself because "the mystery of Mary is greater than the mystery of the Church." The conservatives wanted to see the Church in the context of Mary, whereas the progressives wanted to see Mary in the context of the Church. Throughout these debates, Méndez Arceo sided fervently with progressive Northern European Council fathers like Bernard Jan Cardinal Alfrink, of the Netherlands, saying that the worship of Mary must be restrained in order to correct excesses in popular devotion and to further ecumenical reunion between the Catholic Church and other Christian sects. "Devotion to Mary and the saints at times obscures devotion to Christ," Méndez Arceo argued. He was angrily rebutted by a Spanish bishop, who stated that without a schema of her own the Virgin would be seen "in a passive role as the Church's eldest daughter, not as the Mother of the Church." To this, Méndez Arceo replied that the epithet "Mother of the Church" was nonsense. Mary is a member of the Church, he said, and so how can she be her own mother? Let us just say, he urged, that she is the one closest to Christ, the first of the saved. The progressive faction won,

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and Mary was included in the larger schema, but the victory was a very close one and left much bitterness. Méndez Arceo's attack on "the excesses of Marian devotion" had particularly violent repercussions in Mexico, where the cult of the Virgin still persists as passionately as ever and where the saying "Mary came to save us, Christ came to condemn us" is a popular proverb. In once more centering Catholicism upon the person of Christ, the Bishop not only was masculinizing and modernizing his nation's religiousness but was subtly threatening the very fabric of Mexican society. Psychologists have often noted that the *machismo* of Latin men and the passivity of Latin women are closely related to the sentimental cult of the suffering Mother Goddess. "To do away with the cult of Mary would be to emancipate the women of Mexico and make us ready to act in social change," a progressive young Mexican woman, a sociologist, has said. "That's why Méndez Arceo is considered so revolutionary, and why he is so feared."

In 1968, Méndez Arceo was the only Mexican bishop who refused to sign a declaration drawn up by Mexican clerics in support of the Pope's new ban on artificial contraception. That same summer, he was the only member of the Mexican hierarchy to deplore the Mexican government's repressive measures against students in the riots at the University of Mexico. And still later that same year he published a strong condemnation of America's Vietnam policy, and declared that the United States should "renounce its role of world police, consecrating itself instead to the common good." The statement was praised by former President Lazaro Cardenas—a circumstance that produced a certain amount of notoriety in itself, for no one could recall another occasion on which a successful liberal political figure had supported a member of the Church hierarchy on any subject whatever.

But Méndez Arceo was facing increasing opposition within the Church; in fact, a group had been organized for the express purpose of getting the Bishop removed from his diocese. It called itself El Comité pro-Reivindicación de la Iglesia Católica en Cuernavaca (the Committee for the Recovery of the Catholic Church in Cuernavaca). The membership included Catholics in Guadelajara, Puebla, Michoacan, and provinces two thousand miles from Cuernavaca who had never been to Cuernavaca and had no intention of ever going there but considered the

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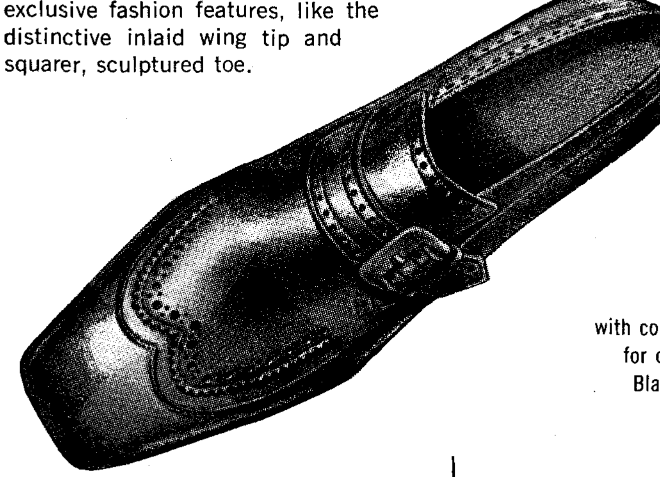

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Bishop's modernism a threat to national security. Articles criticizing the Bishop began to appear with increasing frequency in the right-wing Mexican press. One stated that Méndez Arceo's "amicable relations with atheists, Freemasons, and Marxists" were proof that he was contributing to the infiltration of Communism into the Church throughout the world. Another denounced the Bishop for playing "music of dangerous folkloric character" in his cathedral and for allowing his liturgy to be attended by "theatrical personages of doubtful moral character." An editorial in the Opus Dei paper *Gente*, after quoting the Bishop's statement at the Council that "we must establish a dialogue with all men, notwithstanding how much of Marx or Freud they have in them, for Christ is in all men," concluded that "the only fitting music for the Cuernavaca liturgy would be the 'Internationale.' " Still another article, after denouncing the Bishop's views on the Virgin Mary, on Protestantism, on Jews, and on Freemasons, concentrated its fire on his friends, and particularly on the serious harm that he was doing to Catholicism by harboring at his side "that strange, devious, and slippery personage, crawling with indefinable nationalities, who is called, or claims to be called, Ivan Illich." In a letter to the Holy See published in the form of a paid advertisement in all Mexican dailies, the Committee for the Recovery of the Catholic Church in Cuernavaca complained of "the shameful events concealed under the veil of Freudian psychoanalysis" at Grégoire Lemercier's Benedictine monastery and of "the heretic ideas of the enigmatic Ivan Illich," and urged Pope Paul to "make a final end to this fearful drama, which threatens with such danger the faith of so many souls, and which has so harmed the prestige of our Church."

Méndez Arceo remained serene and undaunted under the barrage of his compatriots' criticism, never wavering in his belief that "the Church must retain, within her unity, the diversity of the Holy Spirit." His love of diversity is perhaps most clearly evidenced by the fact that the two chief sources of controversy in his entourage, Grégoire Lemercier and Ivan Illich, have a profound dislike for each other. Lemercier has characterized Illich as "*un genie détraqué en grand besoin de psychoanalyse*"—"an unbalanced genius in great need of psychoanalysis." Illich, who was brought up in the Viennese psychoanalytic milieu, has said that he is "vigorously opposed to any

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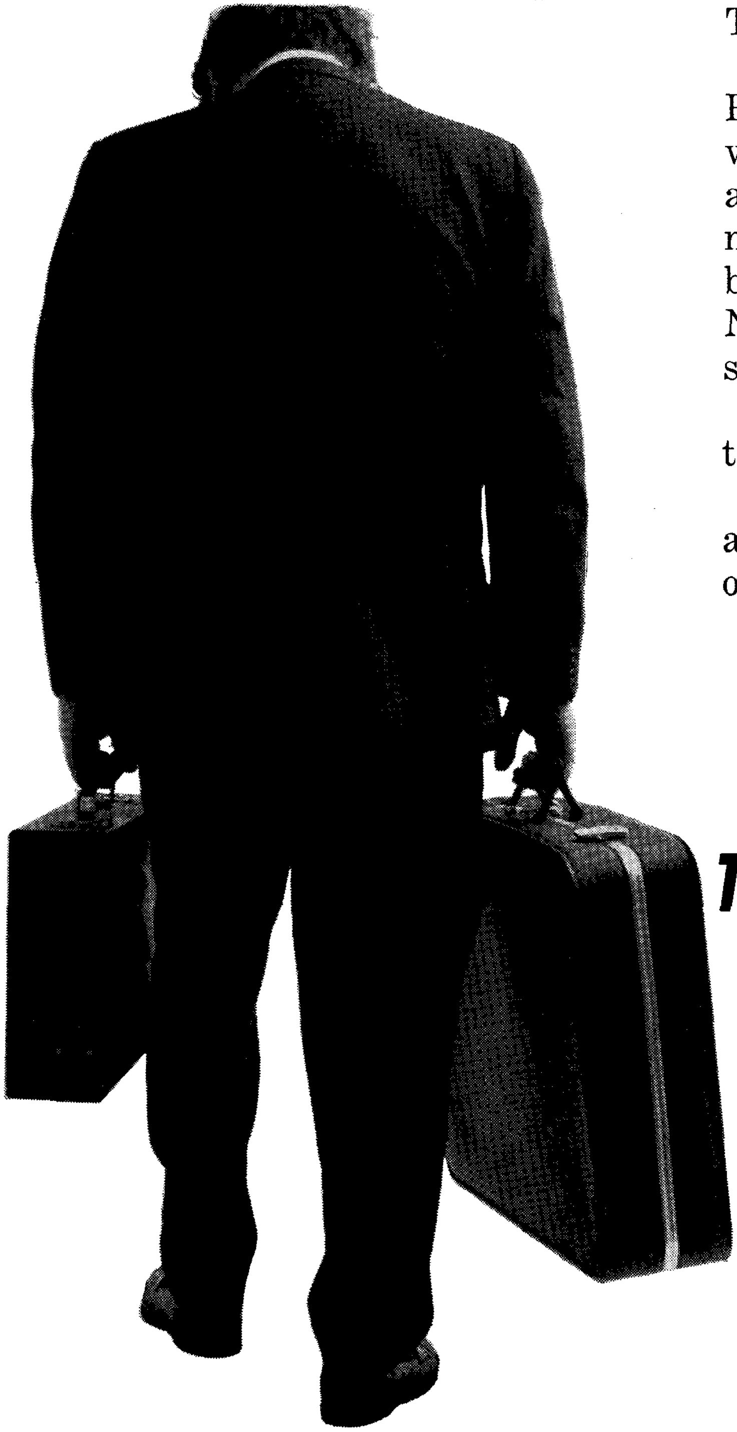

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religious community's being used as a base for psychoanalytic experiment." The two men have seen each other only about five times in the years that both have spent in Cuernavaca, though they live less than three miles apart. As Lemercier says, in a Belgian idiom, "*Nos atomes ne se sont jamais crochus*"—"Our atoms never hooked up." And yet the Committee for the Recovery of the Catholic Church in Cuernavaca had the two men so inextricably linked that the second question in the Vatican's questionnaire for Illich, directly parroting accusations of the right-wing press, went, "Is it true that, beginning in 1960, and especially under the influence of the Benedictine monk and psychoanalyst Grégoire Lemercier, there has been in you a dangerous general development of new ideas and disintegrating tendencies of a humanitarian and libertarian nature?"

Méndez Arceo has had to act all along as a buffer between "the two volcanoes of Cuernavaca," as Mexicans sometimes call Illich and Lemercier, in an allusion to the two mountains that dominate Mexico City. "Whenever I give one of them the other's latest article to read, he moans, 'It's ghastly!' " the Bishop once said. "I have tolerated with the greatest diplomacy the mutual dislike of two extraordinary men." And with an ingenuous smile, he added, "I am very pleased with myself."

In June of 1967, psychotherapy at Lemercier's Benedictine monastery was ordered stopped by a direct edict of the Holy See. The edict came after what Lemercier calls "*une serie d'événements abracadabrants,*" one of which was Lemercier's own inquisition at the Vatican, in 1966. For eight months, he had sat in a room of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith answering questions in writing, and had never once seen either one of his judges. At the end of the eight months, he sent Pope Paul a list of his expenses in Rome and a long letter stating his opinion that he was being used as a pawn in an inquisition that was in fact aimed not at him but at Bishop Méndez Arceo. When the papal edict banning psychotherapy at Lemercier's monastery was issued, the monks were given the choice of stopping their therapy or continuing it and being dispensed from their vows. The following Sunday, as his weekly sermon, Méndez Arceo read an extraordinary pastoral letter. Instead of passing any judgment on his Benedictine friends' experience, he urged his flock to become more open than ever to the

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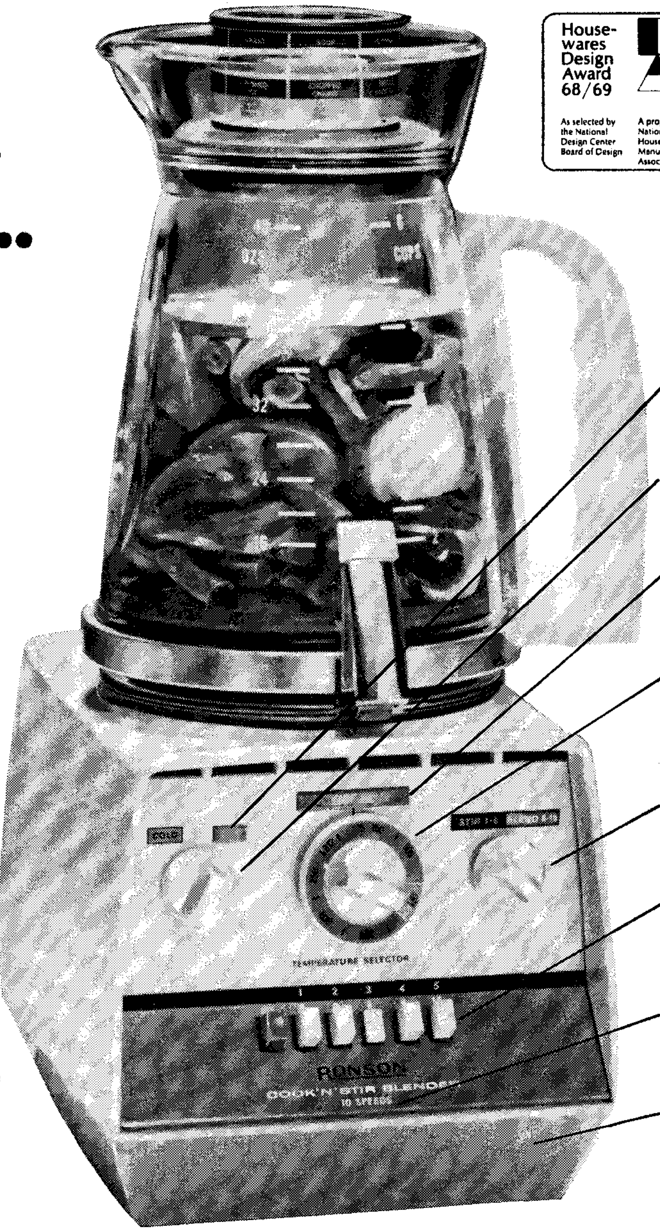

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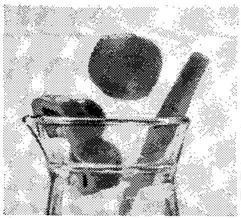

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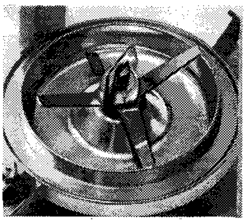

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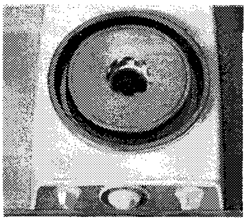

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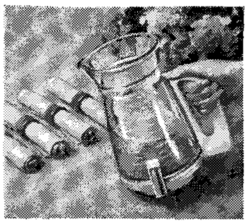

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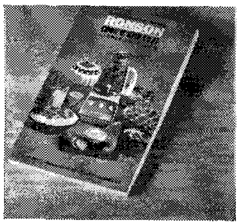

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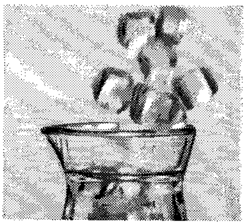

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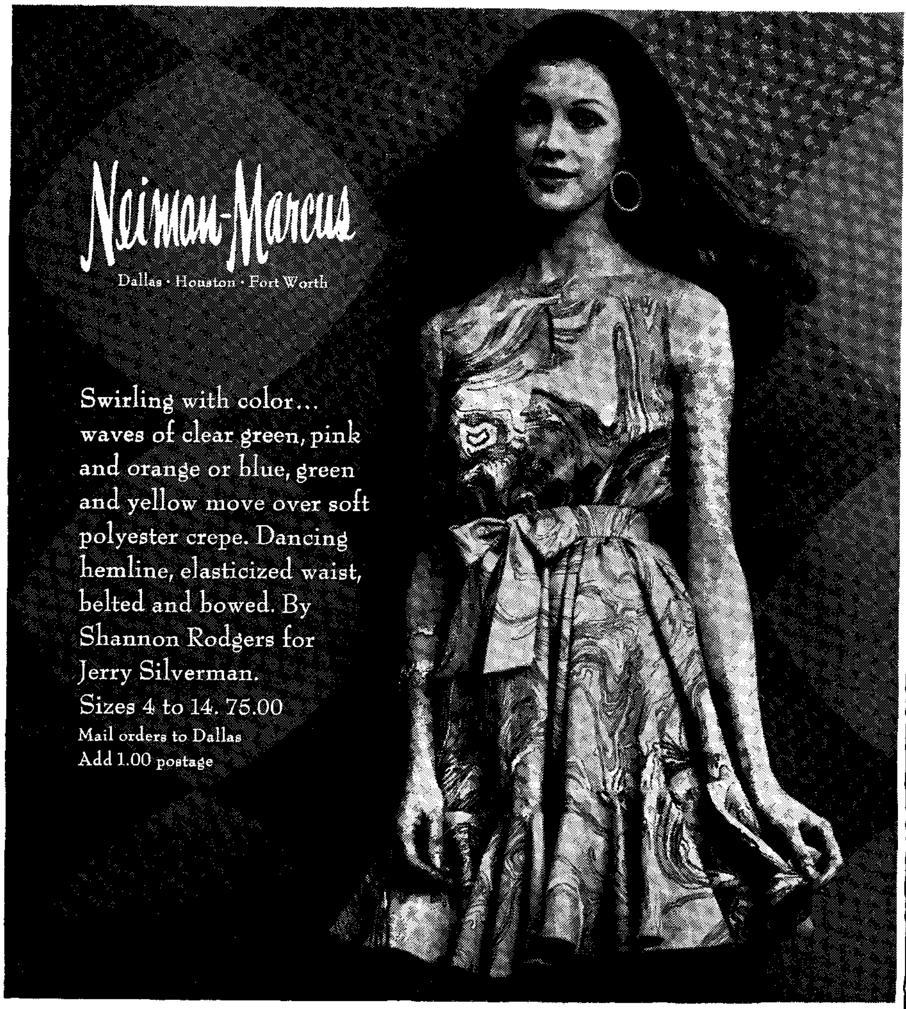
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spirit of renewal in the Church. "I ask you to place yourselves before the Holy Spirit," he said, "that Spirit whose action lies deeper than institutions or sociological changes, that Spirit who is present in the hearts of the people of God." And in asking his flock to offer the monks of Santa María de la Resurrección their prayers and their brotherly support, Méndez Arceo made this unusual statement of conscience: "I feel deeply the pain of breaking with the past, the uncertainty of being far from land on uncharted seas. But I also feel the purifying emptiness of poverty in being stripped of the very riches that the past has given us."

Of Lemercier's community, which consisted of twenty-four monks, twenty-one, including Lemercier himself, chose to leave their order and remain in therapy. In July, 1967, soon after renouncing his vows and turning his monastery into a secular community for group therapy, Lemercier got married with some fanfare—in a manner that Illich criticized as "extremely incorrect."

ILLICH, gesticulating with his long, gangling arms, conversing in several languages, walks swiftly through the rooms of CIDOC, which is housed in an elegant villa in the flowered hills above Cuernavaca. "I would like to help people smile—smile the social system apart," he says. "Here at CIDOC, we smile violence apart. It is a place where violent people can come and learn a *respeto para la vida.* Real revolutionaries are men who look with a deep sense of humor—with sarcasm—upon their institutions. Sarcasm is adult playfulness. Cynicism is its opposite. Instead of freedom and independence, cynicism produces not real revolution but a regressive attachment to slogans and self-worship. For deadly serious revolutionaries—*non, merci.* But sarcasm is essential, to purify us of our illusions. As Marx said, we must go beyond our illusions to change the conditions that made them necessary. That is two paragraphs before the mention of religion as the opiate of the people, in his commentary upon Hegel's philosophy of the law. When it comes to change, I do not really like to use the words 'violence' and 'non-violence.' At times, idols must be shattered. A flower grows through stone and breaks the stone. Is that violence?"

And he rushes out of the room to attend to some business. It is typical Illich tactics to let the visitor answer tough questions by himself.

Another time, walking around his

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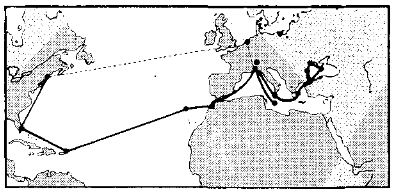

Autumn is the time for a world in its autumn. Wander towns time hasn't tampered with, stroll beaches where no beach games are played, and shop markets where every booth is a marvel.

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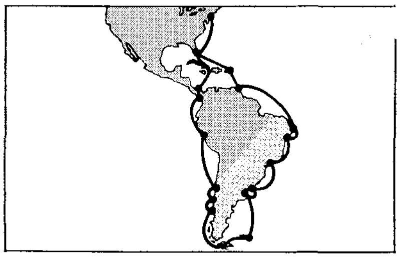

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luxuriant garden, bending solicitously over his flower beds, he says, "What makes the place run here is *le bon ton*, our basically correct behavior, our concern for the garden. I am attacked by both the left and the right because I insist on rigorously correct behavior. I am profoundly opposed to the Underground Church, because it is counterrevolutionary. You reform by staying within the system. I believe in good manners, in playing by the rules of the game. If you don't like the rules of chess, stop playing it, but do not try to change its rules. The Yankee Underground Church is not civil disobedience but civil unkemptness. I have never seen effective change achieved through means of civil unkemptness. I am attacked by my liberal ecumenical friends because I insist on good manners. An American priest comes here and takes a glass—not even a beautiful glass, the ugliest glass he can find—and starts saying Mass in a sports shirt, an ugly black-and-white striped sports shirt. *Quelle horreur!* Underground churchmen? No, thank you. *On n'est pas frères et cochons avec le Seigneur.* I am theologically a profound conservative. I could teach with deep relish a course in preconciliar theology. I would like to have lived in the Middle Ages, one of the high points of man's spirit. We want to keep CIDOC a free island, an oasis for the free exchange of knowledge and experience. The only rules we hold are: one, you may talk for ten minutes without being interrupted; two, do not try to proselytize or brainwash; three, do not organize any direct political, economic, or social action—not even religious movements. CIDOC is in the deepest sense a contemplative place, not a conspiratorial place, and this is scandalous to both the left and the right." Illich smiles and throws back his shock of long black hair with a boyish gesture. In the long face, with its beaklike nose, the deep-set brown eyes are both gentle and probing, and the wide mouth curves up in a way that is mocking and knowing yet kind and ingenuous.

The catalogue of publications printed at CIDOC under Illich's supervision for the benefit of those studying sociological and cultural change in Latin America includes, along with some forty other listings:

Peruvian Catechisms in the Sixteenth Century
Socialization of Medicine in Mexico, 1965-68
Che Guevara: Reactions of the American Press Concerning the Consequences of His Death, 1967-68
Birth Control in Brazil, 1966-67
The Religious Beliefs of the Aymara Indian Tribes of Bolivia
Concubinage in Central America
Pentecostal Sects Among the Puerto Ricans of New York City
Missionary Attitudes of the Latin-American Episcopate Toward Indians in the Sixteenth Century (six volumes)
Guerrilla Violence in Peru, Bolivia, Colombia, and Ecuador from 1960-68 (twelve volumes)

In preparation is a work that will summarize the findings of every diocesan council and synod held in Latin America since the year 1531 and will include a bibliography of all religious documents, periodicals, and pamphlets ever published on the continent. Its editor, a young Mexican priest named Julio Torres, predicts that the work will fill at least twenty-five volumes and may take him his entire lifetime to prepare. The primary purpose of the work will be, Torres says, "to provide a pastoral method more deeply rooted in the cultural tradition of Latin America, and to combat the prevailing trend of developed countries' imposing their solutions on underdeveloped countries." It will serve as basic text for extensive seminars on the history of the Church in Latin America.

Among the thirty-odd courses offered at CIDOC in recent summers were:

Social Change and Argentine Literature, 1945-65
The Peasant Leagues in Northeastern Brazil, 1955-63
Camilo Torres: The Development of His Ideas
University Reforms and Student Movements in Latin America Today
Revolutionary Awareness in Brazilian Popular Culture and Contemporary Art
Cuban Fiction Under Castro
Attitudes Toward Authority in Mexican Culture
An Analysis of the Haitian Press
A New Concept of Literacy Training

The last of these courses has been taught by Paolo Freire, a prominent Brazilian educator, jailed and later exiled, who has claimed that he could teach fifteen million illiterate Brazilians to read in six weeks if the government would allow all its teachers to use his method—a method based on what Freire calls the principle of "conscientization," or "awakening the political conscience of the deprived." He has already demonstrated, in small experimental groups throughout Latin America, that adults can be taught to read in six weeks of evening classes if the teaching vocabulary is built around emotion-loaded phrases that are related to their social conditions. For example,

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one lesson might start out with the words "This land produces our food. The land must be ours."

When Illich was asked recently to define his conception of grace, he replied, "Another form of grace, in our time, can be attained through night school." Illich believes deeply in adult education, and he would like to see all traditional school systems abolished, because, he says, they favor the privileged middle classes at the expense of the marginal groups; only through a radically transformed system of adult education can the underprivileged rise from misery to the secular grace of enlightenment. He also believes that wealthy nations foment violence by trying to impose their values on underdeveloped countries, and that priests, social workers, and government employees must acquire formidable expertise in the economic, social, and political problems of any underdeveloped country they work in if they are to avoid fomenting violence themselves. CIDOC can thus be looked upon as a kind of secular monastery, where men come to immerse themselves in Latin-American culture, and where all the forms of education—seminars, civilized discourse, language training, library research—are the sacraments of Illich's secular grace.

The CIDOC library's collection of material pertaining to social and political change in contemporary Latin America has few equals. It includes, for instance, the only complete collection in existence of the writings of Camilo Torres, the Colombian priest who was killed by government troops in 1966 when he joined Colombia's guerrilla bands. Another unique service offered by CIDOC is its language school. Many of its students learn faultless Spanish or Portuguese in twelve weeks, and the school, by which CIDOC is largely financed, is said to be one of the two best language schools in the American hemisphere. The other one is in Petrópolis, Brazil, where CIDOC has set up a small sister organization, and where Illich himself learned to speak impeccable Portuguese in three weeks.

CIDOC was established primarily to provide training for those doing missionary work in Latin America, and in its first years its attendance was predominantly clerical. It gradually grew more secular, however—in part because Illich rejected numbers of priests who he decided could never be "de-Yankified" enough to serve properly in Latin America. The sort of North American clergymen who became devoted to

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CIDOC were tough-minded and brilliant progressives such as Monsignor Robert Fox and Father Robert Stern, of the New York archdiocese, and Father Joseph Fitzpatrick, of Fordham's Sociology Department, who feel that CIDOC serves an important function in breaking down "the savior complex" of the American clergy, and who look upon Illich as a prophetic genius working to build the Church of the future. The students—secular and lay—who survive CIDOC and like it are an unusual assortment. The Protestant theologian Harvey Cox, of Harvard, who taught a course in "Religious and Social Change in Latin and North America" at CIDOC in the summer of 1968, described some of the thirty students who attended his seminar in these words: "There was a very brilliant, very radical French nun who had worked for years in Mexican slums, a Panamanian priest who was also deeply involved in social work, a young Maryknoll seminarian from the Middle West who was probably the most radical man I've ever met. The rest were lay: a couple of Belgian sociologists, a Ph.D. student in zoology from Berkeley, another Ph.D. student in sociology—a nisei—from the University of Chicago, an S.D.S. leader from Radcliffe. It was the most interesting bunch of students I've had in all my years of teaching."

Illich began his operations in Cuernavaca, back in 1961, in an old hotel on the southwestern slope of the city, which delighted Bishop Méndez Arceo because of "its spirit of Christian poverty, its so un-American way of life." The present, far more splendid, home in the northwestern part of the city suggests anything but poverty, and reflects Illich's austerely sophisticated tastes. The main building is a white colonnaded structure built in a U shape around a swimming pool in an idyllic setting of pines, flowering trees, and tropical plants. The rooms are large, white, serene, and sparsely furnished with modern pieces designed by Illich's brother Aleksander, an architect. The tiled floors are scattered with starkly handsome Indian rugs in hues of brown and tan. There are a few abstract crucifixes here and there. CIDOC has its own printing plant, lecture rooms equipped with earphone systems for simultaneous translation, a film projection room, a row of forty cubicles where the language courses are given to groups of four students per class, and study space for visiting scholars. Its atmosphere of rarefied scholarship

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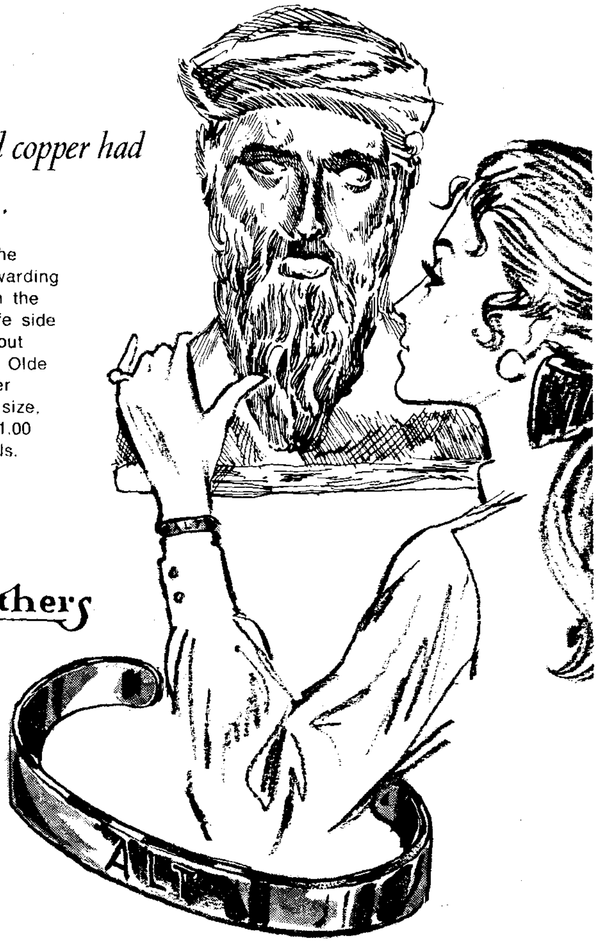

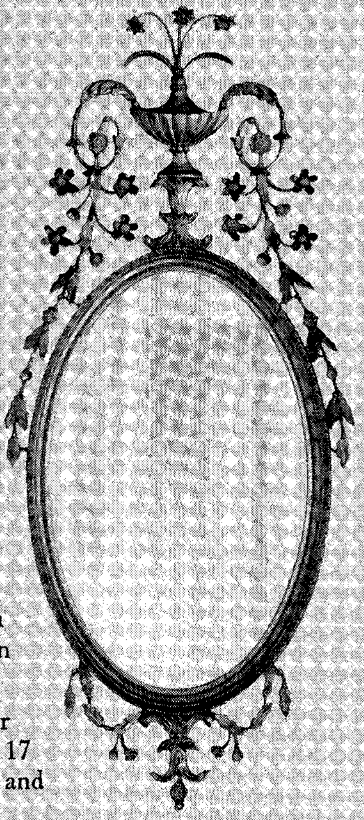

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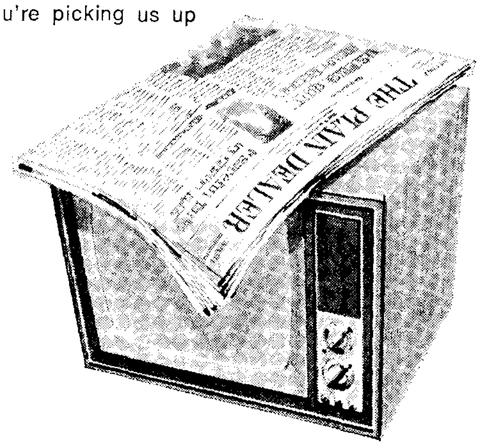

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evokes the style of the great medieval monasteries where laymen came to steep themselves in study and in learned dialogues. And yet CIDOC's super-efficiency, the impeccable institutional courtesy of its staff members, and the dazed expression on the faces of young Americans in the process of cultural transformation also suggest a very modern and luxurious private clinic. Like a physician making his rounds, Illich moves constantly through the rooms, pausing to deliver a short discourse on St. John of the Cross, to suggest that a student look into Wittgenstein's philosophy of language, to startle a priest by drawing a parallel between tenth-century monastic groups and twentieth-century hippie communes. Sometimes, however, Illich deliberately makes himself unavailable to his trainees, in order to force them to work out their own problems—the way they will have to when they are in the mountains of Peru. And to keep an appointment with an American overly possessed of Anglo-Saxon punctuality, the habitually punctual Illich will arrive an hour late to teach him the Latin sense of time.

Illich refuses to be anybody's hero, and befuddles men on both the left and the right by his rigorously conventional behavior. Underground clerics who have come to Cuernavaca to steep themselves in Illich's progressive thinking are appalled to hear that he rises at six every morning to say his breviary, goes to confession in an old-fashioned booth, dutifully receives Communion every Sunday at Bishop Méndez Arceo's Mass, and delights in observing saints' days, holy days, and other ancient feasts of the Catholic Church. Talking with a traditionalist who accused him of not believing in canon law, Illich once said, "We are called to observe the law, not to believe in it." He enjoys teaching by puzzlement, and answers questions with cryptic aphorisms worthy of the toughest Zen master. "Being a Christian is like understanding the joke in the story," he told a young Catholic not long ago. "A story is told to a group of people. Only the Christian smiles. Only he gets the joke. And some men smile who do not know that they are Christians." Another young Catholic asked him what faith was all about. "Faith is a readiness for the surprise," Illich replied. "We must have a sarcastic readiness for all surprises, including the ultimate surprise of death." ("I love the way Illich tortures his missionaries," Bishop Méndez Arceo once said. "Sometimes I cry with emotion at see-

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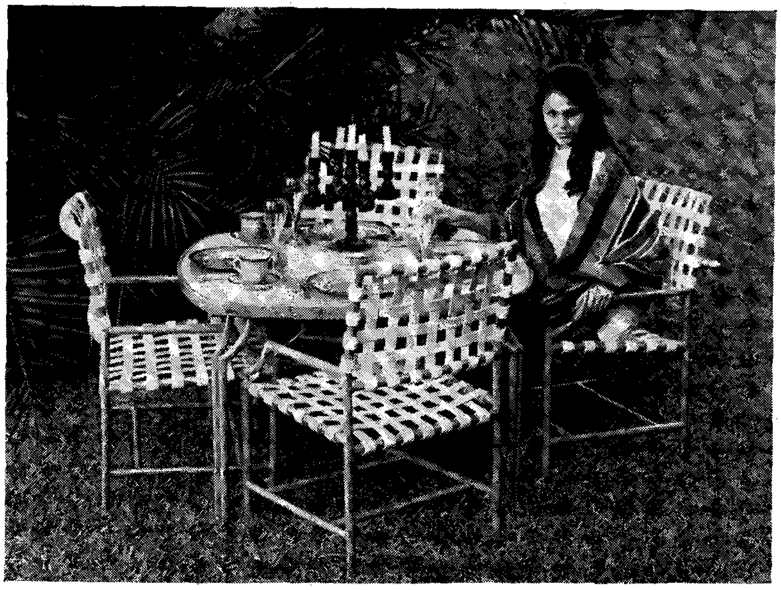

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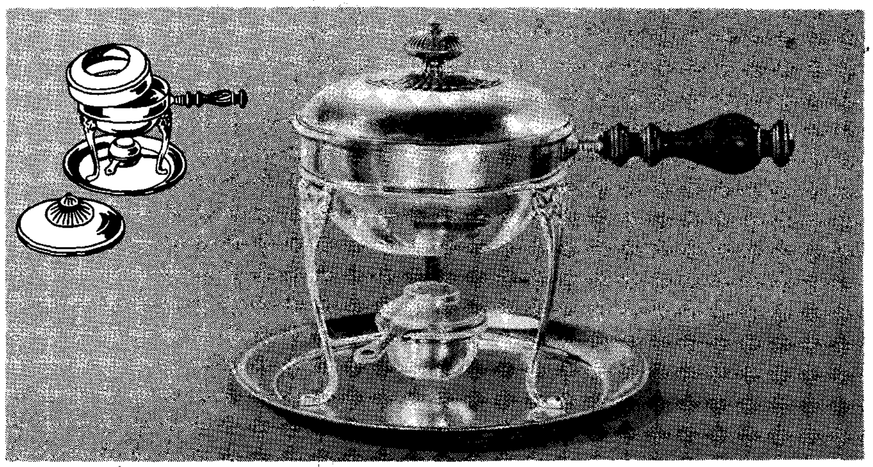

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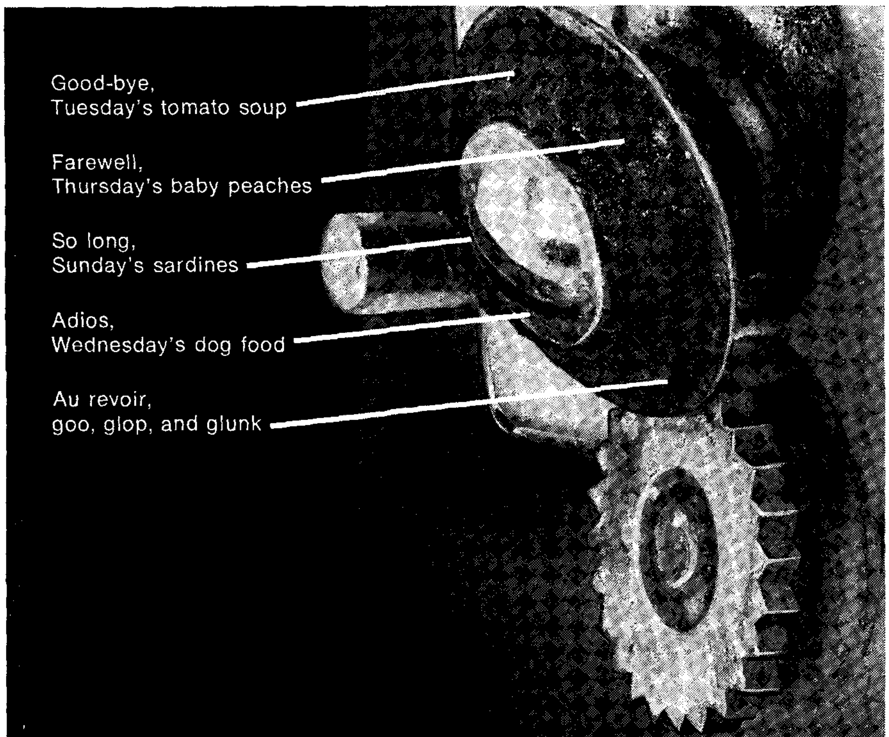
ing aged men, elderly priests, shed their old selves under his care.")

Illich is at least as hard on himself as he is on others. To come to grips with a certain discomfort he has felt about Mexican culture ("I was terrified of their gods, of the devouring eyes of their sculptures"), he frequently goes to spend the night alone on the desolate peak of Xochicalco, a Toltec ruin near Cuernavaca filled with terrifying bas-reliefs of sacrificial themes, where he sleeps on a flat mountain ledge, wrapped in a sarape.

Illich is at his roughest with those who take a romantic view of revolution, especially those who try to use CIDOC as a center for political proselytizing. When a group of S.D.S. students picketed CIDOC in protest against the presence of Grayson Kirk, then the president of Columbia University, who had been invited to dine at the center, Illich sent an Argentine Jesuit, an authority on guerrilla warfare, to accuse them of practicing Yankee imperialism. What made them think they had the right to tell a Mexican institution what it could or could not do? Yankee student radicals expressing admiration for Central American guerrilla bands are packed off to the library to read Goethe. The progressive priests who express admiration for Camilo Torres (whom Illich knew as "an adorable drinking companion" but never invited to CIDOC) are coldly reminded that Torres shed his clerical status before going into the hills, and that this was "the canonically proper thing to do." For although Illich is primarily known as a progressive, he insists that a priest must abstain from direct political action. He believes that although through history the Church has constantly participated in the shaping of political change, blessing some governments and condemning others, the time has come for it to withdraw from any specific social initiative. It is a modern rendering unto Caesar. Illich traces this belief to what he calls his "profound Jewish roots," and quotes, " 'Do not use Yahweh's name in vain.' " Social problems must be solved by secular ideologies. The Church must condemn all forms of injustice but never support any specific program to combat it. Within the framework of this logic, Illich has as much scorn for a progressive Catholic party such as Chile's Christian Democrats as he has for Colombia's equally Catholic but reactionary Conservative Party. He once said that the function of the Church is "to recognize the presence of Christ among us through liturgical celebration, and to charge human beings, through these celebrations, with the proper emotions toward social action." And he added, with a smile, "The less efficient the Church is as a power, the more effective it is as a celebrant of the mystery. Let us follow the example of the Pope—let us have the courage to allow churchmen to make statements so ephemeral that they could never be construed as the Church's teaching." Another of his epigrams: "I celebrate my faith for no reason at all."

The notion that the place for a priest is at the altar is distasteful to the young Yankee clergymen who flock to Cuernavaca in the hope of finding it a center of social activism. Two such priests of the Los Angeles diocese came to CIDOC once to complain to Illich that James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, the arch-conservative of the United States hierarchy, had not allowed them to march in demonstrations for civil-rights legislation. They did not receive the sympathy they had expected. "If I were your cardinal, I would not allow you to march, either," Illich snapped. "If you want to parade against discrimination in general, O.K., but not for the passage of another lousy stopgap law. Or else take off your white collars." When Father Daniel Berrigan, the radical American Jesuit, was sent to cool his heels in Cuernavaca after his anti-Vietnam War activities had alarmed his superiors, he found in Illich "a lot of intellectual violence aimed at our religious left." ("It's too bad Illich isn't a Jesuit," Berrigan once said. "He's such a caricature of us.") When asked to comment on Thomas and Marjorie Melville, two former Maryknoll missionaries, now married, who had helped Guatemalan guerrillas to arm, and who spent a night at CIDOC on their way home to the United States, Illich shrugged disdainfully and said, "Dilettantes! Ingénues! One does not take shortcuts." Nothing could be more foreign to Illich than the type of guerrilla activities engaged in by the Melvilles or the acts of witness chosen by Daniel Berrigan and his brother Philip. For Illich, the proper way to force an upheaval in society is through a revolution in the education process—teaching a million Brazilian peasants to read in six weeks of night school, ridding a few thousand missionaries of their Yankee hangups. Providing such adult education, in Illich's view, is far more radical than training guerrillas or going to jail in protest. One of Illich's close friends has said, "Ivan would never be tram-



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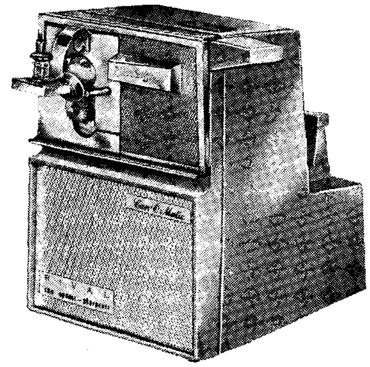

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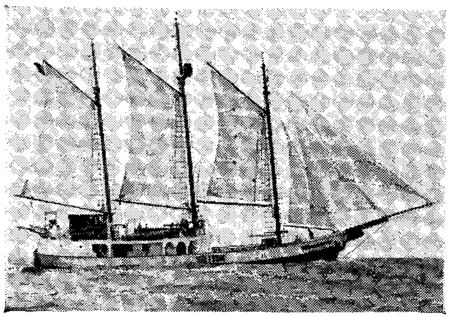

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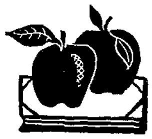
pled by the wheels of revolution—he'd be at the hub of the wheel, at dead center."

What Yankee progressives come to recognize, if they stay long enough at CIDOC, is that removing the Church from the political sphere in Latin America could in itself be a supra-political act. As recently as 1937, the Archbishop of Lima had this praise for the Latin-American status quo: "Poverty is the most certain road to eternal felicity. Only the state which succeeds in making the poor appreciate the spiritual treasures of poverty can solve its social problems." In countries where the Church has been diligent in providing such comfortable justifications for extremes of wealth and poverty, the removal of Church support might mean the collapse of an entire network of oligarchies. And so Illich's demand that the Church stay out of politics is in fact highly political. His position, however, continues to puzzle those who know of his expertise in international affairs and of his frequent vitriolic attacks on United States foreign policy.



There is something about the Yankee way of life that evokes more sarcasm from Illich than any other brand of nationalism. And it is generally believed that some of his anti-American statements had more than a little to do with his visit to the cellars of the Vatican. He found himself frustrated and amazed, in the mid-nineteen-sixties, by the inability of his North American students to relate the problems of the ghettos and Vietnam to the Yankee-bred violence in Latin America. In a speech to the Foreign Policy Association in 1966, he referred to Guatemala as "Vietlat." And he compared the peace movement to "cough syrup given to nineteenth-century syphilitics," because of its failure to protest United States intervention in Latin America as vigorously as it protested Vietnam. Noting that the Alliance for Progress had tripled the amount of revenue flowing into the United States from Latin America, he labelled it "an alliance pregnant with violence that has maintained or swept into power military regimes in two-thirds of Latin American countries," "a deception designed to maintain the status quo," "a bone thrown to the dog, that he remain quiet in the back yard of the Americas." Violence in Watts, Vietnam, and Guatemala, he wrote in 1967, had a common cause, which he identified as United States messianism. He referred to "the failure to win hearts and minds of people by an outpouring of money and human lives that Americans perceive as an expression of heroic generosity," and added, "It is not the American way of life lived by a handful of millions that sickens the billions, but rather the growing awareness that those who live the American way of life will not tire until the superiority of their quasi-religious persuasions is accepted by the underdog." He compared the Alliance for Progress to the war on poverty in the United States: "Both programs were designed to have the poor join in the American dream. Both programs failed. The poor refused to dream on command." And in another anti-Yankee polemic he said, "Only God can create values. The United States breeds violence by imposing its values on other nations." For, according to Illich, the world is divided not so much into nations or political blocs; rather, it is divided into an international middle class that takes its style and values from the United States and billions of underprivileged who are increasingly alienated from that middle class. Illich has the aristocrat's sentimental attraction—recalling Tolstoy's—to cultures of poverty untainted by bourgeois aspirations. As in his early days among the Puerto Ricans, he delights in seeing people celebrate in their native fashion. "Peasant cultures provide categories which endow even extreme rural privation with dignity," he has said. "I am for those who want to deepen life rather than lengthen it." The peasant is richer and wiser than the Alliance for Progress. Let him enjoy himself at his traditional fiestas and die young, rather than live on powdered milk from the Yankees' sacristy and yearn for the vulgar Coca-Cola culture imported by United States foreign aid. For this attitude, which in some ways resembles that of the reactionary Archbishop of Lima and which could serve to support the most oligarchic status quo, Illich continues to be attacked as often by liberals as by conservatives.

"I MAKE a scrupulous distinction," Illich once said, "between the Church as She and the Church as It." ("That one can only say in English," he noted with a smile.) "*She* is that surprise in the net, the pearl. She is the mystery, the kingdom among us. The identity of the Church as She will remain through whatever changes She's currently undergoing, which are no greater than the changes She underwent under Constantine, or in Abelard's time. Those who believe in Her

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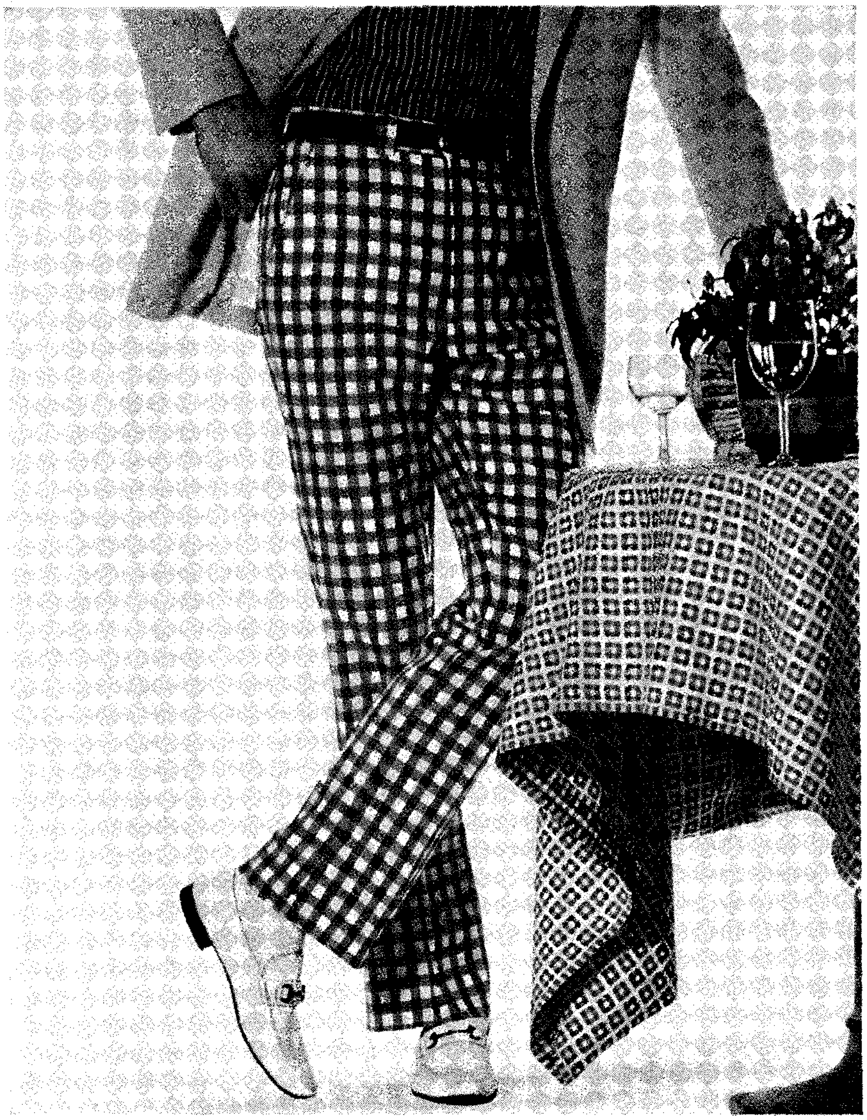

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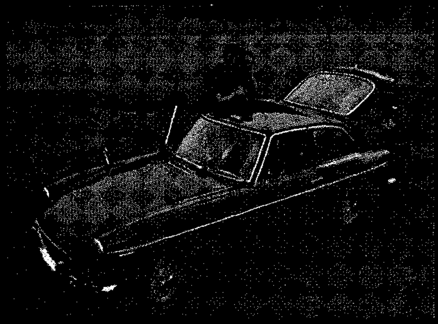

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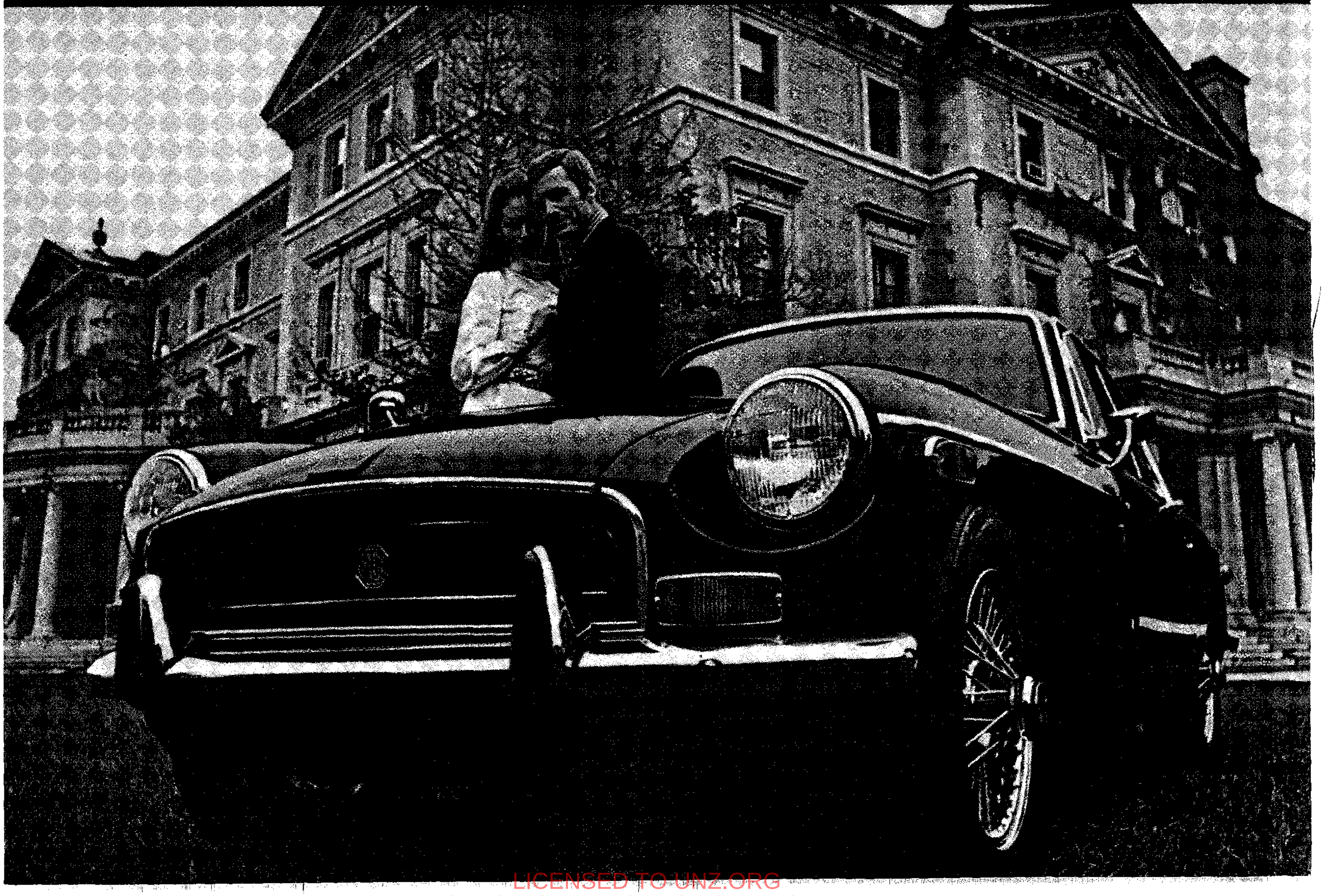

believe in something that cannot be said in words. No pronouncements, however stupid, be they on birth control or on clerical celibacy, can lessen my love for Her and my faith in Her mystery. People who leave the Church because of what She says don't understand love. *It*, however, is the institution, the temporary incarnational form. I can talk about It only in sociological terms. I've never had trouble creating factions and dissent toward the Church as It."

By the time Illich began his forays against the Church as It, in the mid-sixties, the Church in Latin America, which holds one-third of the world's Catholic population, had realized for a decade that it was in a state of acute emergency. Surveys conducted by the French Jesuit sociologists François Houtart and Émil Pin, whose work has had a great influence on Illich, revealed that in some regions of Latin America—in parts of the Dominican Republic and Guatemala, for instance—there was one priest for every seventy thousand Catholics, in contrast to an average of one priest for every six hundred Catholics in the United States; that in some Brazilian dioceses the average rate of ordination was two per year; that only some ten per cent of the nominally Catholic population of Brazil took any part in religious observances; and that in some of Latin America's largest cities, such as Buenos Aires, only five per cent of the baptized Catholics attended Sunday Mass. It was in response to this crisis that in 1961 the Pope issued the decree calling for ten per cent of all North American religious to migrate to Latin America. But by 1967 the influx of North American religious had reached only six thousand of the twenty thousand called for by the Pope. At this point, Illich created a sensation with an article titled "The Seamy Side of Charity," published in the Jesuit magazine *America*, in which he rejoiced over the failure of the program and called for its immediate discontinuance. Like all his writings, the article was polemical, bristling with barbed aphorisms that were calculated to provoke. His central thesis in the article, which infuriated hierarchies on both sides of the border, was that the papal plan was nothing but "part of the many-faceted effort to keep Latin America within the ideologies of the West." Missionaries of the kind that were being sent south of the border, he wrote, were "pawns in a world ideological struggle;" they played the role of "a colonial power's lackey chaplain;" they transformed "the old-style haciendas of God into the

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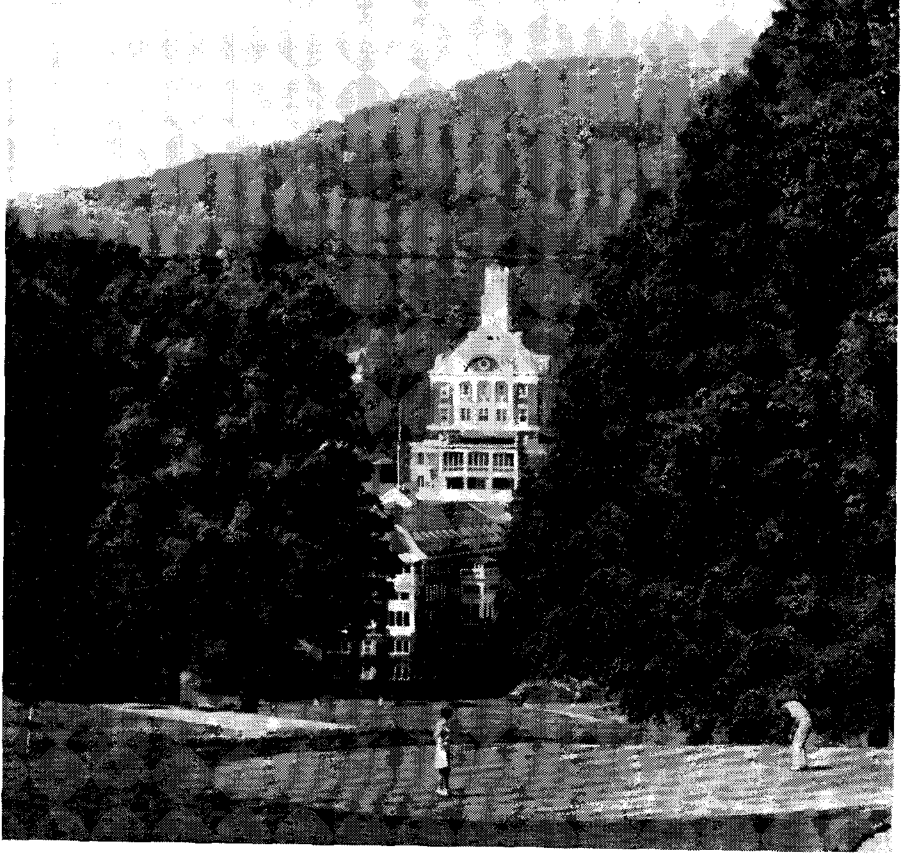

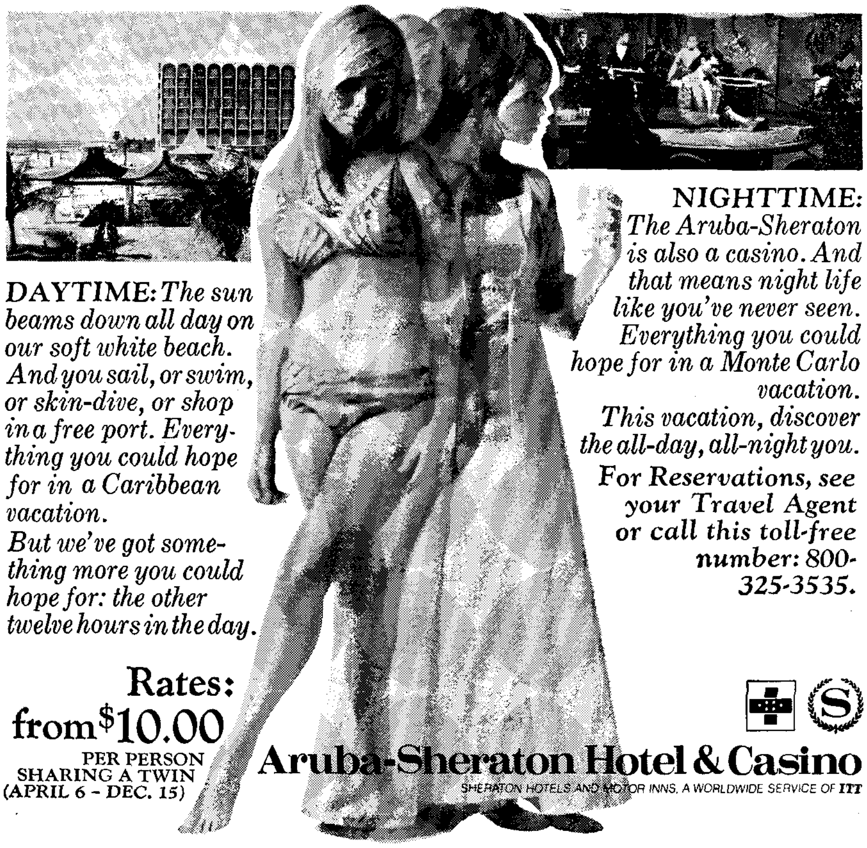

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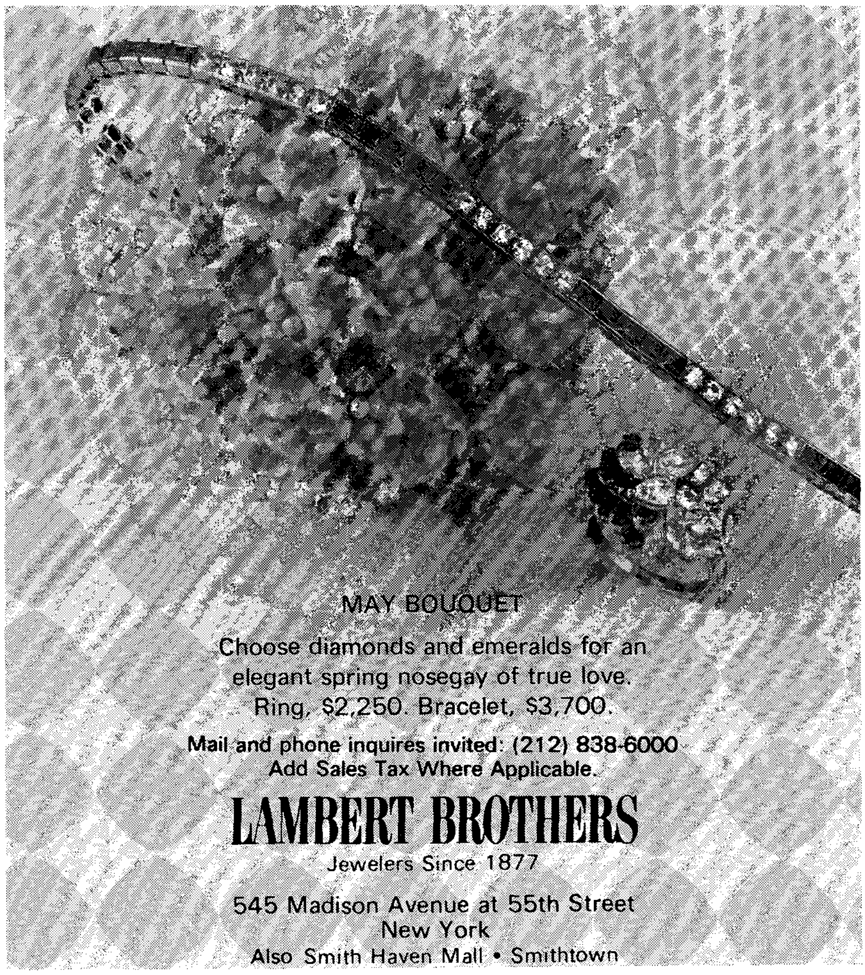

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Lord's supermarket." In Illich's view, the chief function of these priests and nuns was to buttress private institutions, such as Church schools serving the upper and middle classes, at the expense of the underprivileged. He related it to the general swamping of Latin America by United States values. "The influx of U.S. missioners coincides with the Alliance for Progress, Camelot, and C.I.A. projects, and looks like a baptism of these," he declared. He has since acknowledged that he wrote the article angrily and in a hurry, right after the March, 1967, issue of the magazine *Ramparts* exposed the C.I.A.'s backing of the National Student Association. "I wrote the article fast, to make it clear that within the Church there were people who refused to take funds from Alliance for Progress and similar sources."

Yet Illich's purpose in writing the article was fundamentally religious rather than political. For in that shortage of Latin-American clergy which had panicked the Vatican he saw a rare and precious chance to pioneer new forms of the priesthood. Illich's passionate involvement in Latin-American affairs stemmed in part from his realization that both its religious crisis and its turbulent political changes made it a valuable laboratory for the society of the future. What conservatives diagnosed as a crisis of scarcity in the priesthood Illich saw as actually a surplus, and a great blessing. "Exporting Church employees to Latin America masks a universal and unconscious fear of a new church," he wrote. "The promise of more clergy is like a bewitching siren. It makes the chronic surplus of clergy in Latin America invisible and it makes it impossible to diagnose this surplus as the gravest illness of the Church. . . . If North America and Europe send enough priests to fill the vacant parishes, there is no need to consider laymen to fulfill most evangelical tasks; no need to re-examine the structure of the parish, the function of the priest; no need for exploring the use of the married diaconate, and new forms of celebration." In Illich's view, increasing the clergy on any continent was a way of maintaining an irrelevant Church. Illich compared this cure to that of doctors who prefer aspirin to radical surgery. "They feel no guilt at having the patient die of cancer, but fear the risk of applying the knife."

To diagnose the symptoms of the cancerous structure had been Illich's task in another controversial article, "The Vanishing Clergyman." Written in German in 1961, it remains unsurpassed among his works for its bold prophecy of new forms of ministry. Its demand for a return to early-style Christianity, unsullied by riches and secular power, is similar in many ways to the romantic longings of the Underground Church; but it is expressed in Illich's rigorous methodological manner, and cloaked in his Apollonian sarcasm. "The Roman Church is the world's largest non-governmental bureaucracy," the article begins, and it goes on to say, "Men suspect that it has lost its relevance to the Gospel and to the world. Wavering, doubt, and confusion reign among its directors, functionaries, and employees. The giant begins to totter before it collapses. Some Church personnel react to the breakdown with pain, anguish, and fright. Some make heroic efforts and tragic sacrifices to prevent it. . . . I would like to suggest that we welcome the disappearance of institutional bureaucracy in a spirit of deep joy." Illich called the traditional clergyman "a folkloric phantom," "a member of the aristocracy of the only feudal power remaining in the world," "a man sentenced to disappear, whether the Church wishes it or not, by the changes in modern society." Employing Hegelian dialectics, he argued that if the Church was to retain men to preach the Gospel, the traditional antithesis between pastor and layman would have to produce a new synthesis, which would transcend the old categories. And the leisure society of the future, with its reduced working hours and its early retirement age, would allow this synthesis to take place. Illich predicted that the leisure society would free ordinary laymen to accept vocations for part-time ministerial functions—men chosen for "a sense of the Church," which they would cultivate by prayer, by scriptural study, and by a pure life. "An adult layman will preside over the normal Christian community of the future," he wrote. "The ministry will be an exercise of leisure rather than a job. The 'diaconia' [an informal community of worshippers meeting in each other's homes] will supplant the parish as the fundamental unit of the Church. The periodic meeting of friends will replace the Sunday assemblage of strangers. A self-supporting dentist, factory worker, professor, rather than a Church-employed scribe or functionary, will preside over the meeting. Only with the emergence of such a part-time priesthood will the Church free itself from the restrictive system of benefices and from that gigantic bu-

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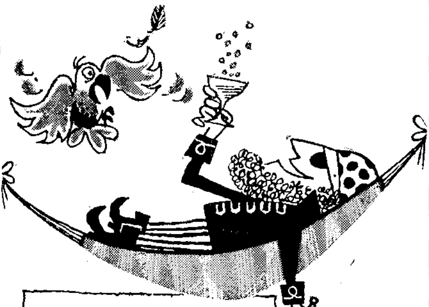
reaucratic efficiency which corrupts Christian testimony more subtly than power." Illich himself, since the day he was ordained, has consistently refused to accept a stipend for any priestly function, and has always expressed disdain for the economics and the institutional pomp of the Church. "The title of Monsignor," he once said of his own rank, "is rather akin to the sexuality of a mule."

"The Vanishing Clergyman" went on to say that celibacy was an admirable way of life but that it had nothing whatsoever to do with the priesthood, the two states—priesthood and celibacy—having been linked by custom within a set of historical circumstances that no longer exist. Illich said he was all for celibacy, as long as it was chosen freely, for its own sake, and was stripped of any magic or ritualistic significance. "The Christian who renounces marriage and children for the kingdom's sake seeks no abstract or concrete reasons for his decision," Illich wrote, in a uniquely lyrical passage that reveals his profound strain of mysticism. "His choice is pure risk in faith, the result of the intimate and mysterious experience of the heart. His decision to renounce a spouse is as intimate and uncommunicable as another's decision to prefer his spouse over all others." But should the Vatican therefore be petitioned to relax its laws of compulsory celibacy? Certainly not, Illich wrote, reverting to a sarcastic vein. He was against married priests, because the Church already had too many unmarried ones, and such halfway "*aggiornamento*" would slow up any true revolution in the structure of the Church. "The clerical mass exodus will only last as long as the present clerical system exists," he wrote. "During this time, ordination of married men would be a sad mistake. It would only delay needed radical reforms." Illich believed in strictly adhering to the Pope's edicts on compulsory celibacy, because "his position helps assure the speedy death of the clergy."

And Illich boldly called for defections, for an increasing exodus of priests to insure this speedy death of the traditional priesthood. "May we pray for an increase of priests who choose radical secularization?" he wrote. "For priests who leave the clergy in order to pioneer the Church of the future? For priests who, faithfully dedicated to and loving the Church, risk misunderstanding and suspension? For extraordinary priests, willing to live today the ordinary life of tomorrow's priests?" And he urged all clergymen to ask

where all the pampered pirates stay and play...



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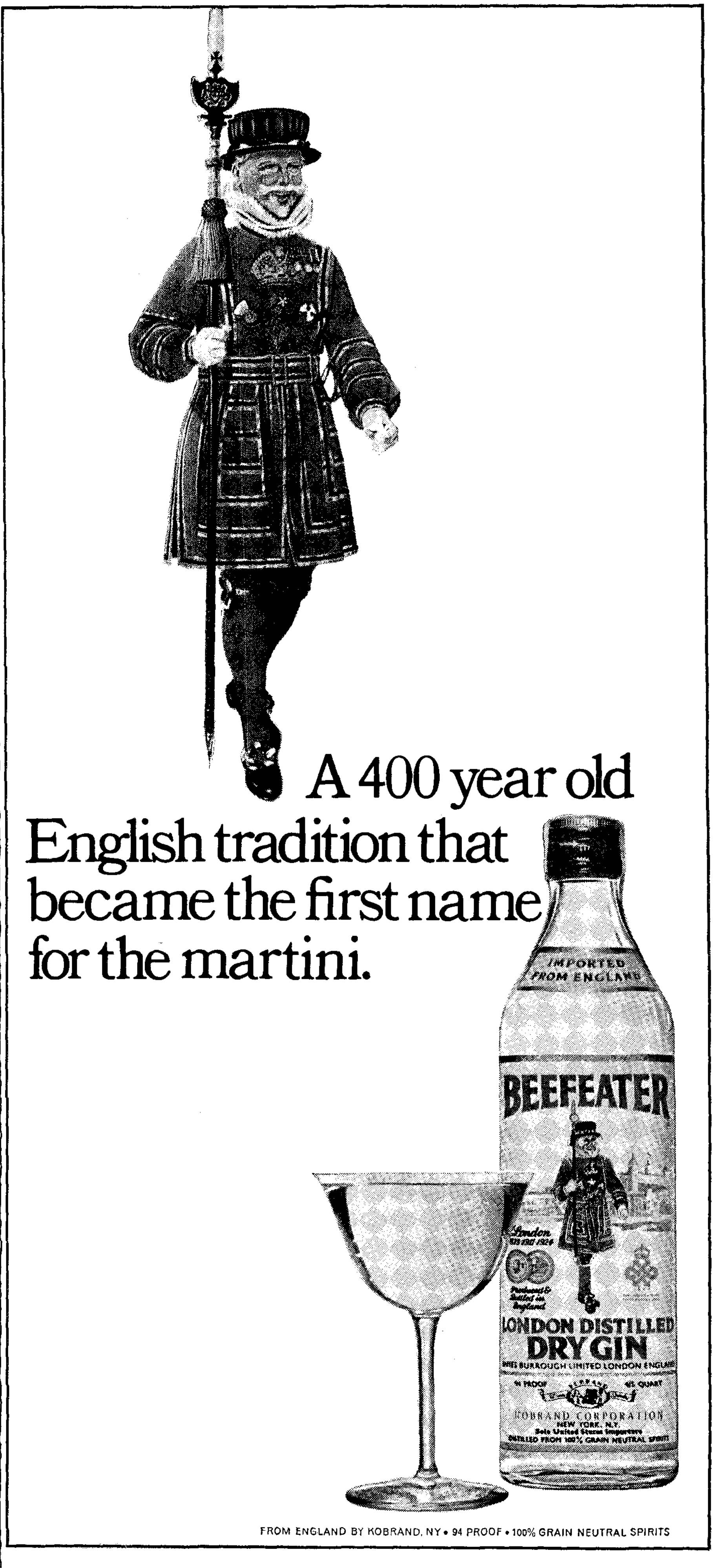
themselves a question that has tormented an increasing number of Catholics in the past decade: "Should I, a man totally at the service of the Church, stay in the structure in order to subvert it, or leave in order to *live* the model of the future?"

"The Vanishing Clergyman" enraged many progressive Catholics in the United States by its sarcastic logic and its haughty dismissal of any possibility of meaningful reform in our generation. But it enraged the Latin Americans even more (so had "The Seamy Side of Charity"), because of its description of the Church as being "priest-ridden." A Mexican country priest who has remained a staunch supporter of Illich has said, "A few years ago, in a southern province, I was the only priest for forty thousand parishioners. The terrain was so rough that it took me one week to cross my parish territory on muleback. And even then I could do it only in the seasons when the rivers were not too high. In the Peruvian Andes, priests often die in their early thirties, from overwork and heart ailments. And he tells us that we're priest-ridden!" Even Bishop Méndez Arceo criticized the article, calling it "a caricature that missed the whole supernatural factor of the priesthood," and commenting that Illich had "projected the realities of the United States Church into Latin America."

If Illich's progressive supporters were annoyed by the two articles, one need not try hard to imagine the rage of the Mexican right wing. It was in the fall of 1967, after the publication of these articles, that concerted efforts were begun to bring the full discipline of the Church down upon "*el tenebroso Dálmata Illich*," and also upon the bishop who countenanced his activities. The attack was theatrically launched on October 4th by the open letter to the Pope published in Mexico's largest dailies as a paid advertisement by the Committee for the Recovery of the Catholic Church in Cuernavaca. The letter, signed by about twenty prominent laymen and priests, concluded, "The spectacular and theatrical liturgy that we have seen in the Cuernavaca cathedral, the new so-called Gospel that its bishop preaches, the psychoanalyzed and degenerate community fostered under him, the touristic hotel run by Monsignor Illich, where bizarre things have been witnessed—these are not, cannot be, the work of God." Almost simultaneously, the Archbishop of Puebla, who happened to be a cousin of President Díaz Ordaz, and who was president of the



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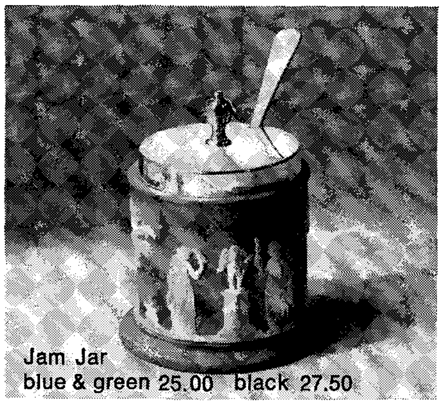

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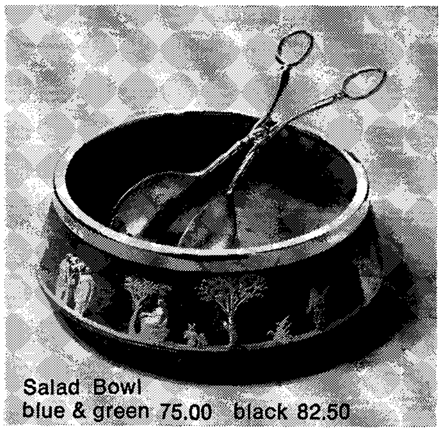

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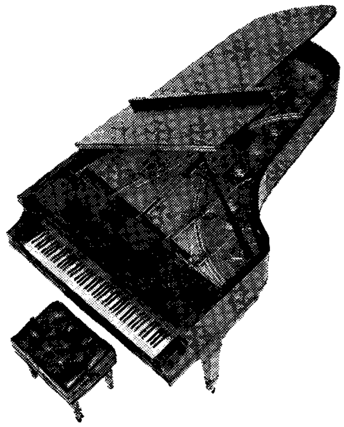
Conference of Mexican Bishops that year, wrote to Cardinal Spellman asking that Illich be recalled to the New York archdiocese. Cardinal Spellman replied courteously in mid-November, stating that "Illich is a priest of excellent standing in my diocese, in every way obedient," and informing the Mexican bishop that he would not recall Illich to New York, because Illich had academic contracts in Cuernavaca to which the Cardinal had given explicit approval.

Spellman's letter reaffirming his loyalty to Illich was one of the last letters he ever wrote. He died a fortnight later. Twelve days after Spellman's death, the New York chancery received a new series of letters asking that Illich be recalled. Some of these letters were from Mexico; others emanated from the arch-conservative Roman Curialist Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, acting under Mexican pressure. "The timing was totally obscene," an official of the New York chancery has said. "Cardinal Spellman's body was scarcely buried. They knew that Illich had lost a staunch friend, and they did not have the decency to wait a week." On December 19th, Spellman's provisional successor, Bishop John Maguire, wrote to Illich requesting that he return to New York immediately, on orders from Rome. Illich, in a letter to Maguire postmarked January 6th, expressed "profound embarrassment" over what he called his "unavailability," and went on to explain that his duties at CIDOC made it impossible for him to come to New York at that time. Bishop Maguire, who turned out to be as staunch a supporter of Illich as Spellman had been, excused him from the trip and communicated Illich's statement to Ottaviani.

Meanwhile, the liberal factions of the Latin-American hierarchy rallied to counteract the intrigues being mounted against the diocese of Cuernavaca. Bishop Avelar Brandão Vilela, of Brazil, who was president of the Conference of Latin-American Bishops, asked two theologians—Father Lucio Gera, of Argentina, and Bishop Candido Padin, of Lorena, Brazil—to make a formal investigation of CIDOC, and after visiting Cuernavaca in November, 1967, these men compiled a highly favorable report on the center. They sent their report to Rome at the end of the month, but four months later, in March, its receipt had still not been acknowledged. The report had apparently vanished. Neither Bishop Méndez Arceo nor the Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, who made repeated requests to



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read it, was able to see a copy of it. It was clear that officials of the Vatican continued to view the Illich case through the eyes of the Mexican hierarchy. "There was a moment when I felt that they would not return to an authoritarian style, but the path of dialogue was interrupted," a prominent Latin-American bishop wrote to Illich.

Illich made an attempt to open a dialogue of his own directly with the Holy See, but this, too, came to nothing. In January, 1968, he wrote a letter to the Pope, couched in an ecclesiastical style that some progressives deplored for what they called its attitude of "creeping humility" before the Papacy. "Most Holy Father, I, the undersigned Ivan Illich, am humbly prostrated before Your Holiness," he wrote. "With all respect and humility, I beg Your Holiness, if I have failed in any way against faith or morality, to communicate to me how I have so failed, disposed as I am to immediately retract my mistakes. . . . I humbly kiss your ring and submit myself to your kindness." The letter was never answered.

As the right-wing attacks upon the diocese of Cuernavaca mounted, Illich found himself accused of some extraordinary activities: consorting with witch doctors, practicing voodoo black magic in the mountain hinterland of Brazil, conspiring to kidnap the Archbishop of Guatemala. Finally, on June 10th, the Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, Guido de Mestri, instructed Illich to fly to Rome immediately and present himself for an interrogation at the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith. De Mestri had frequently visited CIDOC to observe Illich's activities, and had always found his conduct above reproach. "Your position is so canonically impeccable," he had once said to Illich, "that I doubt if you are even a Christian."

FOR six months after being told by Cardinal Šeper to get going and never come back, Illich scrupulously refrained from making any public statement about his session with the inquisitors. "I was so terribly embarrassed for the Church," he explains. But in January, 1969, the Vatican made a second move against him, and this prompted him to break his silence. The move took the form of an order forbidding all Catholic priests, monks, and nuns to attend any more courses or seminars at Illich's educational center. No reasons were given for the ban except that the Vatican had received "many complaints," left unspecified, about the

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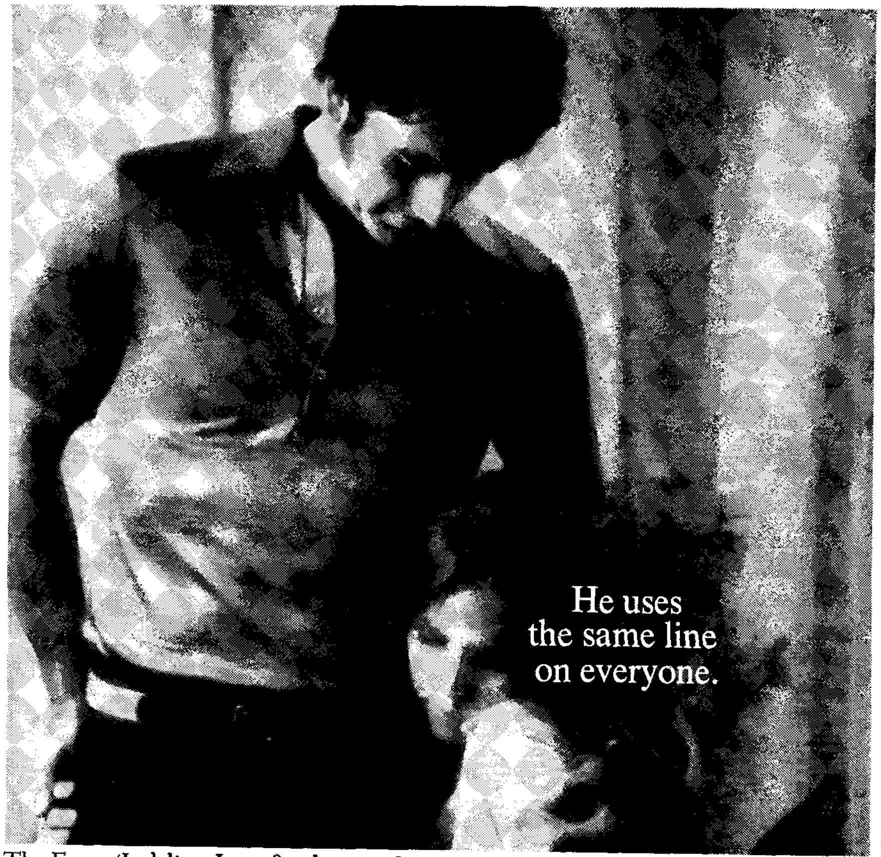
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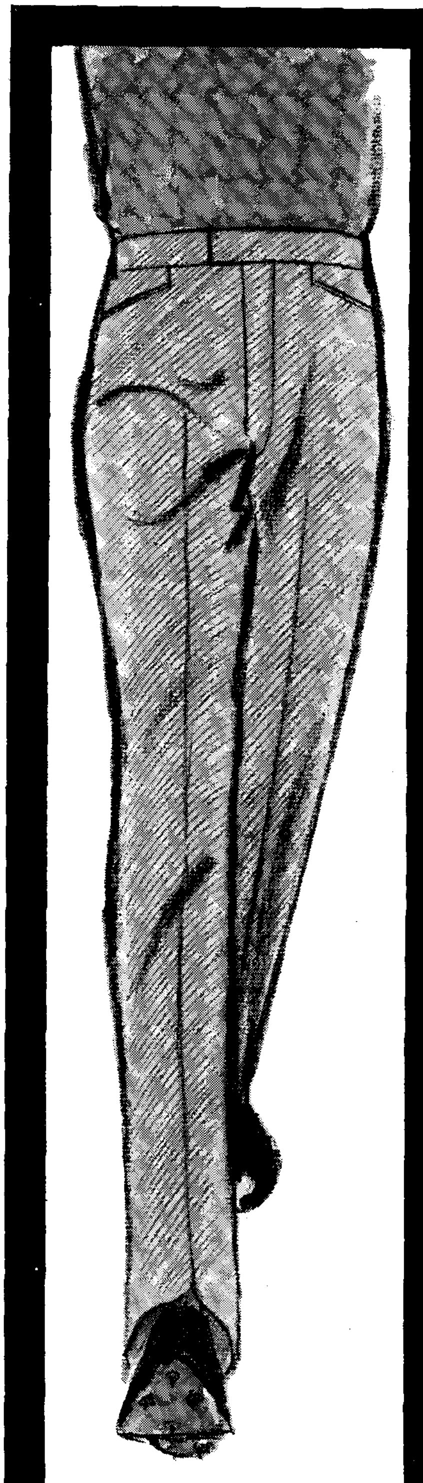

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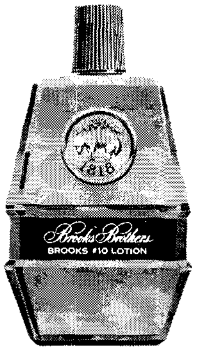
center's "unfortunate effects," also unspecified, upon the Catholic world. Illich, responding in what his friends call his "Roman manner," immediately telephoned the religion editor of the New York *Times*, Edward B. Fiske, and said he had a story that he thought might interest the *Times*. Fiske flew down to Mexico, where Illich released the questionnaire that had been presented to him in Rome six months earlier and described the entire episode in detail.

That was Illich's chesslike move against the Church as It. His lasting love for the Church as She was expressed that same week in a letter to Bishop Méndez Arceo. "I am deeply saddened by this procedure of the Holy See, which is the supreme teaching authority of the Church," he wrote. "I am distressed as I watch the Roman Curia launch a grave and global accusation against a nonsectarian institution of higher learning, without ever mentioning a single charge. . . . I am indeed sad, yet hopeful. The roots of my mind and of my heart have taken in the soil of the Roman Church. I am embarrassed by this decree, but my embarrassment will fade as it has before in front of Her immense contribution to beauty, truth, and awareness."

Illich also wrote in the letter to Bishop Méndez Arceo, "We shall leave it to others to express their indignation at the precedent-setting intervention of Rome in academic life through the ecclesiastical ban of an entire academic community." And, in the months that followed, a good deal of indignation was expressed. Even the Brooklyn *Tablet*, long considered the most reactionary Catholic paper in the United States, came to Illich's support. After making it clear that they opposed most of Illich's ideas, the *Tablet's* editors declared, "One need not agree at all with Monsignor Illich, only believe in human dignity. . . . This entire controversy must accelerate practical implementation of procedures for due process within the Church . . . to eliminate ecclesiastical procedures which are a scandal to responsible men within and outside the Church."

There was vigorous applause for the ban from the Mexican right, however. Paid advertisements in the Mexican papers reproduced the text of a telegram to the Pope thanking him for the ban on CIDOC: "This comforting news fully confirmed our views that any effort to sow confusion in the Church's dogmatic truths on the pretext of clarifying Her message to modern man will



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be rejected by the robust and total faith of the Mexican people."

Illich had always maintained that a priest is under obligation to abandon his clerical status as soon as he becomes controversial. And in March, 1969, he announced that he had decided to withdraw permanently from the institution of the Church as It, though he would remain an ever-faithful member of the Church as She. The announcement was made in a letter written to Spellman's successor, Archbishop Terence Cooke, shortly before he was made a cardinal. "Your Excellency," Illich wrote. "By now the press has extensively covered the proceedings of the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith (the former Holy Office) which were aimed at my work and my reputation. These proceedings have cast over me the shadow of a 'notorious churchman,' and this interferes with my ministry, my work as an educator, and my personal decision to live as a Christian. . . . I now want to inform you of my irrevocable decision to resign entirely from Church service, to suspend the exercise of priestly functions, and to renounce totally all titles, offices, benefits, and privileges which are due to me as a cleric." In closing, Illich stated that he would not ask to be dispensed from two priestly prerogatives. He wished to retain the obligation to say his daily breviary, and the obligation to remain celibate. Cardinal Cooke has not commented publicly on Illich's status. Church authorities have said that although Illich has ceased to function as a cleric he nevertheless remains a priest.

In this age rife with civil disobedience in both church and state, the Pope's order forbidding all Catholic priests, monks, and nuns to attend CIDOC produced a flood of applications from progressive priests, monks, and nuns throughout the world. And in June, 1969, under pressure from liberal bishops in several countries, the Vatican revoked its ban. The new order, which Pope Paul personally explained to Bishop Méndez Arceo in an audience, specified that CIDOC must return to "the spirit of its foundation" and that its teaching must be supervised by the Conference of Latin-American Bishops. In addition, Illich was invited to resign from the center "within a reasonable time." Illich, who has given no indication that he intends to resign, has been busy arranging a marathon seminar on education being held at CIDOC this spring, attended by Paul Goodman, Jerome Bruner, Jonathan Kozol, Paolo Freire, and other prominent specialists from many coun-

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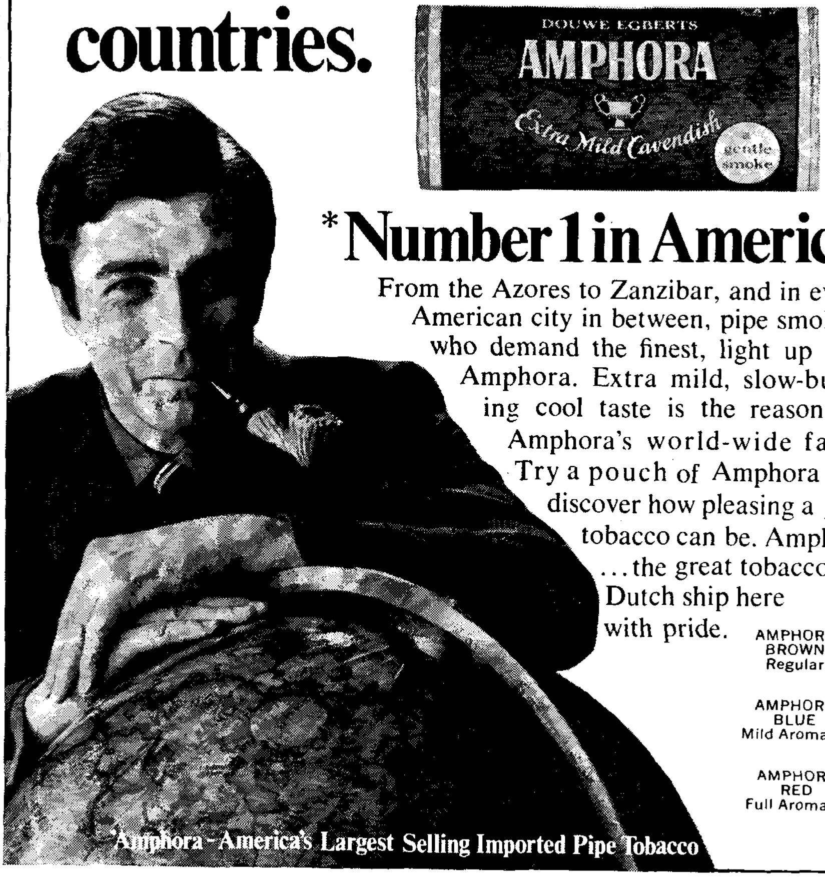

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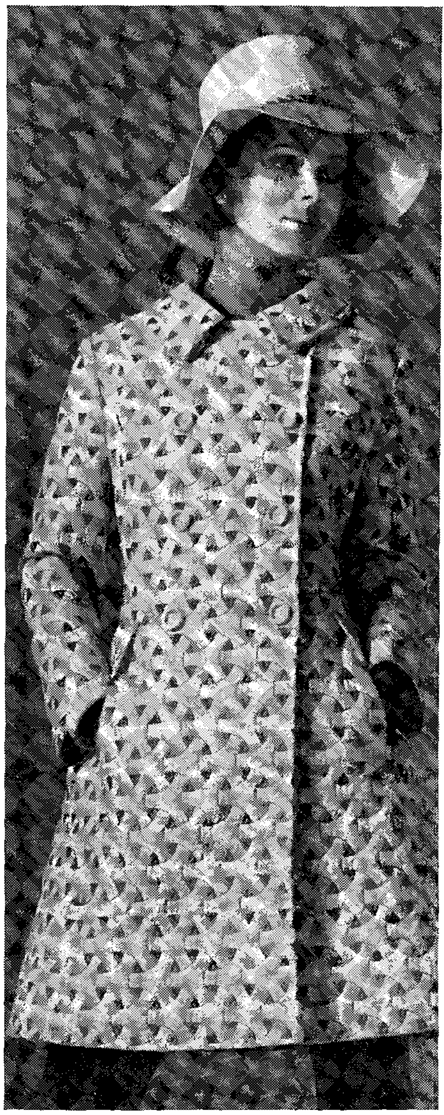

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tries. He was recently asked to comment on the relaxation of the papal ban, and said only that it would have *no more effect than the previous ruling*, since CIDOC had always been—and he emphasized the words—"a secular organization."

Illich's half-in, half-out position in the priesthood has caused speculation and consternation among Catholics the world over. How do his actions fit in with his theories? He prophesied a Church of sacramental laymen, and he himself has ended up as an unsacramental priest. As a theologian, Illich has made a rigorous distinction between the priest as bearer of the Word and the priest as administrator. As a man, he has found that the two are not so easily separable; he has had to dissociate himself, with great sorrow, from the sacramental life. And yet he remains a priest. It is all marvellously complex and enigmatic, like the man. As their Church's most agitated decade since the sixteenth century came to an end, Illich's puzzling status raised many questions in the minds of progressive Catholics about their own status. How much can one disdain the Church as It without severing relations with the Church as She? How much criticism of It can one indulge in before losing contact with Her? The Catholic hierarchy has stiffened its position on many levels and denied most of the hopes inspired by John XXIII and the reformers of the Vatican Council. The ability of any progressive Catholic to remain in the institutional Church seems to depend more than ever on the mystery of faith, on what Illich calls "the childlike simplicity of the Christian faith."

"Father Illich felt that he had to resign some of his priestly faculties because he couldn't stand the institution's lack of trust," said a close friend of his who is highly placed in a chancery in the United States. "His position as a Christian is so at odds with that of the Holy See that he felt uncomfortable *continuing as an officer of the institution.* Canonically, he remains a priest, but there was a profound sadness among many of us in this country who love and admire him when he renounced his faculties. It was the feeling 'If he can't make it, how can I?' "

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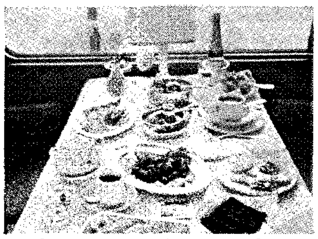

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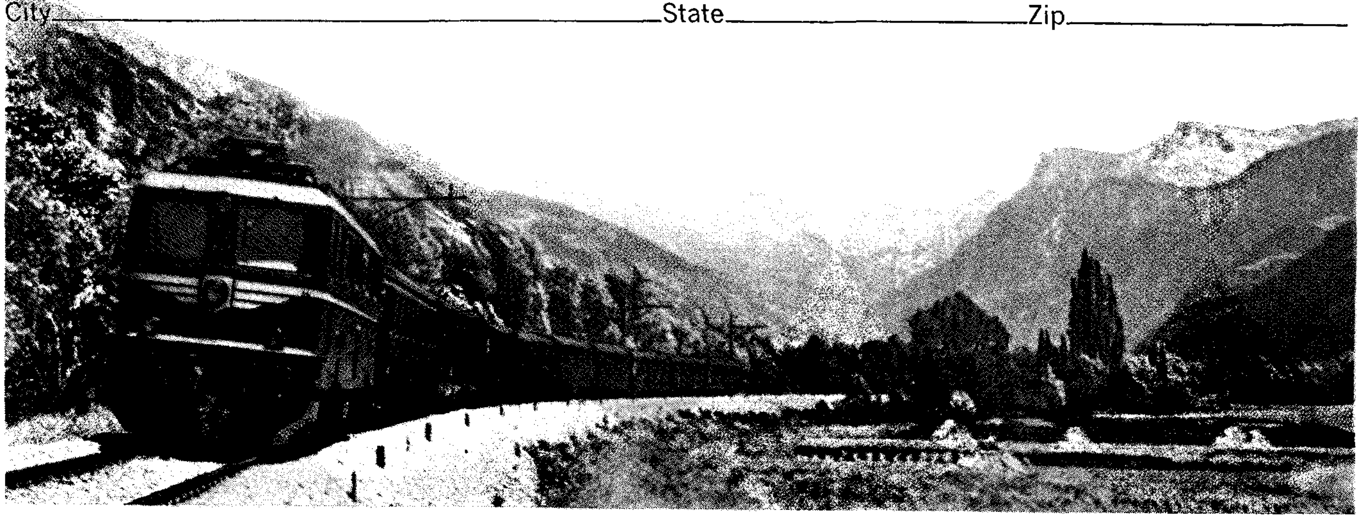

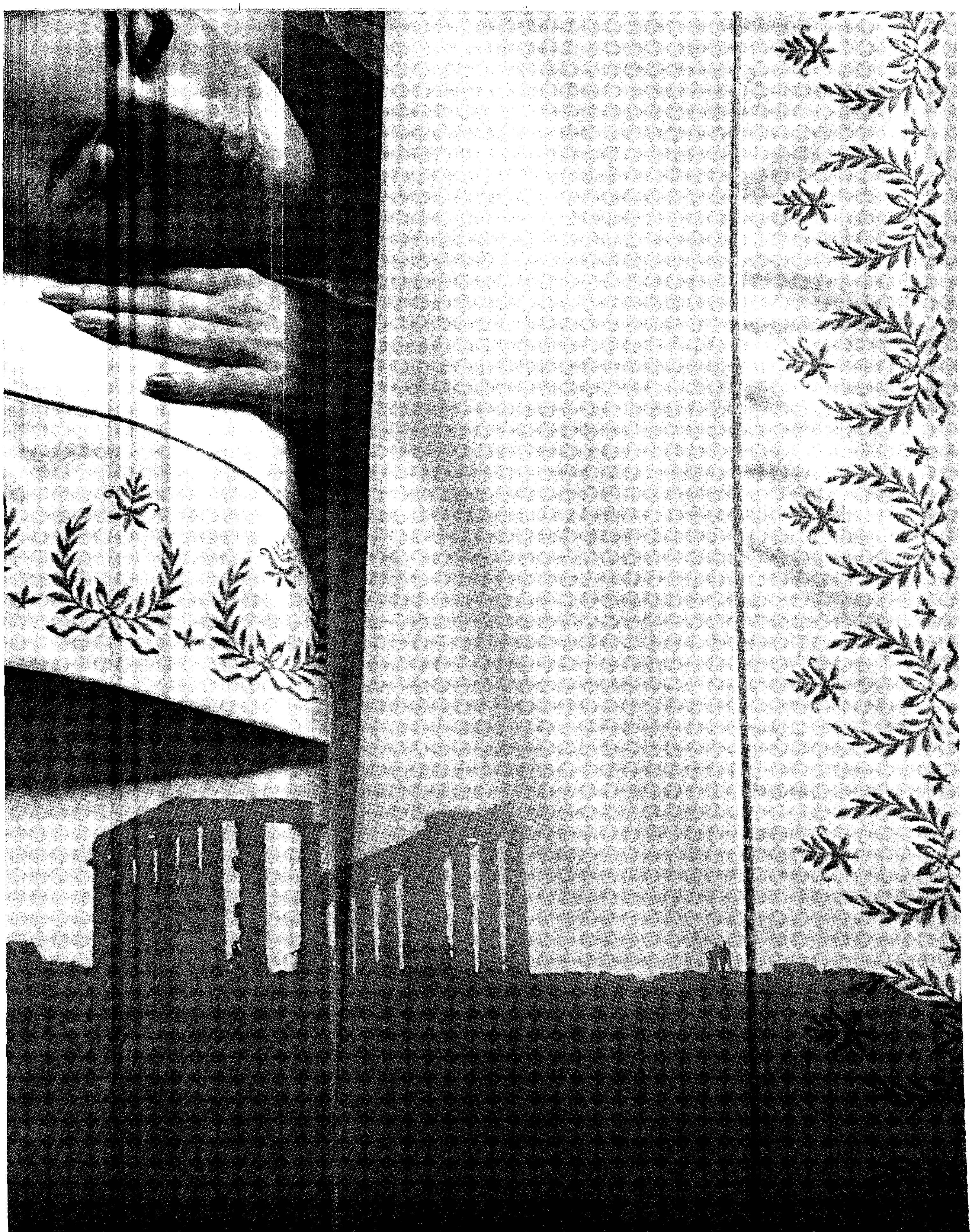

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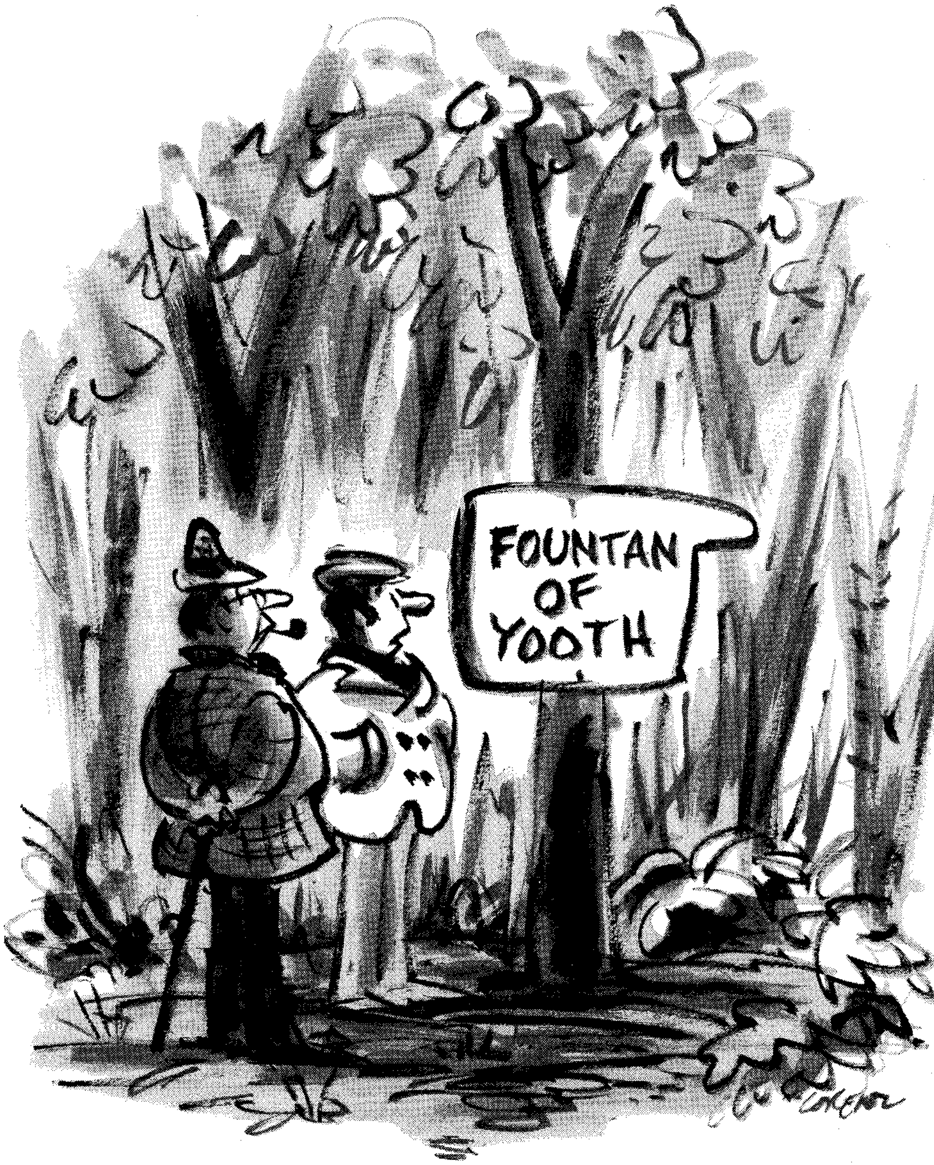
"THE BOY FRIEND," at the Ambassador, is a brightly colored little windup toy, invented in England by Sandy Wilson in the exceedingly remote year of 1954, and set in motion on this side of the water a short while later, with, in the leading role, a silvery-voiced girl named Julie Andrews. What made Mr. Wilson's toy go round so prettily then and what makes it continue to go round so prettily now is his sedulous pretense that he has written a conventional musical comedy of the nineteen-twenties. His parody permits us to look down our noses at the romantic simplicities of our parents—or, rather, for most of us these days, of our grandparents and great-grandparents—and at the same time to envy them. According to Mr. Wilson, how little it took to please the dear things, splashing about, as they were, in the sunny Dufy sea of an incorrigible innocence! The wistful perennial hypothesis that somewhere just over the horizon of the past lies Eden grows every year harder to sustain, but the latest production of "The Boy Friend" has such energy and high spirits and is so utterly sure it is winning our hearts that—well, that it does. All nonsense, and all endearing, and when I visit the Riviera this summer, though I will be staying among merry companions in an ancient tower on the edge of the sea, I will no doubt feel a twinge of regret over not being able to make my way to that twittering nest the Villa Caprice, "Madame Dubonnet's finishing school on the outskirts of Nice," or to the terrace of the Café Pataplon, where Polly, Maisie, Dulcie, Nancy, and Fay were once wont to dance the Charleston with their infatuated pursuers.

Polly, the poor little rich girl who finds happiness in the arms of a disguised nobleman, is played with wide-eyed, doleful grace by Judy Carne, and it is her bad luck that, being but adequate, she must play second fiddle throughout the evening to Sandy Duncan, who has shining, reddish bobbed hair (hair that, as she dances, bounces, bounces, bounces) and a trim, lively body, and whose notions about the territorial imperative are so uncomplicated that she simply takes over the entire stage of the Ambassador whenever it crosses her mind to do so. Ronald Young makes a very pleasant young nobleman (Polly falls in love with him under the misapprehension that he is a delivery boy), and Jeanne Beauvais and Leon Shaw make an amusing thing out of their belated renewal of an early love affair. The musical was directed by Gus Schirmer, the settings and costumes are the cheerful creations of Andrew and Margaret Brownfoot, and the Mediterranean lighting is by Tharon Musser. It remains only for me to mention that the program takes care to translate the title of one of the songs—"Sur la Plage"—as "On the Beach."

IT proved physically impossible for me to remain in my seat at the Ethel Barrymore for more than one of the two acts of a terrible play called "A Place for Polly." Under ordinary circumstances, charity might impel one not to mention the play at all, but the fact is that the author, Lonnie Coleman, struck me as being downright arrogant in his ineptitude, and I wouldn't want him to misconstrue mere kindly silence as a form of negative encouragement. A great American editor, now dead, used to detest stories about writers; I doubt if it ever occurred to him that anyone would ever sink so low as to write about publishers. Mr. Coleman writes about writers *and* publishers, and a repellent lot of ninnies they reveal themselves to be. For as long as I was in the theatre, the only character onstage that I would



"I don't know, Harry. This has the ring of authenticity."

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gondoliers
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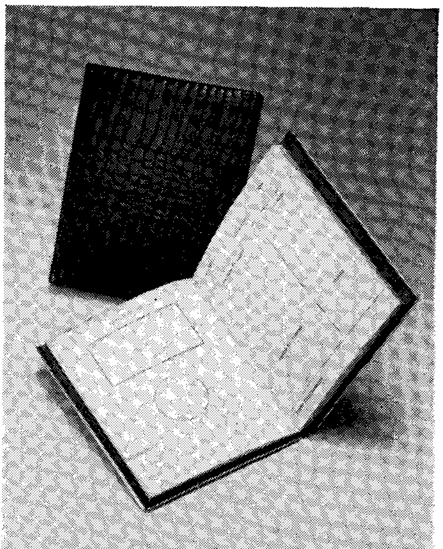
have cared to meet in real life was a publisher's wife, and I liked her only because she was played by that delightful creature Marian Mercer. I hope that all the idiotic lines that Miss Mercer had to learn will soon be allowed to leave her pretty head. For actors, it must often be the case that the one thing more precious than being a quick study is being a quick forgetter.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Another Man's Persian

BEST news first on the Phoenix's production of Aeschylus's "The Persians": The theatre is the beautiful St. George's Church, on East Sixteenth Street, where you may have seen one of the Christmas performances of "The Play of Daniel" by the New York Pro Musica. Across the way from the church, which is on one of the loveliest squares in the city, there is a small park, and half an hour before the play begins *in* the church, "exoteric rites" begin in the park. What exoteric rites turn out to be are charming Persian music played by its composer, Nasser Rastegar-Nejad, on a stringed instrument called the santir, and some pretty nimble juggling of rubber balls by the young ushers, wearing sweatshirts with "Remember Persia" stamped on them. Buttons with the same message are passed out to everybody who happens to be standing around. The show is billed as "A Ceremony for Our Time." The interior of the church is perfect in its elegance and majesty for classic tragedy, and the stunning and barbaric costumes, by Nancy Potts, are perfect, too. Jack Brown's setting looks good and works well. But the play, as translated and adapted by John Lewin, and as performed by a cast of experienced actors under Gordon Duffey's direction, is lifeless. In "The Persians," which is one of the earliest dramas extant, Aeschylus celebrated the victory of the Athenians at Salamis by dramatizing the defeat of the invading Persians under Xerxes. The action takes place in the Persian city of Susa, where, at the opening, the Queen Mother and her court are waiting for news of the battle, and it is composed of foreboding, and then lamentations and pointed, awful warnings on the subject of foreign invasions and wars. It should be moving, even shattering, but it is just remote. The actors speak their rather wooden lines intelligently but without eloquence or imagination, and it does seem to me that if those concerned had shown more confidence in the audience



Entertaining mothers will love to plot their parties in our planning book. Use it later as a record of guests, menus, wines, seating arrangements and such. Handsomely gilt-edged and bound in top grain cowhide: smooth red or ivory, or alligator-grained black, $15. Small Leather Goods Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

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Think
BARTLETT

and had given all their loyalty and attention to Aeschylus, the inescapable pertinence of the play to our time (and to all time) would have taken care of itself.

I HAD a much better evening than I expected at a musical adaptation of "The Drunkard," which opened last week at the 13th Street (where it had been previewing, so to speak—but with a non-Equity company—for six years). All we don't need is a facetious revival of some dumb Victorian melodrama, and I had already seen a detestable production of this one in California, several generations ago. "The Drunkard" is indeed annoying in many of the ways you'd expect it to be, but it is a lot of fun, too. The new songs (music and lyrics) by Barry Manilow are delightful, and the familiar, traditional songs are well chosen. The atmosphere is friendly—and how pleasant it is for an audience to be made welcome for once, however playfully. The free beer is potable. Best of all, the cast (Equity now) is attractive and very good, singing and doing whatever mock acting seems essential with high spirits, under Bro Herrod's direction. The show might be just the sort of stepping stone for Clay Johns as the hero all but done in by booze, for Marie Santell as his put-upon wife, and for Drew Murphy, Joy Garrett, Donna Sanders, and Susan Rush, among others, in an assortment of roles, that "The Fantasticks" was for Jerry Orbach, among others. A warning: It is just as well to see an enterprise of this sort early in the run, before replacements set in and before the comedy gets out of hand. If the comedy gets any broader than it is right now, they'll have to enlarge the stage. —EDITH OLIVER

•

How long will it take before the NEE version of Psalm 23?—

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want nothing.

He makes me to lie down in green pastures, and leads me beside the waters of peace"—

to seem as familiar as the KJV:—

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters."—*Boston Herald Traveler.*

A very long time, we hope.

•

NEATEST (AND DIRTIEST) RAILROAD TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Headline in the Dayton (Ohio) Journal Herald*]

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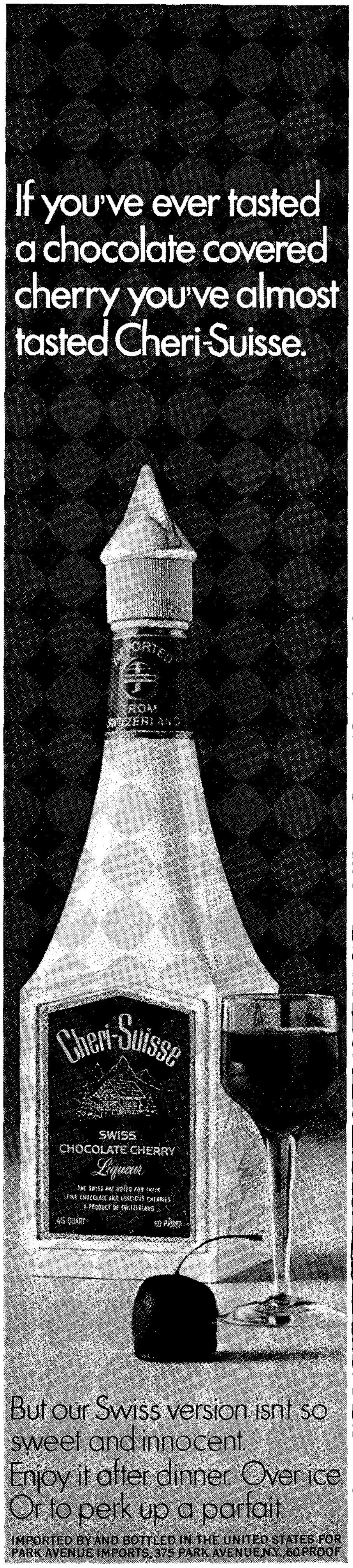
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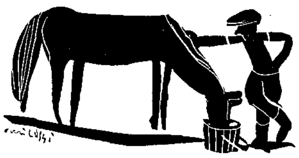
THE RACE TRACK

Portent



THOSE prestigious stakes races at Aqueduct every weekend are a little trying on the nerves. There was another one last Saturday—the Wood Memorial, in which Personality beat Silent Screen by three-quarters of a length and Delaware Chief came in third, a head farther back, in a finish that left all of us breathless. And, for a final fillip, there was an inquiry by the stewards into some bumping at the clubhouse turn in which Silent Screen had played a part. Nothing came of that, though. Anyhow, I'm sure that at the end of the afternoon many in the crowd came away from the Big A convinced that they'd seen the next Kentucky Derby winner in Mrs. Ethel Jacobs' colt Personality. Could be. No doubt about it, he was the best as the Wood was run, and he won it fair and square.

In contrast to the raw, windy days we'd been having, the weather was pleasantly springlike for most of the afternoon, and everyone was enthusiastic; the horses had a well-trained appearance, and they were all on their toes. As ever, Silent Screen was the pick of the lot. He may not be the season's best three-year-old, but in my book he's the handsomest. Personality, who is a light-framed, rather feminine type, resembling Affectionately, his dam, looked hard and fit. His race the previous Saturday, which he won by five lengths, had wound him up to just the right pitch. John Jacobs, who took over the training of the family stable when ill health forced the retirement of his father, the late Hirsch Jacobs, deserves full marks. As for the race, there were fourteen runners, but it was a three-horse affair from beginning to end of the mile and a furlong. Delaware Chief led for more than seven furlongs, and Silent Screen went right with him. Personality began slowly, but he moved up fast on the far turn and caught the leaders as they swung into the stretch. From there, the three went stride for stride till Personality drew out in the last thirty yards. The rest were nowhere. I hadn't heard such cheering all this season.

For Silent Screen's stable and his many admirers, the race was a disappointment. To me, it seemed plain that he isn't a stayer. He ran willingly, but hung (the race-track word for tiring) in the last few strides. Nevertheless, he's going to the Kentucky Derby, which, at a mile and a quarter, is a furlong farther than the Wood. Sonny Werblin, who owns him, and Bowes Bond, who trains him, decided on that before the colt cooled out. I can't blame them; he did run a gallant race, and you know that anything can happen at Churchill Downs. I wish him luck. Of course, Personality is going. So is High Echelon, and there will be others—running for exercise.

For the record, last Saturday was Aqueduct's all-time high. Though the crowd totalled only 55,004, it bet $6,316,372, of which $943,362 was wagered on the Wood Memorial. Many major tracks don't handle $943,362 all day on a Saturday. There were other races worth remembering. In one of them, Buck Run, from the Greentree Stable, came through to win in fine style. In another, the Rokeby Stable's Bell Bird, who is bigger and handsomer than his half brother Arts and Letters, ran last. By the way, Arts and Letters is expected to come out for the Grey Lag Handicap this weekend.

WELL, it looks as if we were going to have off-course betting after all. The gentry in the legislature in Albany have apparently decided to include it and a new state-lottery gimmick, which reminds me of the numbers racket, in something called a revenue-sharing package that is expected to bring in hundreds of millions—I've lost count of just how many. In my opinion—if anyone cares—off-course betting would do racing and trotting no good. Attendance at the tracks would fall off steeply. After all, for the price of a ride to the Big A and back you could have a couple of tickets on the daily double or a flutter on the exacta.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Following is a summary of actions by the Governor and Legislature yesterday.

THE GOVERNOR

Asked Californians to join him in donating money to help send the University of California marching and to Expo 70 at Osaka, Japan this year.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

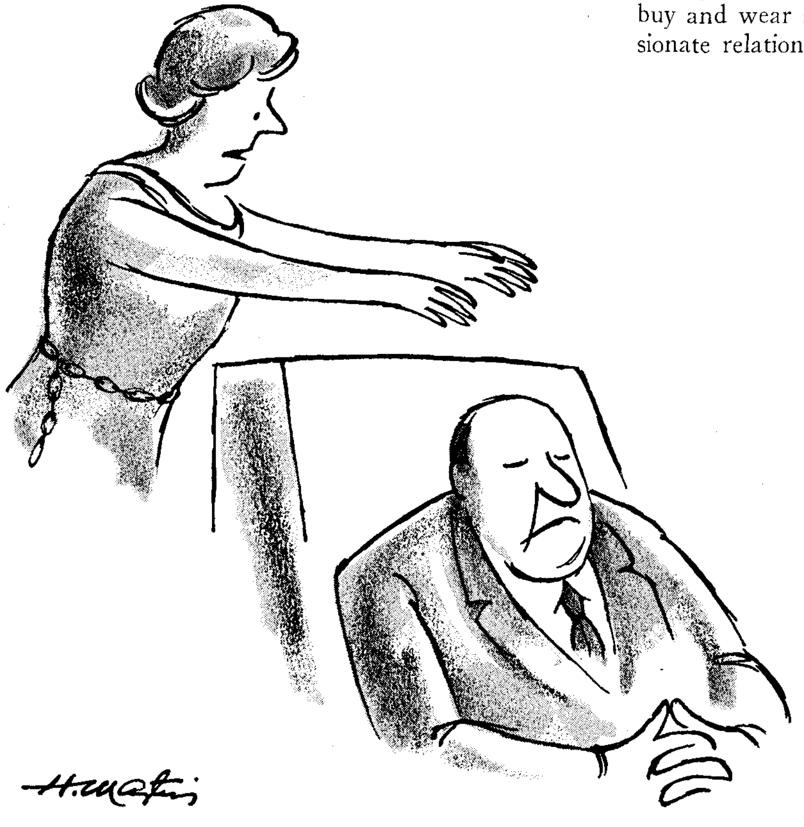
FEMININE FASHIONS

THE number of people who feel passionately about their clothes is far greater than their appearance or their conversation might lead one to suppose. And a good many women who buy new clothes are afflicted by the delusion that they will thereby change their state of mind, the attitude of their companions, and their lives. If, in addition to the performance of these miracles, we ask also of our clothes that they be fashionable, we are obviously a little foolish. And yet a fashionable purchase will give the greatest pleasure. Since the yearning for adornment is rarely analyzed, we lack standards and are easily confused. In normal life, perhaps, we struggle for consistency, rationality, or independence. In fashion, we vacillate from week to week and are desperate for guidance. We may in theory reject good taste, and elegance may seem outmoded. And still we go on groping for these firefly generalities. The prospect of the longer lengths—which flusters men for different reasons—bewilders many women and makes them feel incompetent. We sense that we must soon adopt a whole new look, decide upon a length to suit our leg, and, somehow, pick out new accessories.

If people care about their clothes, they seldom talk of it. Although appearance is a public statement, the acquisition of its separate elements is a private, almost furtive matter. We gossip, or chat about a fashionable best-seller, but think our clothes too trivial for debate. Possibly they are purely visual or have no worthwhile intellectual content. We hardly notice the technical details of clothes and have only vague impressions of cut, cloth, and trimmings. Dressing and the choice of clothes is for most women an emotional, illogical business. We have all been made gloomy by the feeling that we are wrongly dressed, or elated by appreciation of our clothes. The woman who is admired finds it easier to look well-dressed, while the lonely girl may dress meticulously and still feel dowdy. Clothes have a life that is quite independent of their shape and color. Among changing landscapes, different faces, they can seem concrete, and a dress can give a reassuring sense of continuity in a variety of settings. But at other times clothes are simply puffs of sentiment, and their vitality will seep out overnight. "I haven't got a thing to wear" does not, of course, mean that we must resort to nakedness or seclusion; it means that our wardrobes contain nothing that might match our mood or offer a just reflection of our current lives.

Long before a dress gets shabby or goes out of fashion, its moment of glory is past. Much of our delight in clothes is in the future-perfect tense, and happy contemplation of them depends to an alarming extent on the possibility of possession. We catch sight of a dress in a shopwindow or drift past its picture in a fashion magazine, and find our thoughts returning to it for days, until it is examined, bought, or exorcised. Sometimes, in energetic periods of leisure, we look in lots of shops, pretending to compare prices and weigh up decisions. The best things, however, are bought erratically. They are often spotted quite by chance, when we are really concentrating on the search for something else. There are millions of ways to shop. For this reason, shared expeditions—those, at least, with serious intent—are usually frustrating. The pleasure purchase can afford is very brief. The most rewarding moment in the process may come as we try on a garment for the second time. Having, between the first essay and this, tried others that are unmistakably inferior, we know that we are close to owning this one but can wallow once again in hesitation. The shopper is often panic-stricken as the dress is carried away to be wrapped, but likes to grip the handle of the box on its return. The dress worn three times becomes as friendly as a pair of slippers or else an embarrassment. However sparse our wardrobes, some things seem woebegone from the beginning and will droop, unworn, for years. The second time a dress is worn is most likely the best; the first is often fraught with doubt. Hats never lose their power to make me nervous. To buy and wear a hat is to accept a passionate relationship. I have taken pride in hats or loathed them; I have never worn a hat for which I felt affection.

If, for many women, the choice of clothes is an anxious, irrational affair, it is made doubly so by our craving to be fashionable. The vagaries of fashion are a denial of constant aesthetic standards, objective ideas of grace or flattery, and the fact that women's bodies remain much the same from one year to the next. The present hemline crisis exemplifies the divorce of fashion from most other spheres of civilized life. Once we accept that longer hemlines are a good idea, we begin to find short skirts repellent and the sight



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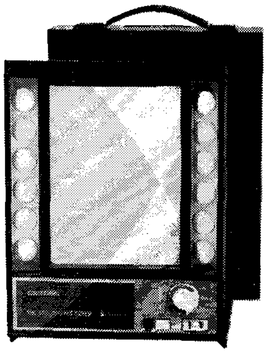
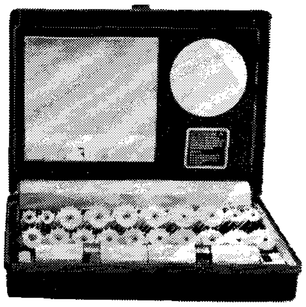


Carmen Enlightened Mirror



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of knees distasteful. A few months ago, we thought in all sincerity that they were pleasing. It is fashion's business to manipulate our memories. Fashion is in ceaseless pursuit of things that are about to look familiar and in uneasy flight from things that have just become a bore. Pretending, frenziedly, to market enthusiasm for novelty, in fact it sells disgust for previous modes. A designer may produce clothes that would last year have been considered beautiful, and might be so again next year; this year they can look repetitive and sadly wrong. This spring, the king of the collections is Valentino. Cardin and Ungaro, our gods of earlier years, now seem for the moment unfashionable. We once adored Courrèges's brilliant gaiety; virtually the same ideas now seem clashingly inopportune. Practicable, craftsmanlike, imaginative clothes are worthless if the designer's vision of his customers does not correspond to some impulse of their own. Women must have some concept, however inarticulate, of what they want before a couturier is free to dominate them. Lest this give the impression that women have too strong an influence on the fashions they will wear, let it be said that no amount of protest, at this point, will stem the tide of longer skirts. Designers are producing them in droves, and retailers are busily laying them in for autumn. The powerlessness of customers is dispiriting only to those who think that it is worth resisting fashion. I suspect that resistance is a waste of energy, since you can fight fashion only by being unfashionable. This course is open to all, but it appeals to too few for dissidence to be effective. No doubt short skirts will be in stock for years to come, and you can always take things up. But to buy short clothes will be to choose the tired, frayed ends of earlier styles. Fashion is an amorphous monster. It doesn't go away because we turn our backs on it, and no amount of pummelling on anybody's part will guarantee to lay it low. The designer may fail to capture the feeling in the air; the retailer, subject to like incalculables, may be too early or too late. And the customer is limited to what is available.

Pity the seeker after fashion. Now she has the feeling that she should forget the teen-age, bouncy look and aim for elegance again. But if elegance ever did exist, we have lost our ability to recognize it. A small band of lively, diligent ladies with large sums of money in the bank have probably always been elegant. Their ranks are yearly dwindling. Once, elegant wom-

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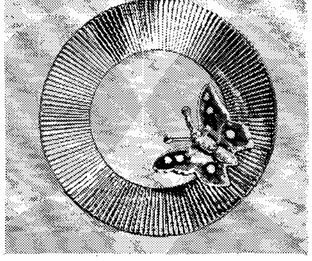

Gold circle of love highlighted with a blue enamel cloisonné butterfly. Perfection itself in 14K yellow gold. Look for this versatile brooch at your nicest jeweler. (A lovely gift idea for mothers and brides, too.) $45.

en were so sure of taste that they could afford to flout it. In a recent interview, a Parisian fabric designer happily recalled his prewar print of giant orange lobsters, which was worn by the Duchess of Windsor. If elegance is back again, the accessibility of expensive-looking fabrics might seem to make things easy for us. But we no longer have the stamina to dress perfectly to the last button, and the kind of elegant imagination that could be practiced even in poverty, and that depended on the skillful knotting of a scarf, is lost to most of us. Be this as it may, "elegant" is a fashionable adjective once more, while "chic" is not, and the seventies are already being vaunted as the years of elegance. (I wish that the lengthening of skirts had not coincided with the start of a decade. The combination of fashion and moment dazzles slogan-manufacturers and encourages foolhardy, long-term predictions.) We were obviously not trying to look elegant in miniskirts, but elegance must mean more than simply covering our knees. Now, more than ever, women need the guidance of a master.

Valentino is an enormously successful and fashionable couturier. His clothes may rightly be described as elegant. Their elegance seems to depend on a total impression painstakingly created. Valentino leaves no accessory to chance. He is free to be authoritative because, knowing that women are ready for elegance and for longer skirts, he is absolutely fashionable. He designed no short clothes this spring—apart from knee-length day dresses, to go beneath below-calf coats. (Ohrbach's, whose Valentino copies are especially loving, met with the designer's approval in making slight adjustments in length—shortening coats, lengthening dresses.) Valentino's clothes are clearly designed by a proud man, and he would be insulted by a charge of influence, let alone parody. But his collection does have a hint of the thirties that may account in part for their success. The best things are the suits, with tailored, slightly mannish jackets and calf-length skirts. To these he adds highly feminine accessories—artificial gardenias and camellias at the lapel, and a hopelessly pretty hat. His colors are those traditionally associated with elegance and privilege—white, beige, brown, navy, and black. This year, for the first time, he experiments with canary yellow, and Lord & Taylor uses it in copies, but it is less dramatic than the neutrals. The silhouette is tall, slim, and layered. For

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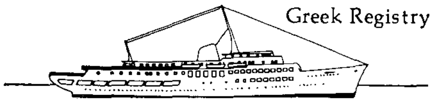

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Pleats are important any way you look at them. But when you look at them in a combination of red and purple popping out from under a long white tunic, 'important' just isn't important enough. (That's a golden ram's-head closing on the belt.) Crown's Cruiseway fabric—rayon with linen's look.
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Fifth Avenue and Branches

day, there are combinations of coats and dresses, jackets and dresses, or jacket, skirt, and blouse or waistcoat. For textural interest—fabrics are for the most part unpatterned silk and wool—there is every kind of tailor's trick. A blouse may have a soft, Byronic stock in a contrasting color. Seams are given every possible treatment; there are raglan sleeves, and bias sections, and—on a coat and a matching sleeveless dress—vertical rows of cartridge tucks to curve into the small of the back. Jackets, which are double-breasted or side-fastened, have two, three, or four pockets settled on the breast or on the hips. Skirts are slightly A-flared or else open over other skirts. Sometimes a waist panel is slotted through with thonging, or a waist is cinched by a three-inch leather belt on which intertwined Vs are worked in gilt bicycle chains. Apart from V-shaped slits at the wrists of a beige suit, and the upturned V at the hem of a calf-length black crêpe evening skirt, this is the only time the couturier's initial appears on the copies I have seen in New York. And to see his signature in tailored details may be unfair; the V at the wrist is a convenient way of finishing a cuff and of getting the hand out of a slim sleeve, while the hemline V, whose point arrives at mid-thigh, is intended to be titillating.

Valentino has very clear ideas about accessories. All his daytime clothes are worn with his hat. This comes in two sizes—one with a six-inch brim, the other wider than the shoulders. Both curl and dip imperiously around a fragile face. Lord & Taylor has them both, in brown, black, beige, and navy straw. Ohrbach's bought the smaller of the two, finding it more useful, but you still can't wear it in the subway. It had few competitors, and it is the hat of the season. The Valentino face is all eyes and cheekbones, with lips brighter than those of recent years, and has no need of sunglasses. The hands have dark-red nails, and gloves are always worn by day. I did not see a handbag for the clothes, but I think a clutch purse is the answer. The skirt lengths emphasize the ankles, and the legs are sheathed in sheer, dark stockings—navy with a navy dress, brown with brown outfits. For evening—and the black evening gowns, in crêpe and chiffon, are less courageous than the tailored suits—stockings are sheer and black, the hair is pulled back from the face into a soft, full chignon at the nape, and half the ear is covered by a rhinestone snowflake. For day, the ear-

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The fun is still unspoiled here. You can actually hear Jamaica's sea-sounds and breezes and birdsongs and lots of soft laughter. (The sounds of traffic, jets and jetsetters are, happily, just out of range.) Service, cuisine, sports facilities are superlative, as you'd expect. Rooms, Suites, Penthouses. All face your ocean a few steps away. Open year round. Completely air conditioned.

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BARTLETT

ring is a gold-encircled pearl, the size of a quarter; no hair shows at all beneath the hat.

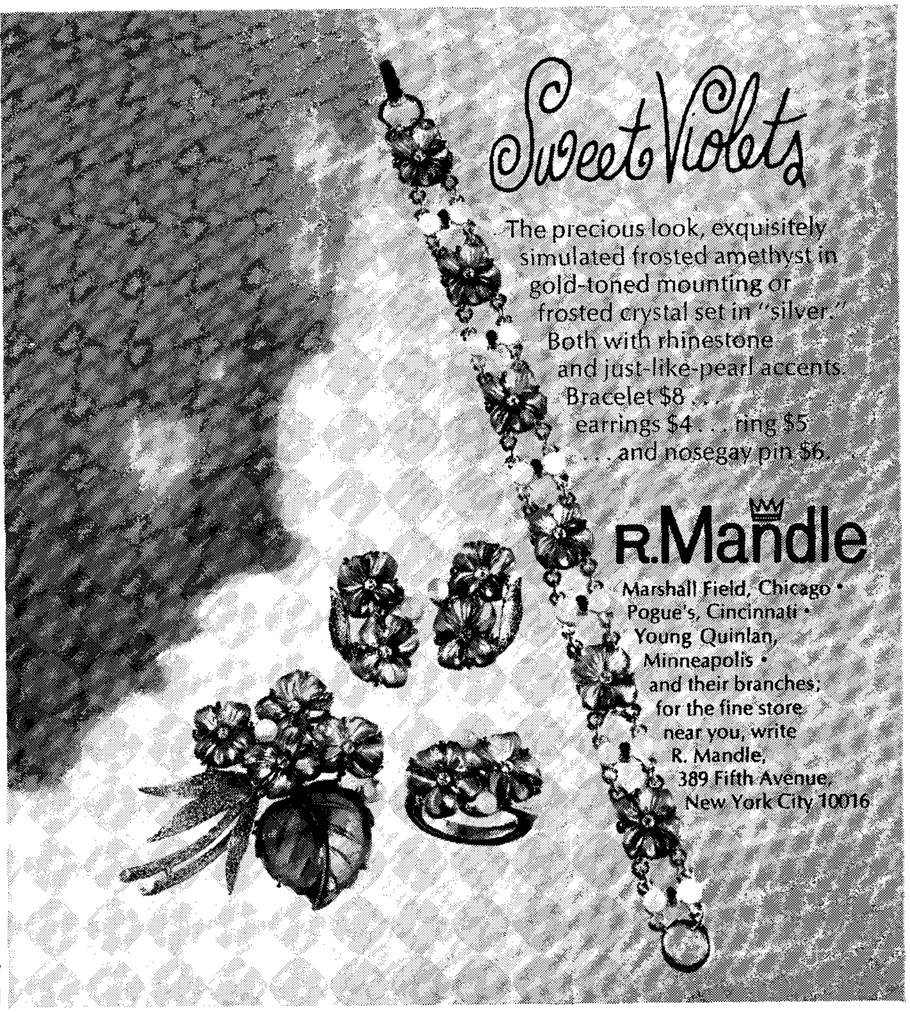
A black satin evening pump has a two-inch heel, and straps cross over the foot at a rhinestone bauble. It may be found at Ohrbach's. Valentino's daytime shoe—which Lord & Taylor stocks—appears, in navy, brown, and such, in leather, as well as in black fake reptile. Its two-inch heel is wider at the bottom than at the top; the vamp and tongue are cartridge-tucked. While this is not the only shoe for the longer lengths, it is better than the suggestions of other couturiers. Saint Laurent shows T-strap shoes, which have always been an ugly way to cover feet. Even these are better than Givenchy's patent-leather espadrilles and than Courrèges's running shoes, which have merged in my recollection with the underwater flippers with which he shows his bathing suits. The Valentino shoe is at least discreet.

Valentino kindly guides us in the ways of elegance and thinks about the details of the long, narrow look. The longer skirt looks right with dark, sheer stockings, with modest shoes and heels of medium height. The look works well in tailored, rather formal styles in neutral colors. Those who admire the Valentino outfits—which are not complete without the hat—will grasp the new importance of accessories. His clothes will not be worn by all, but the kind of elegance he achieves might serve to encourage any who are still bemused. —KENNEDY FRASER

THIS AND THAT

Odds and Bodkins

IN secret haunts down poorly lit side alleys, people are thinking up names for new shops, and yet nobody has taken the opportunity—timely though it is, amidst the argument about whether to wear it long or to wear it short—to call an establishment Polarization. Saks Fifth Avenue *has* set up a series of boutiques on its fifth floor to take care of both the longs and the shorts in this argument, but you wouldn't guess that from the names it has assigned those boutiques. Of Saks, more later. . . . A name for a men's shop that is appropriate and great is Rakes, and because it has now decided to dress girls, too, it may be discussed here at last. The maxi evening female coats it provides actually entitle it to rename itself Regency Rakes. Be slim, for the sizes run only from 7 to 10, and be beautiful, for the coats are of sage cotton velvet on which a contrasting floral display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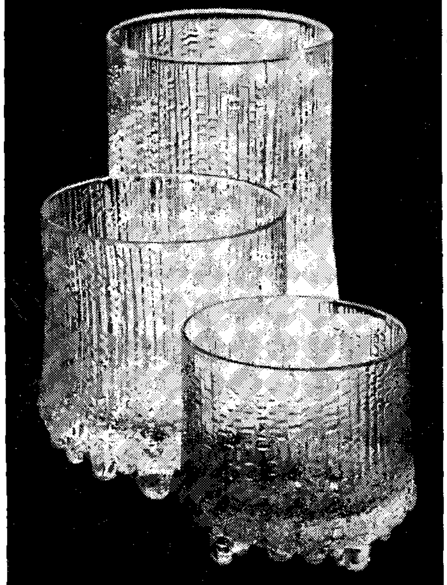

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is imprinted. They are corded above the hem, and the lining is of purple China silk. Three weeks and $250 are required, but such obstacles are not to be the theme of this whole disquisition; quite diaphanous and quite long dresses of black silk-and-nylon with a faint floral silk-screen print are just $95, and in this instance the only requisite is a body stocking beneath. Both midi- and maxidresses that look jumper but aren't—these of shiny black polyester jersey—are here, with band-collared vestees and long sleeves of coral rayon crêpe. Ten days for everything but the coats. Rakes waits for you at 37 East 65th Street. . . . Be slim, too, for the slacks set forth by Circa, because the waist cannot exceed thirty-two inches. Some have waistbands, straight legs, and zipper openings in front; more feminine ones, without waistbands, have darts across the stomach and zippers in back or at one side. The fabrics, mainly British or Italian, are Glen-plaid linen (which I liked best), worsted, flannel, mixed wool-silk-and-mohair, and such; $35 to $75, and five days (including two fittings) to make. Ca., as its friends call it, is one flight up at 134 East 61st Street. . . . At 819 Madison Avenue (68th) is Veneziano's *palazzo*, which goes in for turtleneck tunics and trousers of brown cotton chenille (plenty of big gold-metal eyelets; $100), Western riding shirtdresses of strawberry cotton jersey ($75), shirtdresses of the same stuff but anointed with anemones and crocuses ($85), and rather more grandiose tailored dresses of white silk jersey to which vast wreaths of Mediterranean-blue daisies and clusters of Shocking-and-turquoise butterflies adhere ($165). . . . The separates in Latinas, at 769 Madison Avenue (66th), are Canadian—all of kidskin in a gray or a gray-and-python print. Such as double-breasted coats, miniskirts, vests, trousers, and fringed ponchos. Again, be slim; sizes advance only from 6 to 12. The coats are $165, but the rest is a lot less dear. . . . Ashley & Abel, at 860 Lexington Avenue (65th), is on the small side, too; the dresses it makes are usually in sizes 6 to 10, but other deals can be arranged at the same price. They are constructed on the bias out of silk scarves, in many colors and patterns, from India—collarless round necks and gathered waists, or V-neck, A-line, and balloon-sleeved; $230. Matching jump suits with butterfly sleeves and floppy trousers are $300. . . . Madonna is at 304 East 53rd Street. Morocco is the country of origin for the basketfuls (that is how

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they were shown to me there) of pantaloons in cotton print, wild or sedate, with elasticized ends, so they will stay at whatever height you want; $20. Moroccan shirts (short ones of white cotton and long ones of cotton in a color), equipped with lively braiding, are $12.50 and $18.50, respectively; Moroccan belts, of brown saddle leather, inlaid with eyelets and grommets, range from one to four inches in width and are not Hell's Angel at all; $15, $20, and $25. Telephone Plaza 8-1099 first; the hours, never before noon, are as Village as can be.

NOW for the names Saks has chosen for those boutiques—extremely sane ones, such as Oscar de la Renta, Beene's Bazaar (that is Geoffrey B., naturally), and Adolfo. The Renta habitation presents dresses of silk organza that do not reach the knees. If they're in dove gray with a pink-and-dark-gray Persian print, the waists are Empire (with inverted pleats below), the necks are round and collarless, the sleeves are long and flyaway; if they're white beneath a rainbow of plaids, the waists are drawstring, the collars are mandarin, and flounces a foot long rim the hem. The tap: $140 for the prints, $130 for the plaids. At the home of the Beene are long dresses with pinafores, high-waisted dresses (snippets of real patchwork calico), and shirtdresses of gingham in red-and-white tablecloth check (black-and-white striped neckties are an accessory) under knee-length pinafores; $130 to $200. In both cases, the pinafores are of a thoroughly floral ribbed white cotton. Adolfo can be three-piece—ankle-length Inverness rain capes and miniskirts, all of beige cotton poplin, plus blouses of silk in a tiny black check that matches the lining of the skirts and the capes; combinations of floor-length sleeveless cardigans, turtleneck pullovers of striped wool jersey, and hipster trousers of the same stuff in a solid color. He can be two-piece—navy wool blazers and minidresses of eggshell crêpe de Chine on which clover is printed. He can go Gibson Girl, too, by way of a snug-fitting peplum bodice of checked gingham, with ruffles at the throat and at the billowing hem. And he can go long for evening, with skirts of white organdie and checked gingham blouses; $260 to $385. Appliqués of the gingham, worked into flowers or whatever, show up on the skirts. . . . The other big shop in this accounting is Lord & Taylor, whose Country Clothes sector offers the first raincoats ever by Lilly Pulitzer—cheerful and boxy, of poly-

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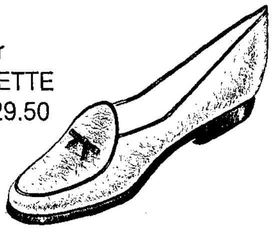

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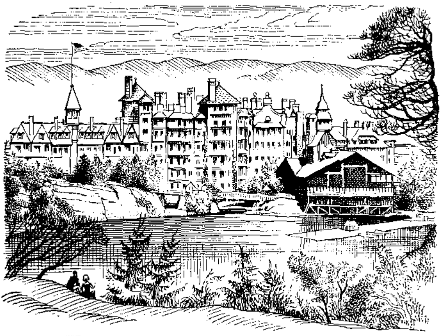
ester-and-cotton, with animal life (Teddy bears or lions) imprinted on them, along with bits of flora; $70. (The lions are rather Rousseau.) To be washed by hand, *not* dry-cleaned. Bonnie Cashin's three-quarter coats, for those clear days on which you can see forever, are slit at the sides, and dusty-pink calfskin is the goods. Her above-the-knees ponchos, of rice-colored tweed, can double as coats—turnover collars of capeskin, long tab closings, and binding all the way around. Across the aisle, in the sports segment, not everything is for tennis or golf. Especially not Pucci's at-home pajamas, whose tops are streaks-of-lightning, in many hues, and whose bouffant bottoms are solid red. Silk jersey is the goods; $475. Short dresses on the same order are $175. From her home town, Lydia de Roma has sent dresses that are part red-and-white, part black-and-white, part tan-and-white checks on gingham to which a big white crocheted doily is appliquéd amidships. From our native Ken Scott come Italian shirtdresses of brown cotton crêpe on which tan-and-white orchids abound; from India come dresses of lavender cotton with round necks, no sleeves, and hem embroidery that involves elephants and Indian winged life. An encouraging $40 is all for these last.

WHAT are the more celebrated Off Fifth Avenue emporiums up to? Well, Saint Laurent's Rive Gauche, at 855 Madison Avenue (71st), is dealing out high-waistband skirts and battle jackets of water-repellent dusty-pink cotton gabardine, and the pockets are as deep as storage bins; $110. Shirtdresses of khaki or beige water-repellent poplin are $80. There are around-the-clock dresses, on the order of Nureyev's shirt, in black crêpe and with batwing sleeves, and for black-tie events there are midiskirts of black cotton satin with slot seaming vertical down the sides and horizontal around the hips (these at $40), but the miniskirts of black or rust antelope, with foot-long self fringe below the hip-hugger yokes, are most apt to make the eye wander their way, even at $165. The Laurent nod to the Gay Nineties involves close-fitting peplum evening bodices (scooped out way down nearly to the waist in front) and long, gathered skirts that end in an impertinent flounce at the hem. A Liberty cotton satin in a vibrant Paisley does these; $90. . . . Design Research, at 53 East 57th Street, cannot forget its cultural relationship with Finland. Cotton is the

The Unspoiled Resort



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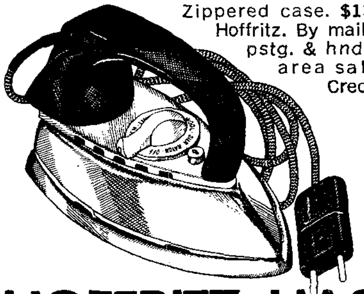

HOFFRITZ HAS IT
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basis of the new shipments—yellow or brown jumpers that close up top with shiny metal snaps, and brown suits, too (the prices, $37 and $51, respectively, include the contrasting dustpans that are imprinted); shirtdresses of smooth-as-flannel cotton jersey in blue-and-white checks; battle jackets, bell-bottom trousers, and overalls in a black-and-white checkerboard pattern; midi-dresses of green cotton that are rows of gathers from throat to high waist and flowers all over. . . . Penthouse Gallery, that bandbox at 1030 Lexington Avenue (73rd), is running a hands-across-the-Pacific operation—not very expensive clothes, from its workrooms in Japan, of polished cotton. Among the most noticeable ones are long wrap-around skirts, mostly in coffee, café-au-lait, and milk-white horizontal stripes broad and narrow, like the streets of Dublin. With them go vertically striped shirts of the material, with three-inch hems, so they can be let down to become minidresses. . . . Splendiferous, at 1312 Third Avenue (75th), which has been looking at the late late movies, is doing Jean Harlow culottes with criss-crossed straps across the bare backs, which are covered by long cardigan coats. The fabric is sunflowery satin-backed crêpe; $125 and $140, respectively. Slinky, that's what they are, and so are the T-shirt mididresses of white satin-backed crêpe. White bubble piqué goes into the construction of hacking jackets and trousers. Polo shirts of beige cotton knit are to be tucked inside cotton duck midiskirts the color of wet sand, and this concatenation comes to but $55. I never knew (who did?) that the Berber tribesmen of the nineteenth century sat around their oases making necklaces out of hand-cut glass rondels in delicate and mingled colors; no Foreign Legion movie ever got that documentary. Anyway, here they seem to be, each with a primitive sort of silver-metal amulet dangling, and good-looking to a high degree. —M. M.

◆

A census-taker in upper Minnesota reported that standard equipment for his flights included "a shotgun loaded with buckshot to be used on wolves, for which a bounty of $35 is paid, and snowshoes in case of forced landings."

Enumerators have interviewed mourse farmers, snake foctors, professional mouners, rug cutters and golf ball winders.

—*The Times.*

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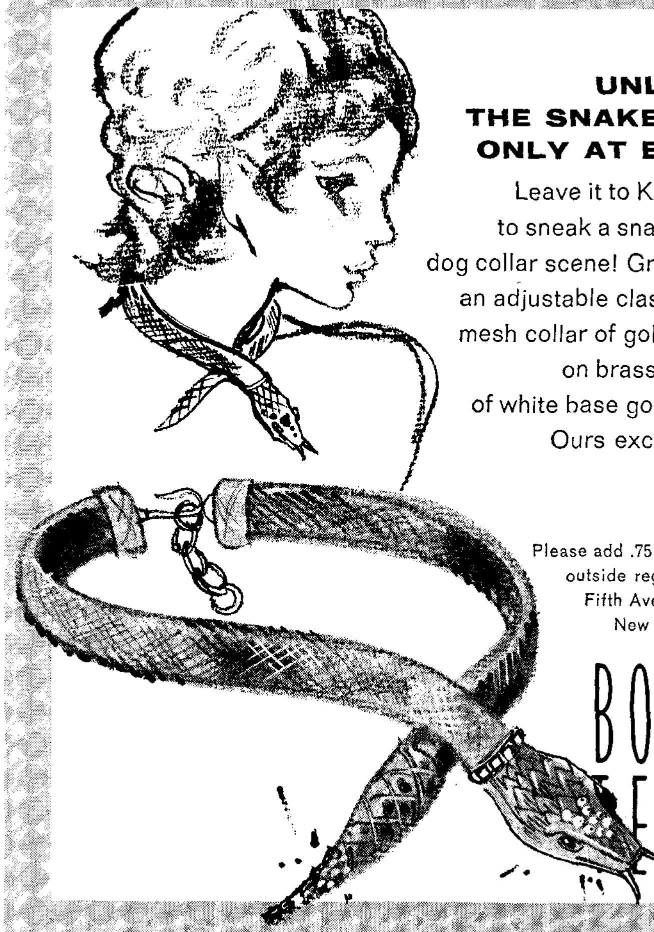

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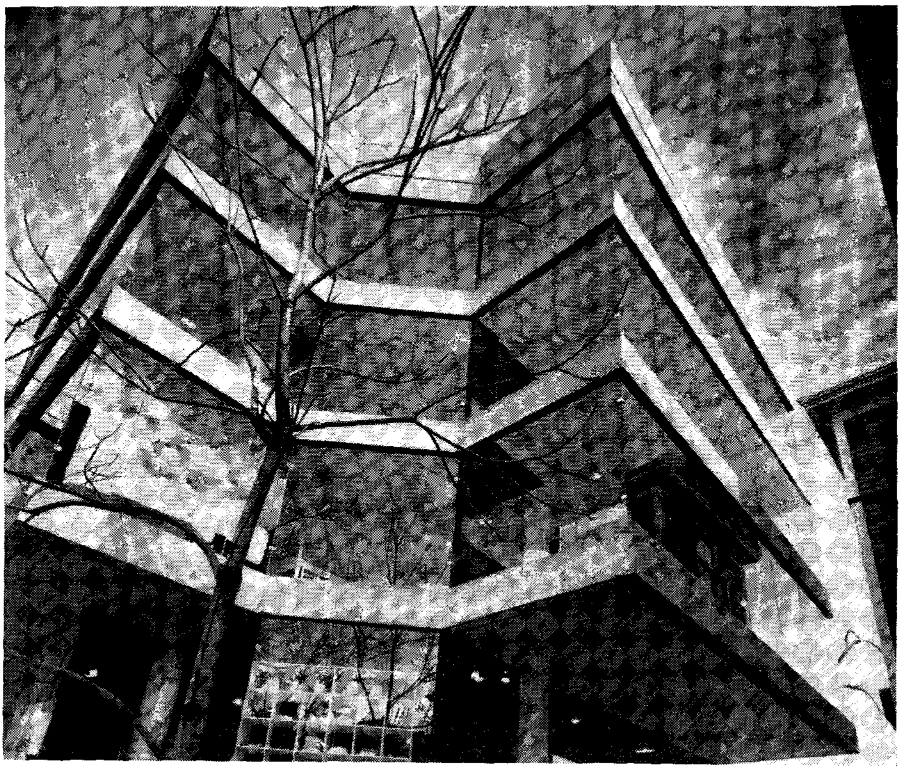

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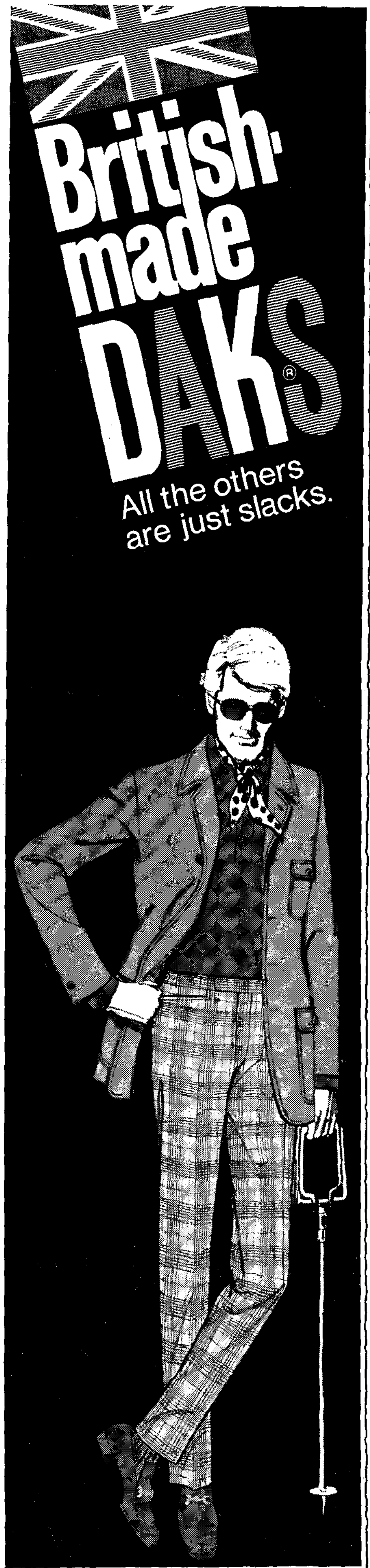
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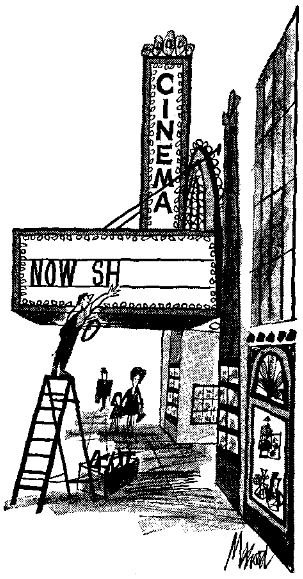
The Dream of an Outrun Man



AFTER the denunciation of Stalin by Khrushchev, a Czech filmmaker named Jaromil Jires lost all his hair in a few weeks. Ivan Passer remembers it happening. Passer is a fine director and screenplay writer, maker of the beautiful "Intimate Lighting," a liberal who left Czechoslovakia in 1968 to try to work in exile here. Jires is still in Prague. They see things differently, but Passer would understand that. "He is a very upright man. We were just on the other side," Passer said once when we were talking about Jires. "He is a romantical man, you see, the kind of romantical which can combine with that orthodoxy." And now the Grove Press International Film Festival shows us Jires' "The Joke," a wry movie that goes to and fro between the days of Stalinism and Dubček's 1968 in the life of a character piteously trapped in that romanticism of the orthodox which permits, as time goes on, only the steel bite of disappointment on the leg of a man trying to move. Jires' complicated and touching hero, called Ludvik Jahn (Josef Somr), is prey to a vicious political melancholy that will never let go. It is nothing like, say, the melancholy of people in Chekhov, which you always feel can turn in a second into some card trick of Carlotta's or some passionate absorption in the way to pickle cucumbers. That melancholy is redeemable because Chekhov never sees it as damning, only as one passing signal of men's limits. But "The Joke" tells us in every scene that Jires himself once lent his heart to the idea that we are systematically perfectible, and his hero's compulsive memory records an unshakable and grieved obsession with the moment of discovering that we aren't. In the scenes twenty years before the Dubček spring, the young Ludvik is still a believer. He may be temperamentally remote from all the folk-dancing and programmed merriment, but this doesn't stop him from being a Party intellectual to the core. He is simply more sardonic and prankish than, say, his earnest girl friend, who says no to going to the country with him in favor of two weeks of Party training. She sends her own kind's version of the conventional holiday postcard, full of enthusiasm about Stalin and the spirit of optimism. Ludvik stoutly writes her a card back: "Optimism is the opium of the people. A healthy spirit smells of stupidity. Long live Trotsky." The girl denounces him and delivers the card to a council of his fellows at university. There is a wonderfully detailed scene when Ludvik is first simply talking to three of these young men but already seems to know the full horror ahead—talking to these old, familiar friends in this old, familiar room and laying out his socks to dry on the radiator while everything is about to change. The postcard is then read aloud in formal session, and he is unanimously condemned, even by his girl friend. She looks round at him with her dangerous chubby face, naïve, full of peasant energies, and strict. There is a cut-in flash of her with him beside a river, with cheerful folk music playing on the sound track, telling him sweetly that the Party has a right to know everything. He is sentenced to six years' terror—an Army camp for "traitors," prison, the mines. His head is shaved, in shots that are even more charged and saddening when you remember Jires' reason for losing his own hair. Sentenced for what? For having a longer sense of history than a totalitarian state can ever put up with? For having a kidding sort of seriousness that is beyond the grasp of the tank-shaped dolts in power? From then on, everything that happens seems upside down to him. He sees a really orthodox prisoner being as misunderstood as he was, but for the opposite reasons—a man so far gone in conformity that he once unblinkingly boasts to the hero that he denounced his father for the sake of the Party is now killed by the prison guards because he insists, deathly ill in the middle of a ludicrous relay race that the others rebelliously bungle, that he isn't anything so politically incorrect as tired. The man is already nearly dead of consumption. A puzzled, tight-faced man in steel-rimmed spectacles. He dies in bafflement.

In the course of the densely intercut film, Ludvik sees betrayal and naïveté everywhere. The long arm of blight stretches out from 1948 to touch the good Prague spring of 1968. You can see it in the way he looks at the exhilarated young, whose sense of present bounty he envies but can't hope to share. You can see it in his face as he listens to old, treacherous friends making easy amends, papering the cracks, pretending that the past never happened, and in his furious terror of women's instinct for idle melodrama, which is an instinct that once again horribly injures him by the end of the film. There is a taste of hell on his tongue, and he can't get rid of it. Even in 1968, it seems to him that the times are not so clearly all right as all that; at one minute he sees something new and wonderful, and then at the next he recognizes the old face of perfidious sunniness. His sense of ambiguity is very honestly recorded. It seems to be Jires' own. The film expresses a character that is honorable, careful not to vilify, and subtle about blame. It must be a difficult personality to have now. Jires has done something unusual and to the point in giving an account of a modern man who has been doomed to pessimism by events but who would give anything to flick the switch in his head. To Ludvik, his own biliousness makes him puny, although an audience will see him differently. A young piece of Trotsky's called "On Optimism and Pessimism, on the Twentieth Century, and on Many Other Things," written early in 1901, sometimes has the voice of Jires' hero as Ludvik tracks over and over the past and wonders whether the present can hold: "If I were one of the bodies of the universe," wrote Trotsky, then still Bronstein, "I would look with detachment on this miserable ball of dust and dirt. . . . I would shine upon the good and the evil alike. . . . But I am a *man*." Somewhere in the time span of the film there must have been a moment when the hero signalled for help, in sight of people, and no one came.

THE same Grove Press Festival includes another Czech film, by Evald Schorm, who earlier made an important movie called "Courage for Every Day" (a title that seems practically designed to raise groans from sophisticates, but it was a beautiful and

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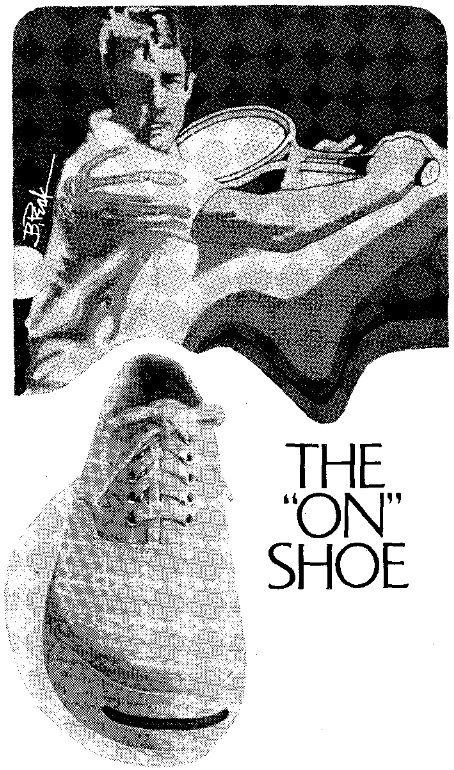

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serious film). This new picture is called "End of a Priest," which again sounds unwatchable, I suppose. Anyway. We are in a village full of extremely separate and serious enterprises, a little like Tati's village in "Jour de Fête." A puppet show is going on. A bedridden old lady, keen on the Church, is fobbed off with TV by the family in the frail hope of stopping her from being bored, although there is a snatch of televised "Der Rosenkavalier" when she looks as if she would like to do the sopranos quite a damage. Now and then she bangs angrily on the floor with a cane to find out what's going on, and righteously refuses to be put to sleep with her dinner at half past four in the afternoon. Outside, the citizens on legs fight, booze, make love, and stumble crossly over pigs. Generalship of the place is vied for by a worried-looking sexton and a very fat schoolteacher who doubles as the head of the fire department and as the voice of atheist socialism. The sexton is plagued with Doubts, not about God but about his career. He would like to be a success. A priest, or a messiah. The godly egg him on by innocently pressing him to baptize them, join them in matrimony, and administer last rites. Everyone seems extremely preoccupied, as people often are in funny films and plays, and hellbent on self-assigned tasks that are a little off course in the eyes of the others. The orotund teacher, murmuring Chekhovian things about the better life that lies ahead for everybody, would pressingly like an armistice with his rival. He pursues the sexton through a graveyard to convince him that only the *smallest* disagreements lie between them, "such as belief in God." Sometimes, driven too far, he will tell his pupils sharply that choir-singing and altar-boying isn't going to teach them arithmetic, while some poor boy who has made five plus three minus two come to ten shivers in front of the blackboard. The teacher will then say "God can't save you, Jude," march him severely into the corridor, and be furtively nice to him. This teacher is a valiant man. He has installed a public-address system for, he optimistically holds, ideological reasons: "A sign of prosperity." The sight of a sozzled tramp distresses him because it theoretically can't be there: "Our society has eliminated hoboes." Later, much stirred, he introduces a shining new fire engine. "You might ask," he says rhetorically, reading a speech and forbidding anyone to ask any such thing, "why a fire engine when we've done

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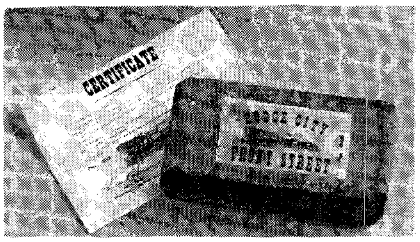

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away with fires? And yet it will serve as a warning to anyone who might want to cause a fire. With this beautiful fire engine," he says, in love with the thing, and also with all other symbols of social hope and of advancement into a splendid future, "we shall never have a fire in the village." Everyone in the film seems to have his own powers of private and sustaining indignation, even the bedridden old woman, who declines absolutely to take bed as a sign of invalidism. The teacher—whose way of opening every other sentence with some thought about the government sends her eyelids flying shut instantly—tells her crushingly that she can't possibly have anything to confess when she's been flat on her back all these years, but she insists with dignified fury that she has sinned in *thought* and in *word*. The sexton meanwhile struggles with his ambitions and his conscience. The village bombards him with tempting ceremonies. A sprightly parishioner brings him an awful piece of religious art, obviously with the dumb hope that it will be nice for him to see a picture so right up his street. "Look," says the villager, "the Saviour's eyes follow you everywhere." The sexton covers his face. Just as he feared. Schorm's film has some comic business that seems farced up and feeble, but it is worth bearing with that for a movie that is often funny, detailed, sad, and Slav. The passing strong likeness of the sexton to President Nixon in a good mood adds its wistful savor. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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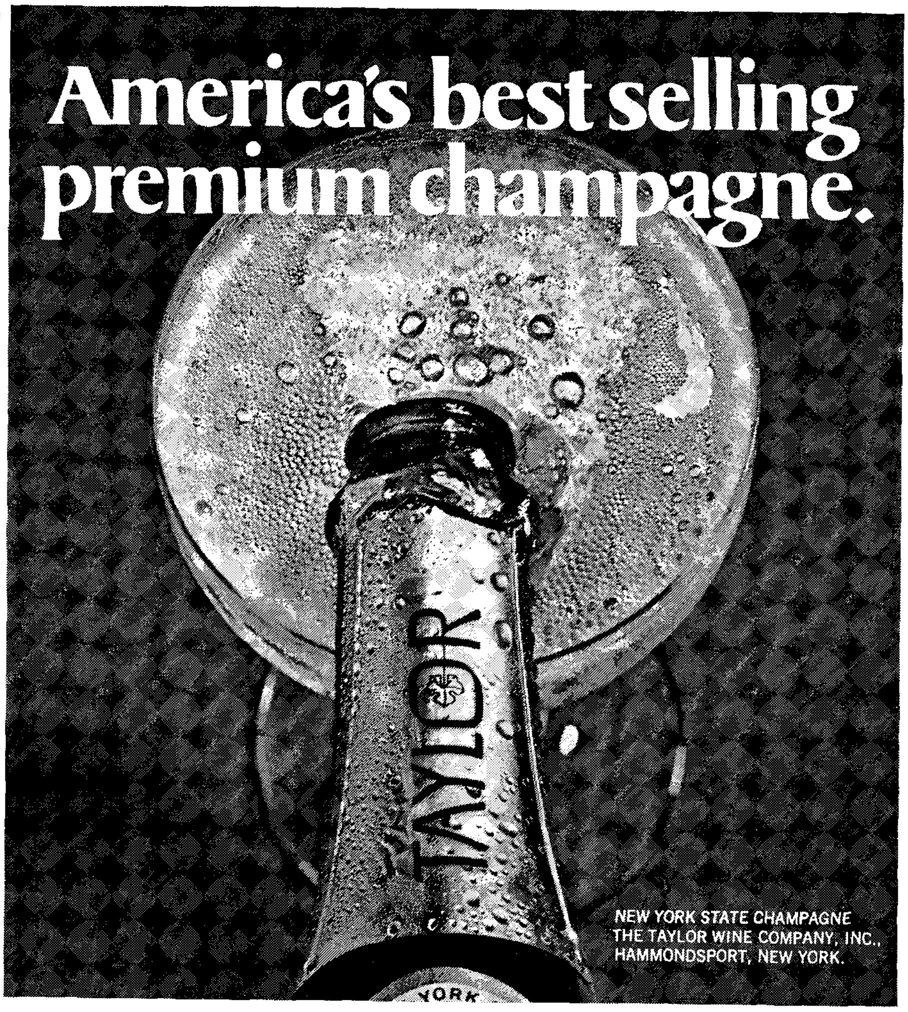
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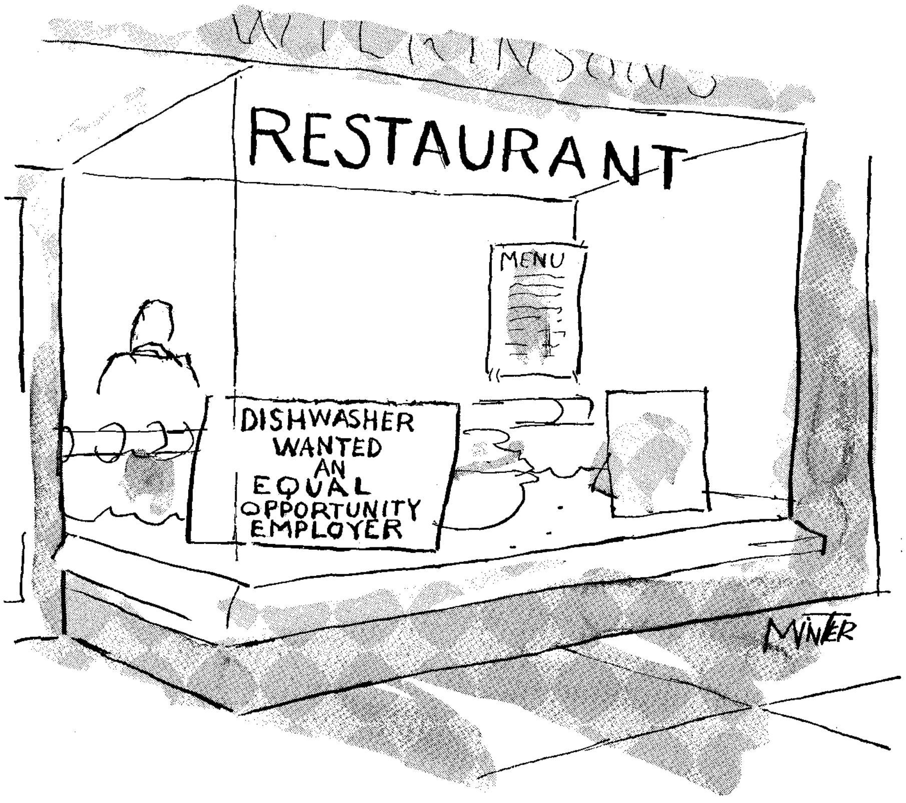
ALL DRESSED UP AND NO PLACE TO GO

I RECEIVE a telephone call not long ago from an Al St. Clair, inviting me to the fifth annual Mobile Jazz Festival. St. Clair, who lives in Mobile and is a member of the festival committee, says that he has read a piece I have written on the gloomy state of jazz and that I might be cheered by the festival, which is devoted wholly to high-school and college jazz bands. The festival is small, nonprofit, and run on a competitive basis by a handful of young jazz-minded Mobilians. This year, twelve high-school bands will compete, as well as fourteen big and small college groups from nine states, most of them Southern. The judges will include Thad Jones (cornet), Larry Ridley (bass), and three Mobilians—Mundell Lowe (guitar) and the brothers Al and Urbie Green (piano and trombone). St. Clair says that the music has been imposing in past years, and should be even better this year. I accept.

My trip, a few days later, on a Thursday, is par for the course. We are an hour late taking off (no plane), and when we stop in Atlanta the end of the left wing slams into a parked food truck. The truck jumps several feet, and a football-size hole is opened in the wing. We are transferred to another airline and another plane, on which I run into Jones and Ridley. Jones, who is tall, thickset, and funny, is a C.B.S. staff man in New York as well as a co-leader of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band, and Ridley, who is younger, smaller, and equally funny, has played a college gig with George Wein's band the night before in Maine and has been travelling ever since. A cloudburst keeps us on the runway for an hour, and we arrive in Mobile four hours late. St. Clair, a patient, quiet man, meets us (he has kept tabs on us, mysteriously, by "calling the computer" in Atlanta) and drives us to the Admiral Semmes Hotel, where the judges meet briefly and are given mimeographed sheets on which they are to grade the categories of Selection, Rhythm, Interpretation, Blend, Precision, and Dynamics. They are also to choose three big-band winners and three small-band winners, and they decide this year to disregard appearances and "presentation," on the basis that the music is what matters. A sliced-turkey-and-baked-potato dinner is held in the hotel for the festival committee, the judges, and the directors of the college bands. I sit between Lowe and Lee Fortier, the director of the Southeastern Louisiana College band. Lowe, who is in his late forties, is gracious and easygoing and lives in Los Angeles, where he is a free-lance composer and arranger. He gave up on New York five years ago, he says, and doesn't understand why he hasn't lived in California all his life. He and Fortier, who is about the same age, appear to have known each other in the old days, when Fortier was a trumpeter with Woody Herman and Hal McIntyre. Fortier is earnest and fast-talking. "I still play an occasional gig," he says. "I subbed for Al Hirt at his place in New Orleans three years ago, but those days on the road are gone for me. I have two daughters and a son and I've put down my roots. I've got a bachelor of music and a master of music from L.S.U., and I'm the musical director at Broadmoor High, which is in Baton Rouge. I started the first high-school stage band in Louisiana nine years ago, and before that I had an all-parish band. I also direct the stage band at Southeastern, which is over in Hammond. The kids I teach in high school have good taste, and they're very choosy. They have to join the concert band first, and we draw the stage band from that. They listen to jazz and they like good rock. I remember one of them bringing me a record by Blood, Sweat, and Tears before the group was anyways known nationally, and saying, 'What do you think of *this*?' I play a lot of jazz for them—Buddy Rich, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, Don Ellis, Woody, and the old Basie band. And Charlie Parker and Clifford Brown and Coltrane. I play the old Basie records for time. That's the kids' biggest hang-up—time—and I'm a nut on the subject. And I recommend Jerry Coker's fine paperback, 'Improvising Jazz.' Most of the emphasis in the stage band is on ensemble, but every once in a while a bunch of us sit around with our horns and get some blues going. I write some chords on the blackboard and we go around from instrument to instrument and change key and go around again, and they learn a little about improvising. The kids love the stage band. I could call a rehearsal any time of day or night and they'd be there. And when they graduate they come to me and say, 'Man, I hate to leave high school,' because they may be going to study medicine or engineering at a college where there isn't any stage band. It isn't easy for those that decide to stay in music. It's mostly studio work after college, or teaching, but maybe rock will be the way out. Last year, a bunch of the kids had a rock band with four or five horns and solos and they really had something going."



BY eight o'clock, we are in the new Municipal Theatre, which has fine acoustics. James Brown is holding forth next door in the Municipal Auditorium, and there are two basketball games on television tonight. Brown and basketball are big in Mobile, and the house is only half full. The judges are seated in a transverse aisle at a table with student lamps. They have their heads together and are laughing. Their faces are lit from below and they look like cowpunchers around a fire. The Glassboro Lab Band, from New Jersey, opens the proceedings, which are devoted to the first half of the college groups. It is nineteen-strong and weak in the knees rhythmically, but it has a good pianist and an interesting bass trombonist. The Ray Fransen Quintet, from Loyola, is made up of trumpet, alto saxophone, guitar, bass, and the leader on drums. The bass player is black—the first for the evening. The group plays Eddie Harris's "Cryin' Blues" in a tight, swinging, Horace Silver way. Fransen is an excellent drummer, and his soloists are commendable post-bop performers. The University of Alabama Stage Band has thirty pieces, and it includes one Negro (on organ) and four girls. It is a show band, with almost no solos, and it, too, has rhythmic problems. The Butler-Farmer-Jackson Pack—alto, tenor, and baritone saxophones, trombone, piano, bass, and drums—is out of Southern University, and is all black. The saxophonists reveal admiration for John Coltrane, and the group moves capably, in the manner of the Herbie Hancock sextet. The Morehead State University Stage Band, from Kentucky, is surprising. The drummer is tough and sounds like the old Don Lamond, and there is a wild, red-headed alto saxophonist and flutist named Red Clark. In a complicated number, "Concertino," a trombone, a trumpet, and an alto saxophone move to one side of the stage, where they solo and play ensemble figures, and are answered by the rest of the band. The gimmick works. The Louisiana State University New Orleans Combo is led by Ben Smalley, a trumpeter and flugelhornist, and has piano, bass, and drums. Smalley, who is diminutive, plays with a sweet, florid precision. The group does "Here's That Rainy Day," "On the Trail," and a Brubeck number. Smalley would have little trouble in any New York or Los Angeles studio. The evening is closed by the University of Southern Mississippi Jazz Lab Band. It hustles, and in one number three soloists play at once, and in another four French horns appear and the saxophone section doubles on a total of twenty instruments. Like the two groups just ahead of it, it is all white.

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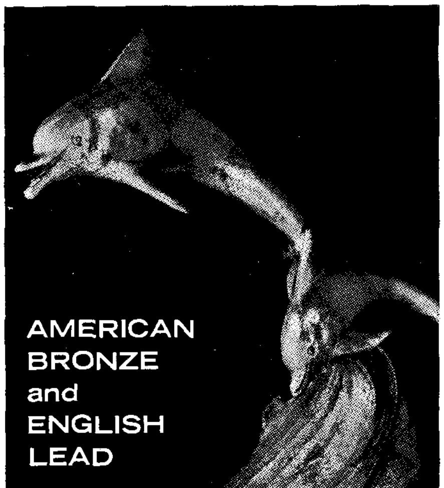

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me to a party at Bill Lagman's house. Live oaks, mossy and thick-trunked, clasp hands across the streets, and the antebellum houses sit back on their plots, their big, elegant windows staring through porches and columns. They are 1830 New England houses, grown fat in an easy climate. Lagman, St. Clair tells me, has led a dance band for thirty years in Mobile and is on the festival committee. A year or two ago, his musical faithfulness was rewarded with the Mr. Mobile Music Award. The guests are mainly involved with the festival. A fine buffet offers shrimps remoulade. After a while, Mundell Lowe, Thad Jones, and Al Green gather in a small room off the kitchen, where there is an upright piano. Lowe has his guitar and Jones his cornet, and Green, a constantly smiling man who taught his extraordinary younger brother, Urbie, sits down at the piano. A local bassist appears. It is the best possible way to hear jazz, and the music is easy and affecting. Jones plays with startling freshness, and Green is a good late-swing pianist. Lowe, who does not perform much anymore, settles slowly into his instrument, and the muscles around his mouth reflect his pleasure. There are blues and ballads, and Lagman gets out his trumpet and joins in. He has the gentle, old-lady tone of the older New Orleans trumpeters, and the contrast between him and Jones, who has a brilliant tone and a nervous, punching attack, is marvellous. I wish that the kids could be there.

I HAVE a late breakfast on Friday with Chuck Suber, the publisher of *Down Beat*. He is an intense, unassuming man in his late forties, and he has spent a good deal of the past fifteen years travelling the country and helping to put the high-school and college stage-band movement on its feet. He hands me a six-page brochure he has written, "How to Organize a School Jazz Festival-Clinic." It is terse and enthusiastic and exhaustive. He talks in much the same way: "Generally, the first music teachers in the public schools in this century were Sousa men, displaced when concerts in the parks and such began to give way after the First World War to the Model T and the movies. The next wave of teachers was made up in large part of dance-band men displaced after the Second World War, when the big bands began to disappear. Gene Hall, an inspired leader and teacher, organized the first college stage-band course in 1947, at North Texas State. He coined the euphemism 'stage band' simply be-

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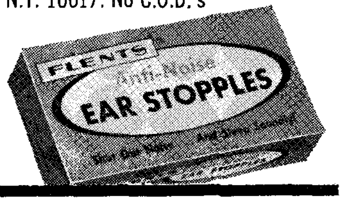

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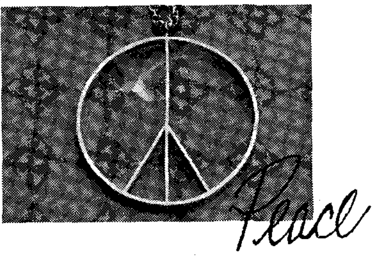

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cause the terms 'jazz band' and 'dance band' were not acceptable in academic circles. Concurrently, jazz musicians were studying at the Westlake College of Music, on the Coast, and in Boston, at the Berklee School of Music, which has now become a four-year college with an enrollment of nine hundred and fifty. The first high-school stage-band festival was held in Brownwood, Texas, in 1952. There were nine or ten bands. I was there, and it excited me tremendously. Gradually, Gene Hall graduates began fanning out—getting jobs in high schools and colleges, starting stage bands, fighting for recognition—and their students did the same thing. The Farmingdale High School Dance Band, from Long Island, with Marshall Brown as its director, appeared at Newport in 1957, and became the first high-school jazz band to gain national recognition. In fact, it was something of a sensation. The next year, the International Youth Band, which had kids from all over Europe and the U.S.A., was another Newport success. By 1960, Stan Kenton was hiring sidemen from North Texas State, and the thing had mushroomed. Fifteen or sixteen thousand high schools of all kinds now have stage-band courses, and there are sixty-two regional high-school festivals, some of them with as many as a hundred and twenty-six competing groups. Six colleges offer majors in jazz, or the equivalent of it, and four hundred and fifty colleges have accredited jazz courses. There is also a loose federation of a dozen or so college festivals, held, among other places, in Hamden, Connecticut, and Notre Dame, Little Rock, the University of Utah, San Francisco Valley College, and here in Mobile. Each sends a winning big band, combo, and vocalist to the National Collegiate Festival. The first such festival was held in Miami Beach, in 1967, and the fourth one will be given in Urbana, Illinois, in May."

I ask Suber where this flood of musicians hopes to work after college.

"That's the great problem. Some will try and make it on the road and some will wind up in the studios, but most of them will probably go into teaching, which of course results in a kind of closed-circuit, self-perpetuating system. Another problem is with the blacks. Integration has been slow, and many of the black schools, still hung up on the Negro-middle-class distaste for jazz, have nobody to organize and teach stage bands. But the whole program, despite the cul-de-sac conditions

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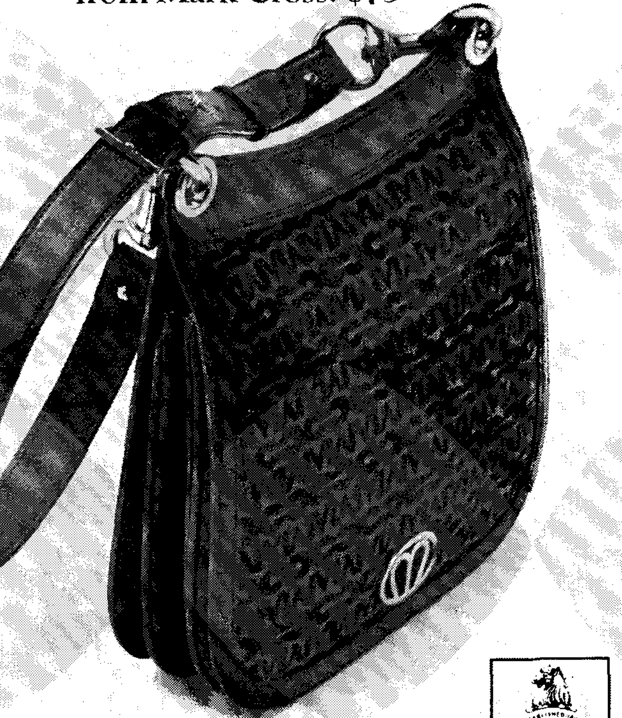

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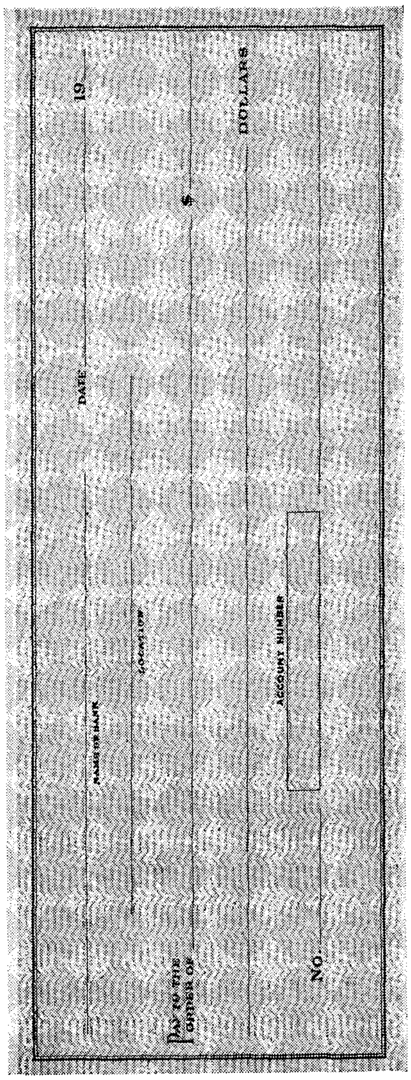

in jazz these days, is well worth it. It teaches the kids about a great, unique form of music. It teaches them a little about improvisation. Most important, it teaches them a valuable form of self-expression in an increasingly repressive and unoriginal society."

SUBER is a judge at the high-school competition this afternoon. We get to the Municipal Theatre just before one-thirty. A dozen bands are scheduled. All are from Alabama, with the exception of the Starliners, from Bowie, Maryland, and the Holy Cross Stage Band, from New Orleans. It is only the second time the Mobile Festival has included a high-school competition. The house, which is nearly full, is made up largely of the relatives and friends of the musicians. Giggling and squirming are constant, and now and then a row of kids, uprooted by winds of enthusiasm, rises, flows down an aisle, and subsides in another row—pigeons suddenly clouding the air and settling fifty feet away. Solos, numbers, and sets are cheered wildly, and when each band finishes its members file into the audience and sit in a clump. Feeling relieved and possibly heroic, with the eyes of a grateful audience riveted on them, they whisper and elbow one another. If the succeeding band sounds uncertain, the whispering becomes a steady counterpoint, but if the new group is obviously superior they grow still, amateurs digging old pros. Some of the bands are out of tune, some sag rhythmically, and many are marching bands in disguise. They play Neal Hefti, Marshall Brown, Stan Kenton, Blood, Sweat, and Tears, and the Beatles. The afternoon is a tossup between the Holy Cross Stage Band and the Murphy High Band, from Mobile. Both play the Beatles' irresistible "Hey Jude," but Murphy High, warmed by the bosom of local pride, builds a stunning pyramid of sound in its final choruses and brings the house to a boil. The last group is unbelievably old-fashioned ("That Old Black Magic," "I'll Be Around"), and provides a calming anticlimax.

I fall into an ironic reverie, remembering the music scene in my high school, in the early forties. We had a band, or, rather, we had two bands—a ten-piece "big" one, which played dreary stock arrangements of the "Johnson Rag" and "Stardust," and a splinter Dixieland group. But it was an underground operation. We had no teacher or director. We were allowed to use a rehearsal room in the basement of the school chapel only when it

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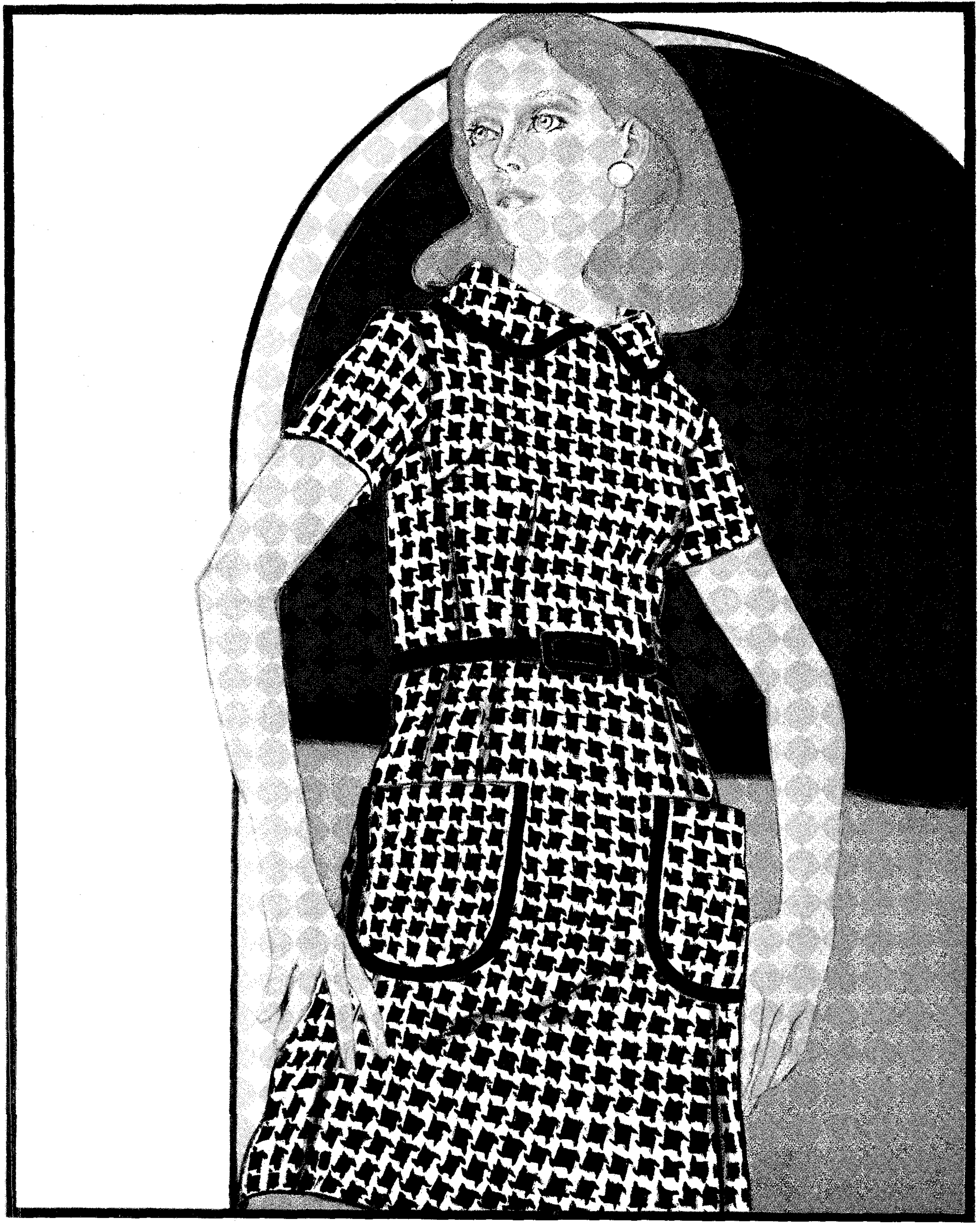

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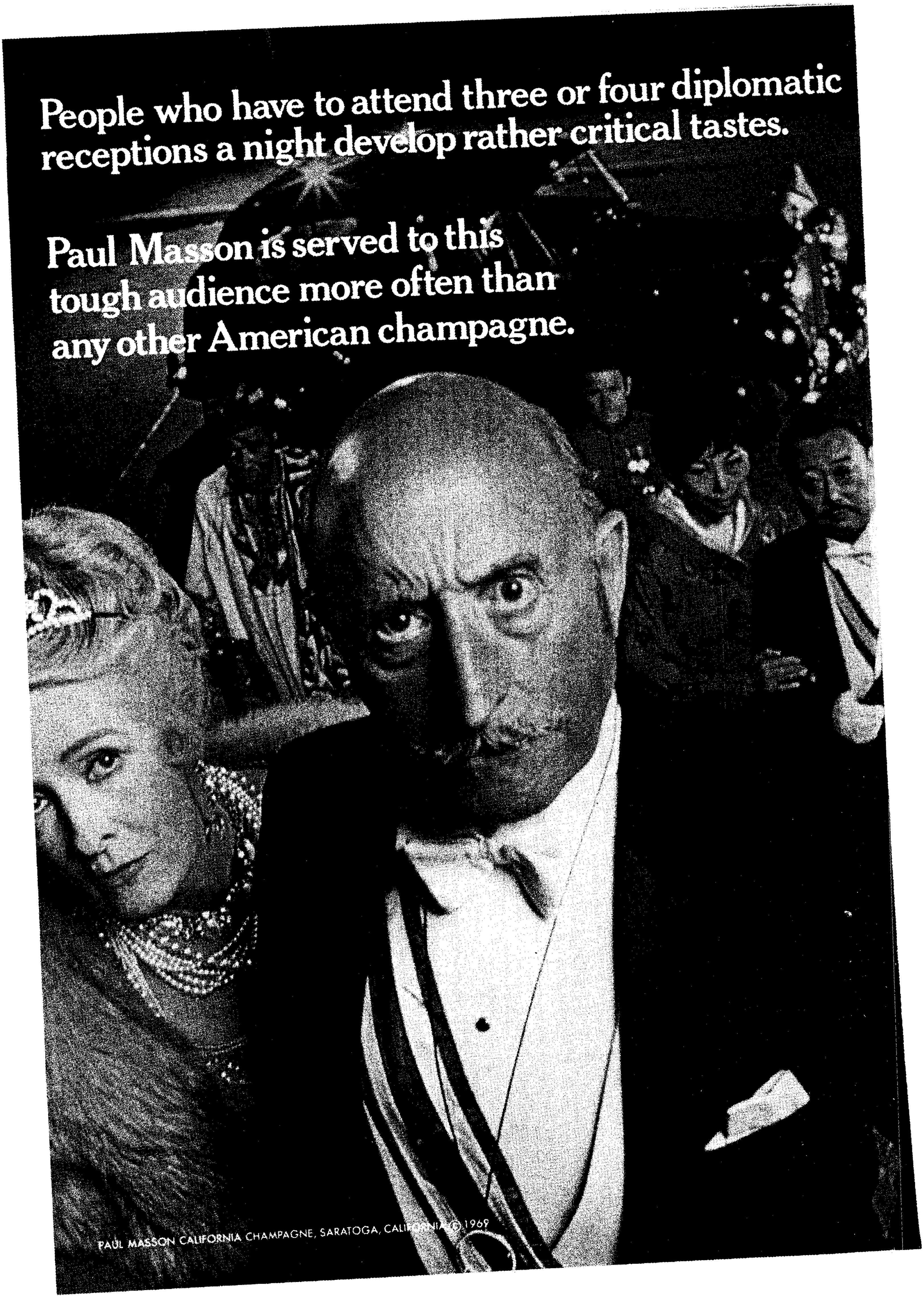

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PAUL MASSON CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA © 1969 was not occupied by the longhairs or the marching band. We provided our own arrangements, our own instruments, and even our own raison d'être, by giving illicit, well-attended jam sessions in the chapel basement. (During them, the resident music teacher, high-domed and wearing trousers invariably six inches too short, would poke his head in, and if he didn't throw us out would smirk and slam the door. The glee club, which he directed, was warmly received at neighboring girls' schools.) Most of the musicians were terrible, but the exceptions were memorable. There were a couple of flashy drummers patterned on Gene Krupa, a bass player with the power of Wellman Braud and the precision of Jimmy Blanton, and a musing, gentle cornettist who could play all of Bix Beiderbecke. There was also a tenor saxophonist from Maine, who, though he couldn't speak two coherent sentences, played exactly like Lester Young. But those were champion times. We *were* Krupas and Blantons and Youngs, and since jazz had reached one of its peaks, our idols were almost always within sustaining reach. Now jazz has grown lean and withdrawn, but every backwoods high school has a *Good Housekeeping* approved jazz band with school-supplied instruments, arrangements, practice halls, and teachers. A huge army of potential professionals, all dressed up and no place to go.

ANOTHER dinner is given before this evening's concert, at which the remaining college groups will play. The festival committee and the judges attend the dinner, and the judges are presented with miniature silver tankards. St. Clair takes me through the Municipal Auditorium on the way to the theatre. It is almost the size of the Houston Astrodome and is packed with dining Shriners. The music tonight at the festival is, by and large, several notches above last night's. The Jacksonville State University Band plays Buddy Rich's version of the Beatles' "Norwegian Wood," and there is a fine, bursting trombone solo in "Summertime." The next group, a quintet from the University of Florida, is made up of semi-ringers, for its members are graduate students. They pump sternly through a couple of free-for-all "new thing" numbers, and sound like an Archie Shepp ensemble, minus the humor. The Loyola University Jazz Lab Band, which I have heard about for several years, plays four swinging, precise numbers, one of them Don Ellis's difficult "In a Turkish Bath." It has

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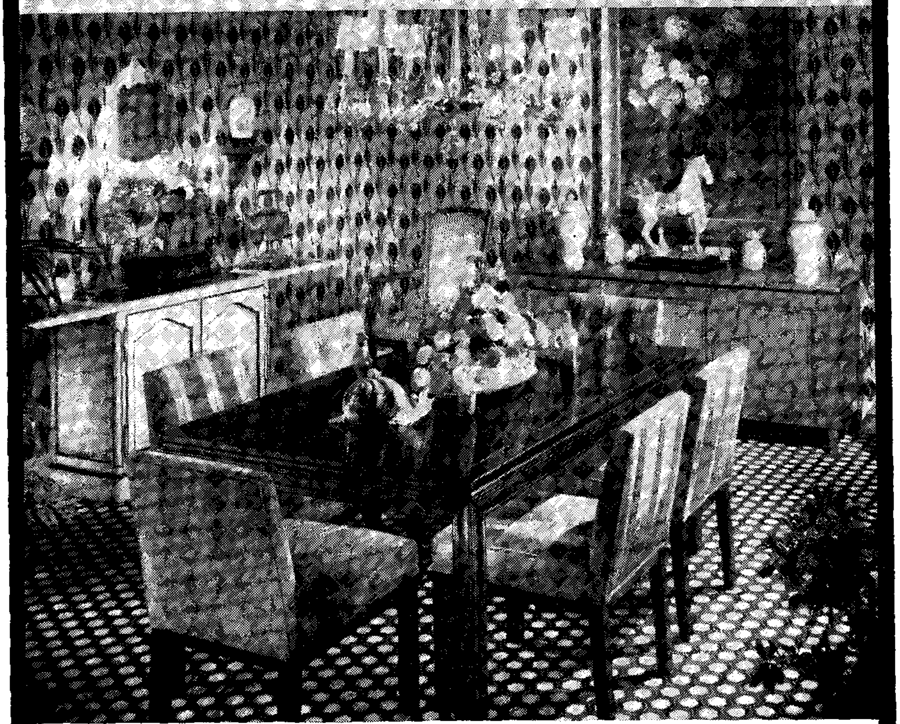

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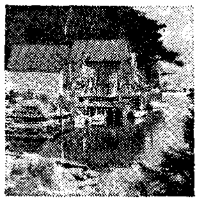

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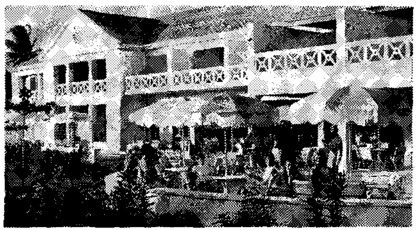

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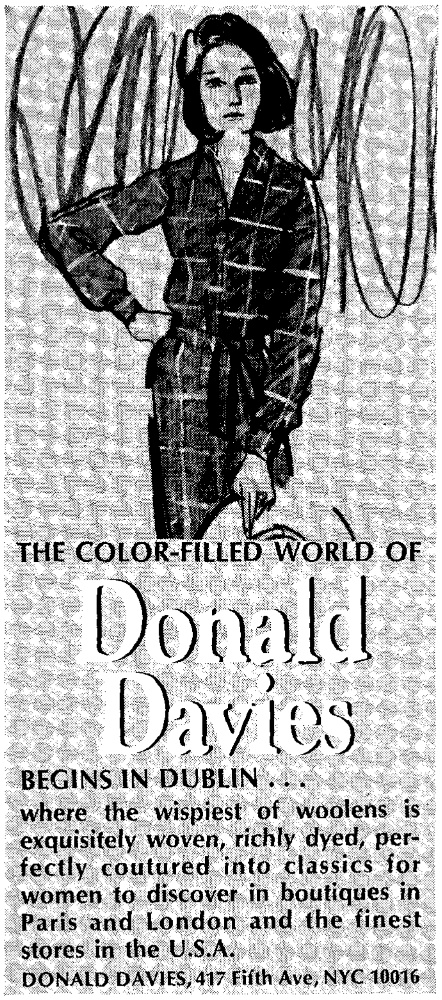

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a Negro bassist. Ray Fransen is on drums, and he makes everything cook. It is the best band we have heard yet. Some comic relief follows. The University Debs, hailing from Ball State University, in Indiana, and made up of eight very assorted girls accompanied by a rhythm section, yoohoo their way through a milky gospel number, some soft rock, and an imitation blues. The Louisiana State University Jazz Lab Band, which boasts the second Negro performer of the evening, is built mainly around the trumpet and flugelhorn of Ben Smalley. A nine-piece group, the Texas Southern University Contemporary Jazz Ensemble, has two whites and seven blacks, and is the first really integrated band at the festival. It is expert. It plays one long three-part number that suggests George Russell. The last band of the evening, Lee Fortier's Southeastern *Louisiana* College Stage Band, is every bit as good as a Woody Herman band, and three of its numbers, arranged and/or written by an alumnus, Joe Cacibaudia, are fascinating. They are full of satisfying, teeth-grinding harmonies, a variety of rhythms, and subtle dynamics. The band handles all this without a quaver.

The competition is over, and the judges retire to a dressing room to choose the winners. There is a good deal of badinage, some of it salty. The University Debs are awarded a special prize, since they are in a class by themselves. Not surprisingly, Morehead, Loyola, and Southeastern sweep the big bands, while Ray Fransen's Loyola group, the University of Florida Quintet (the grad students), and Texas Southern (the integrated group) take the small-band honors. Suber and his compeers have already named the Holy Cross band the winner of the afternoon. Tomorrow night, all eight winners will give a display program.

Off to another party with St. Clair, this one at a doctor's house, where a Dixieland band made up of local businessmen is to perform. The living room is built around an indoor garden with small trees, and the music is paunchy and purple-faced. A stocky man in his late thirties tells me that he acts as the group's bandboy. He says the band doesn't take itself seriously. I note the standing microphones in front of the band, the bank of recording equipment beside it, the stacks of tape, and the glistening instruments. Thad Jones sits in against his will—a cheetah pursued by hippos. Suber and I talk of the times when his father, who was head of Local 802, in New York, took

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ON Saturday morning, I learn that someone got brutish with Thad Jones at the end of last night's party, and that, on top of that, his horn has been stolen from his hotel room. It is not the horn but the mouthpiece that matters. A trumpeter builds his chops around his mouthpiece, and adjusting to a new one is like starting a new career. I wander over to the theatre, where rehearsals are in progress, to talk with Ray Fransen, who seems the most confident and gifted musician in the festival. I notice that Mobile, like all old Southern towns, comes in warring parts. I'm in the middle of town, but I pass a sagging antebellum house and a field-size lot, full of knee-high grass and gap-toothed shrubbery. Beyond the house, I can see the twelve-story Admiral Semmes and the thirty-three-story First National Bank Building. The celebrated Mobile azaleas are in bloom, but the sour, noxious odor that rolled over the town yesterday, compliments of Mobile's two paper mills, still hangs in the air. Blacks seem to make it all right in the public places, but there haven't been many at the parties, and a member of the festival committee has told me that when the leaders of N.O.W., a civil-rights group, were invited to the festival, one of them told him that they would attend, so long as they didn't get "rained on" in the Municipal Theatre. The town cherishes its past, but one of its chief diversions is listening in on police calls.

I find Fransen backstage. He is compact and round-faced and bearded. He is also articulate, outspoken, and out of step with his generation, for he has a strong sense of tradition. "I was born in New Orleans, and I've lived there all my life. No one in my family plays an instrument, but I was always exposed to music—to Cole Porter and Gershwin and even Art Tatum. When I was a kid, I was real fat and introverted, and I used to stay home and listen to the old people's radio station, WWL. My father's a Nicaraguan. He's a dentist and a damned good one, and I guess it was he who, if he didn't lead me into music, allowed me into it. He loves music as art and he loves manual dexterity. I started lessons on drums six years ago, and on the side I played in rock groups. Both experiences dragged me. I went the whole rudimental route in the drum class, but drum rudiments are just like scales—a means to an end and not an end. I got tired of rock drumming quick; I didn't

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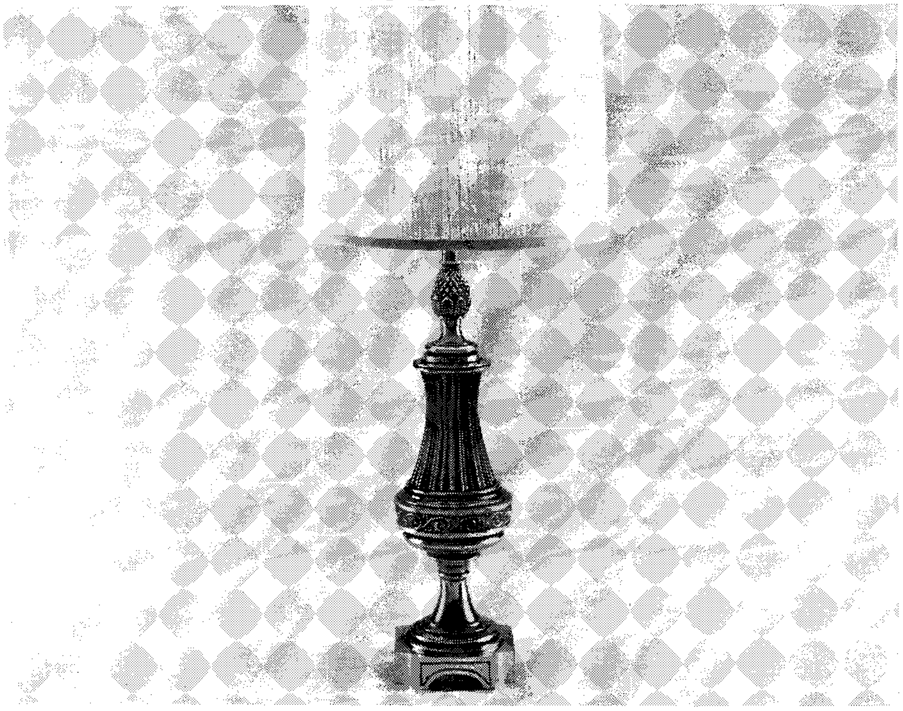

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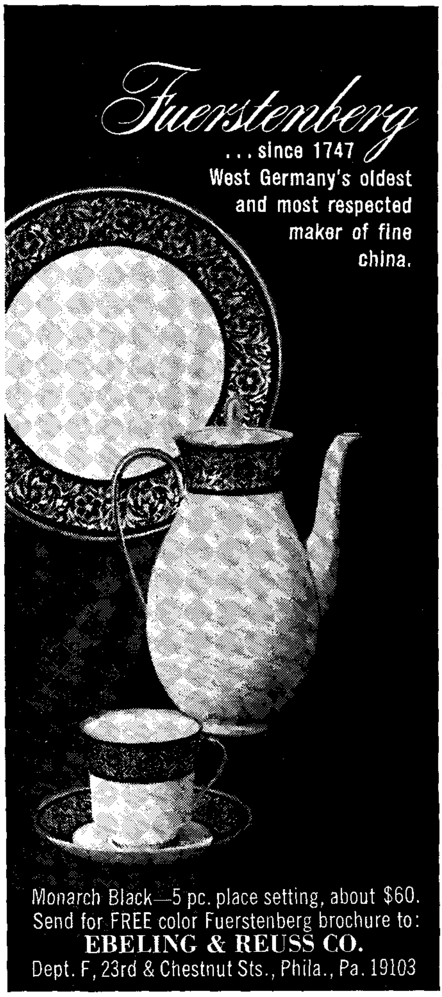

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want to blow my eardrums out. Anyway, that's changing. The rock musicians are stretching out their numbers and getting into solos and other instruments than guitars. I consider myself a percussionist. I've learned most of the percussion instruments, including tympani and vibes. I'm going to do graduate work in ethno-musicology, but my prime interest is in being a performer. I'm not interested in amassing a fortune, but rather than prostitute myself musically I'd sell shoes. Fortunately, with my background, I could probably get a job in a symphonic organization or in jazz or with certain rock groups. The reason the kids ignore jazz is partly because they associate it with parents, with a different era. It's supposed to be acquainted with brothels, and brothels are out. But when they *do* listen, they hear the excitement. I took my quintet into a small beer lounge on campus a while back, and at first nothing happened. Then it caught on and now the place is packed. But the kids are denying roots. They only want what's now. They say, I don't want to study Dixieland, but I say, Man, you don't have to *study* it, just know what it is. The past is there for a cat to take what he needs from it. Paul Desmond listened to Lester Young and Gil Evans to Brahms, and they wouldn't be what they are if they hadn't. I listen and steal from everybody—Gene Krupa and Sidney Catlett and Chick Webb—and recently I've been listening to Joe Morello and Buddy Rich and Grady Tate. That's the drag about my generation—tossing everything out and replacing it with nothing. It's ridiculous. Everybody hates what's going on, but nobody has any solutions."

THERE aren't many surprises at tonight's performance. A lot of new material is brought out, though, including numbers by Charlie Mingus, Luis Bonfa, and Clifford Brown, and the Ball State Debs have new hairdos. Everyone plays well. For some reason, the trophies are handed out after the theatre has emptied, but it is good to see the three hundred or so kids cheering the winners and keeping their disappointments to themselves. The judges make the awards—all except Thad Jones, who flew home earlier today. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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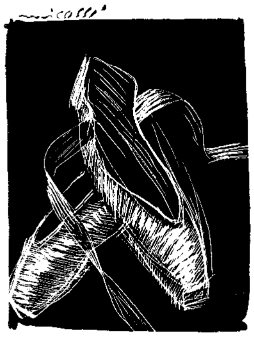
MUSICAL EVENTS

Homage

I HAVE never witnessed a festival of love quite like the "Salud Casals," which took place in Philharmonic Hall last Wednesday night. The American Symphony Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, Beverly Sills, Roland Gagnon, Rudolf Serkin, and no less than a hundred cellists from all over the world assembled to do honor to the ninety-three-year-old man who is widely regarded as the greatest living musician. And the great man himself, Pablo Casals, showed up to conduct one of his own compositions. All these good people were contributing their services for the benefit of the American Symphony Orchestra Free Concerts for Children and the United Nations International School. The idea was thought up by Mrs. Samuel Rubin, long-time supporter of the orchestra, and the seats were priced to bring in plenty of money. The hall was filled to capacity, and tremendous applause and standing ovations were the order of the evening. Only a churlish fellow like me would note that Miss Sills was not in very good voice and that there were places in Beethoven's "Emperor" Piano Concerto where one was not certain that Mr. Serkin and Mr. Stokowski would arrive at the same point at the same time. Obviously there had not been a tremendous amount of rehearsal. But this is a small point in view of the festive atmosphere of the occasion. Mr. Stokowski started things off with a performance of Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3. Miss Sills sang some exceedingly difficult and showy arias by Bellini, Rossini, and Donizetti while Mr. Gagnon accompanied her on the conductor's podium. Mr. Stokowski did one of his Bach transcriptions, and then came the Beethoven concerto. Mr. Stokowski conducted Mr. Casals' choral work "O Vos Omnes" in an arrangement the conductor had made for brass instruments. After that, Miss Angie Brooks, president of the United Nations General Assembly, made a speech. Finally, Mr. Casals made his way to the podium. The second he arrived there and grasped the baton he was transformed into a youthful and imperious maestro. Many of us have known, despite his infrequent appearances, that Mr. Casals is one of the finest conductors now extant, and he proceeded to demonstrate the fact with his Sardana for Cello Orchestra, which was played by all those cellists plus a lone flutist who blew some introductory phrases. I had never before in my life seen even twenty, let alone a hundred, cellists perform together. The sight was as impressive as it was unusual, and the sound, as evoked by Mr. Casals, was something to remember. The audience went wild. The Sardana had to be repeated. Everybody, I am sure, went home happy.



Mr. Casals' two pieces—the "O Vos Omnes" and the Sardana—are unpretentious but noble compositions. He has never paid any attention to current fads, and as a composer he is his own man. Modern "experimental" composers would call his method of composing old-fashioned and conservative, in spite of an episode of bitonality in the Sardana in which two different groups of cellists play different keys simultaneously. I have an idea that these compositions will be played long after the work of the avant-garde is forgotten. Perhaps there will not always be a hundred cellists available for the Sardana, but it will sound almost as imposing with eight or sixteen. (I was baffled by that one hundred, for I had examined the score and found that the work is written in eight parts, which would mean twelve and a half cellists for each part, but apparently the problem was solved without bisecting anybody. Anyhow, the result was magnificent.)

During his lifetime, Casals (as was true of Beethoven and Mozart and most other great composers in *their* time) has been known primarily as a great performing artist. It has also been known that he is the composer of a large number of works, which, if they are like the Sardana, are of supreme importance. They have not often been performed, however. The style-setters—most of them influential composers—have frowned on this sort of music and forced us to listen to perfectly miserable concoctions, as if it were our duty to hear only things that make audiences suffer. Meanwhile, the real art of composition has assumed a sort of underground status. Fine works

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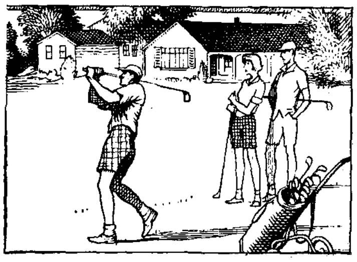

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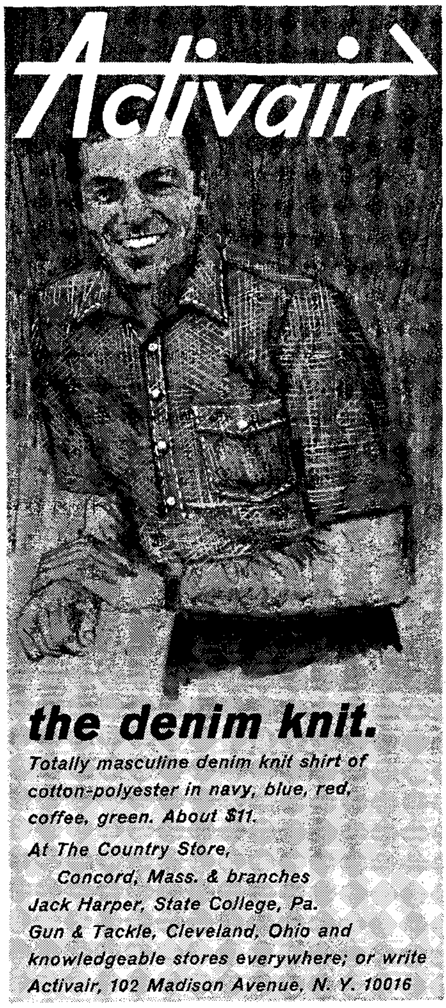

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are composed, but they are not performed.

I CAME across an instance of this situation a few weeks ago, and it was like an underground meeting of a secret revolutionary group. I attended a small gathering in a hotel room (the hotel shall be nameless) in which some recordings of works by Hugh Raymond Newsom, of Baltimore, were being played. What I heard was just a scattered sample of an output that includes hundreds of compositions, most of which have never been publicly performed, though they are written with the highest professional skill. There were some beautifully composed songs, a Concerto for Harp and Orchestra, and part of a grand work for chorus, orchestra, and soloists dealing with the Crucifixion. Mr. Newsom is in his seventies, and his composing style derives from the great tradition that preceded Schoenberg and Nadia Boulanger. His compositions are eloquent, masculine, and free of affectation. I expect that the twenty-first century will listen to them with awe. But for the moment Mr. Newsom is virtually unknown—overshadowed by fashionable composers of far less, and sometimes no, talent.

A LITTLE over a generation ago, American conductors were practically unheard of. Nowadays, you find them everywhere, and sometimes they are very good maestros, too, or they develop before one's eyes into very good maestros. Take the case of Lorin Maazel. Until recently, I found him to be a rather undependable artist, given to lapses of memory and eccentric interpretations. But at last Thursday night's Philharmonic concert in Philharmonic Hall, a brand-new and highly sophisticated Maazel turned up to conduct Mahler's Fourth Symphony, Stravinsky's symphonic poem "The Song of the Nightingale," and Ravel's "La Valse." This was a poised, expert maestro with gestures that were restrained and meant definite things to the musicians in the orchestra. There was also great elegance in the conceptions of phraseology and dramatic form that Mr. Maazel brought to his interpretations, and there was never an unnecessary motion by the baton. The Mahler symphony was brought off knowingly, the Stravinsky work with admirable accuracy, and "La Valse" with a sensitive feeling for rubato. Mr. Maazel has come a long way since he first appeared here, as a child prodigy. He is now, apparently, a conduc-

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tor of international stature. The vocal part in the Mahler work is usually sung by a contralto or a mezzo. A good deal of it is beneath the effective range of Jane Marsh, the soprano who sang it.

ANOTHER American conductor of sterling abilities turned up last week, at the concerts of the American Symphony Orchestra. (I attended the Monday-night concert.) He is Ainslee Cox, a young Texan, and he already has the attributes of a seasoned maestro. The thing that sets him apart from most of his fellows is his objectivity. He makes the orchestra do things without involving himself in its emotional processes. He never indulges himself by publicly enjoying the music he is conducting. He stands poised like a *deus ex machina*, drawing effects from his players without participating in these effects. You might think that this would result in a cold kind of performance, but it does not. Except for Manuel de Falla's "Homenajes," in which, I thought, there were a few sonorities that he missed, his performances were of the finest sort. The program included Beethoven's First Piano Concerto in C Major, Opus 15, with Stephen Bishop, a technically fluent and stylish pianist, as soloist, and the New York première of Vaughan Williams' Sinfonia Antarctica. This symphony turned out to be quite typical of its composer—an engaging impressionistic study, slightly theatrical, and evocative of wind, sea, and vast wastes of ice. (It was written as a movie score and later made into a memorial to Captain R. F. Scott, whose expedition to the South Pole in 1912 ended in disaster.) Mr. Cox gave it a clear, eloquent performance. His baton motions, like those of Mr. Maazel, are economical and full of meaning for those who work under him.

LAST Friday night, I attended a drama with music called "María Sabina," by the Spanish poet Camilo José Cela and the Spanish composer Leonardo Balada, in Carnegie Hall. It

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concerned the death of the priestess of a Mexican hallucinogenic-mushroom cult that still exists, along with its priestess (despite the drama's ending), and that was discovered several years ago by the Yankee ethnomycologist R. Gordon Wasson. I did not find the music that Mr. Balada had written particularly interesting as music, but it had its virtues as a series of sound effects underlining the drama, and, besides this, Mr. Balada had dared to use a forbidden element of contemporary music—a regular rhythmic beat—that gave the thing a bit of propulsion. As for the rest, it needed a Spanish drama *critic rather than an* Anglo-Saxon music critic. I daresay it was effective. But it was in Spanish, a language with which I have only a slight acquaintance. Its principal character was done by the Puerto Rican actress María Soledad Romero. All the lines, including those assigned to a large chorus, were spoken, though sometimes with inflections of pitch.—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

The Game and Fish Department was reported yesterday to have let loose a male leopard on an uninhabited island on Lake Rezaieh with the object that it should prey on hundreds of sheep grazing placidly on the island.

Reason: the lethargy of the wild sheep and the over-placid environment on Qodioun Daghi Island have caused communicable diseases to break out among the animals. With a deterioration of their health and a rise in their death rate, games experts feared the sheep were threatened with extinction.

The experts reportedly believe that if the "balance of nature" is restored among the sheep, their future would be safeguarded.

They have therefore decided to let loose a leopard among the sheep, and are looking for a wolf and a wild boar to give the leopard company, the report said.

The male leopard, captured in Mazandaran province, is also to get a mate shortly, as soon as the Games Department can acquire a female leopard.

Since the island's climate is similar in many respects to that of Mazandaran, the leopards are expected to breed freely, the report said.—*Tehran* (*Iran*) *Journal.*

Until, of course, lethargy sets in.

•

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[*From the Boston Globe*]

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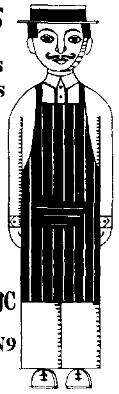

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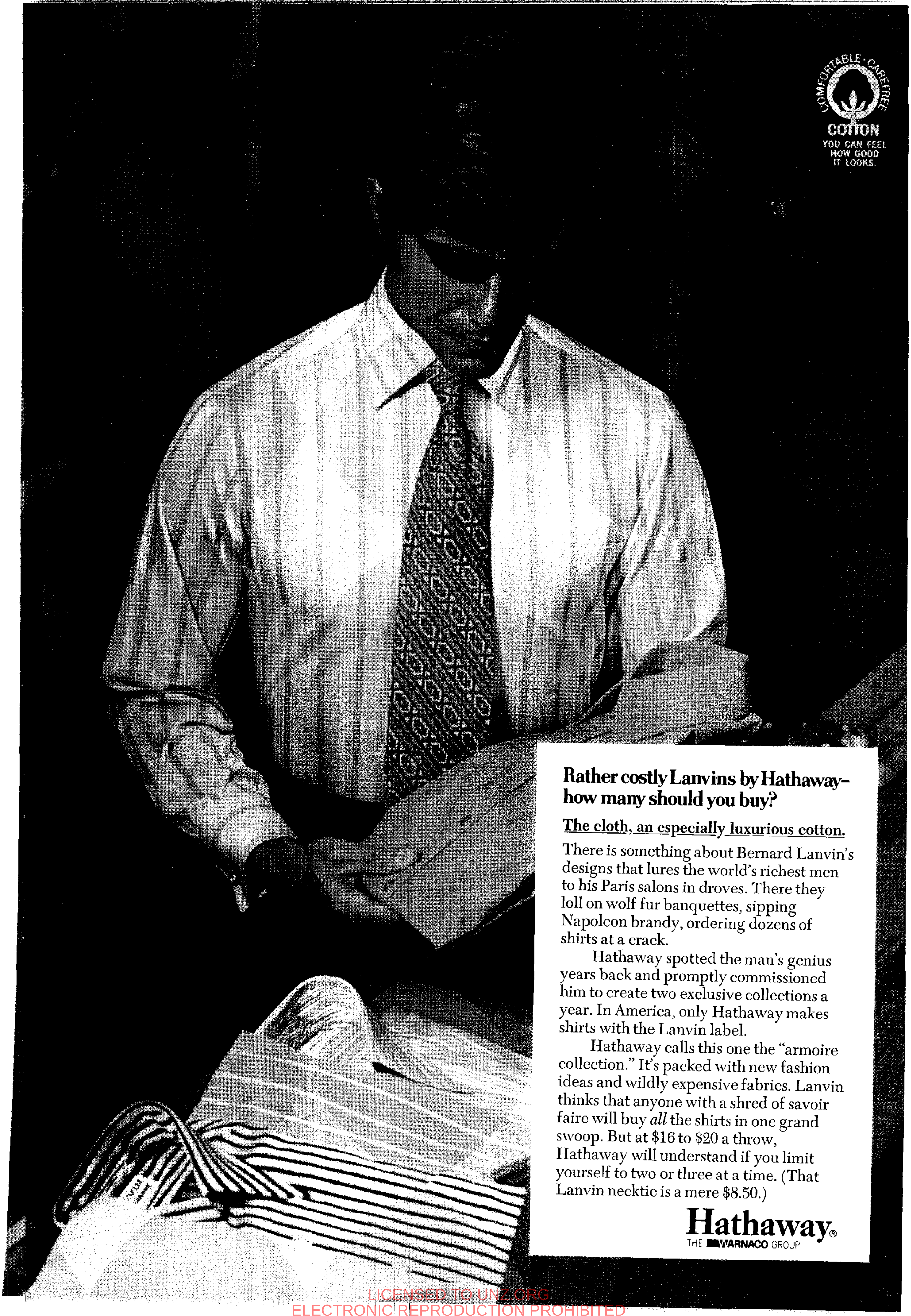

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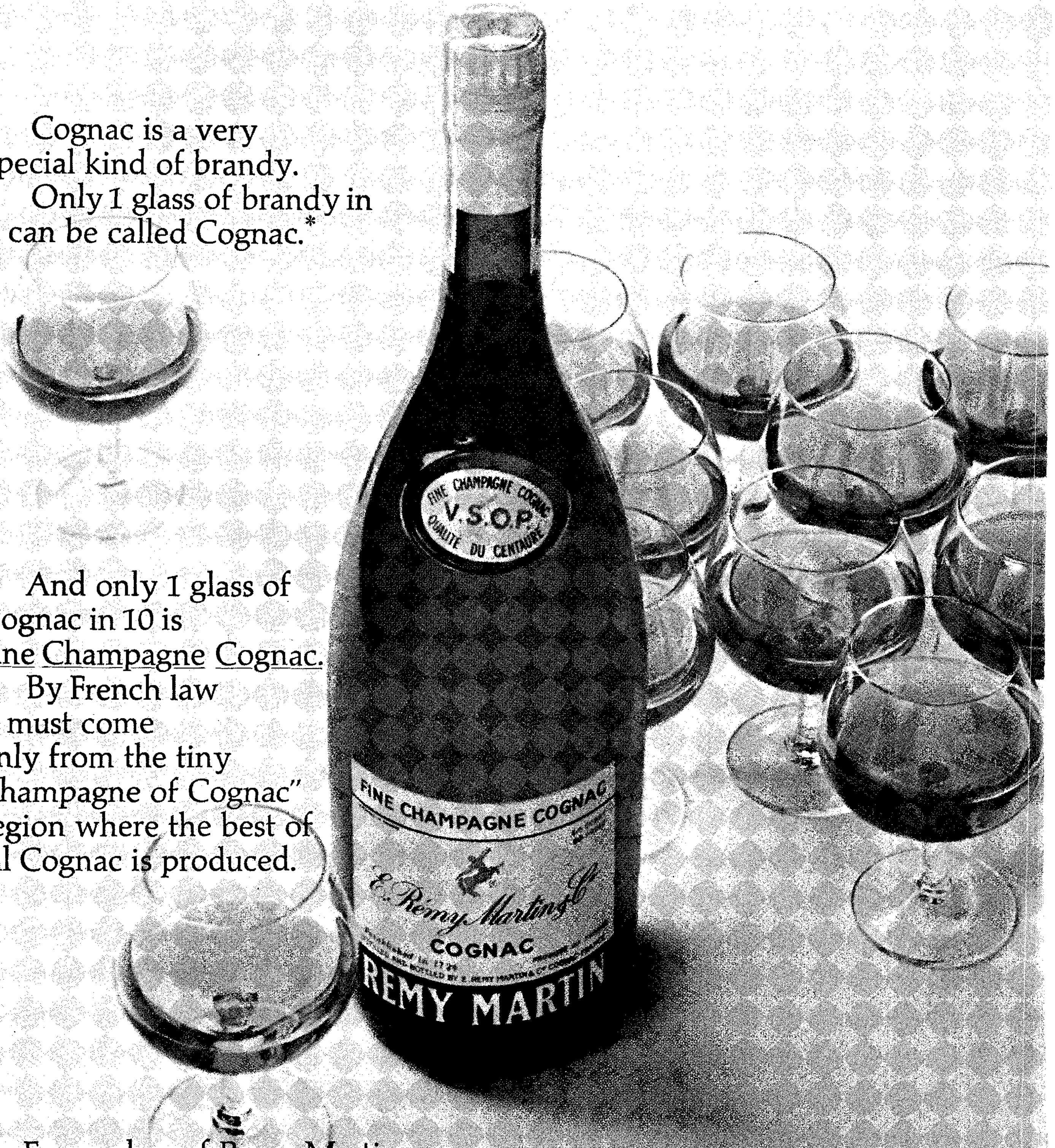
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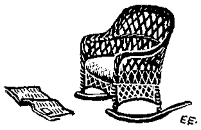
BOOKS

The View from the Dental Chair



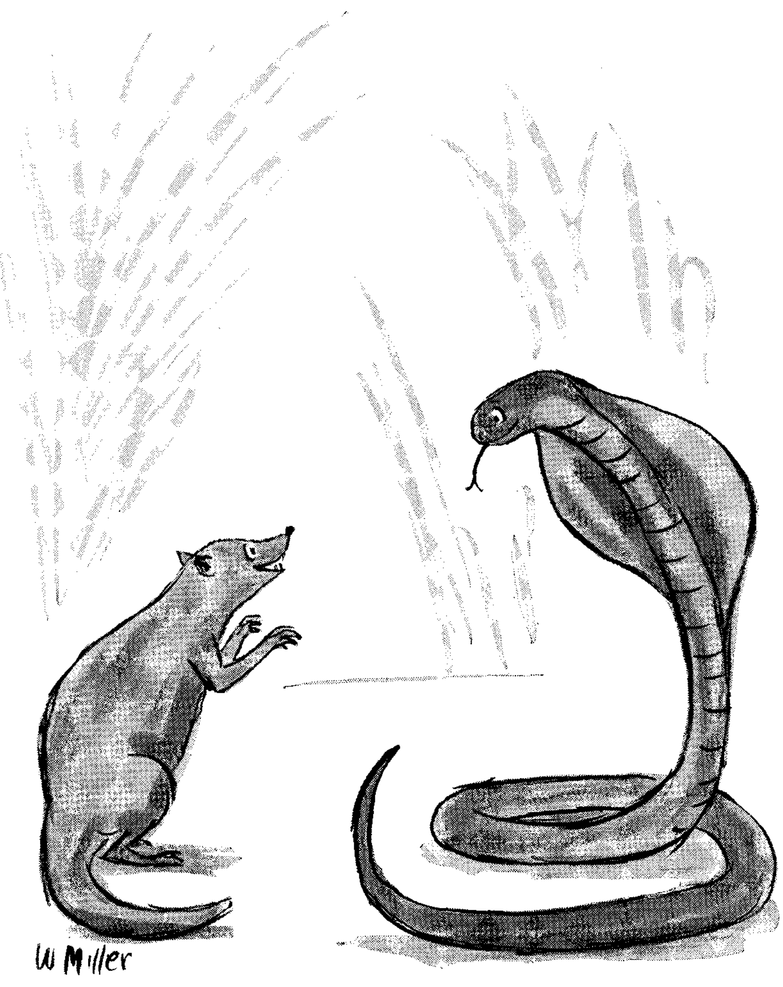
“If you're out to buy a pig, talk about the weather.” This “old peasant rule” is quoted in Günter Grass's fourth novel, “Local Anaesthetic” (Harcourt, Brace & World; translated from the German by Ralph Manheim), and the book illustrates the tactic. As the author talks, with manic erudition and rather lumpy explicitness, about such weather as dentistry, cement, Seneca, battles, German history, and the aquarium care of guppies, the pig nearly gets away. For the first half of the novel, there are no characters one can visualize, no action one can follow, no reason to persevere, indeed, but the faith that this quirky experiment will begin to add up. And it finally does, into a well-meditated if fliply presented dialogue on the generation gap and the revolutionary urge. “Fliply”—as when one flips the channel knob on a television set. Grass's dominant metaphor and method derive from the medium of television, with its rapid intercuts, its numbing discontinuity, its eerie liberation from the laws of either truth or art. The framing conceit is this: Eberhard Starusch, a West Berlin schoolteacher, is having his toothache and lifelong prognathic bite corrected by capping. His dentist, an omniscient prattler in tennis shoes, distracts his patients with a television screen, where old films and educational panels and lewd commercials and gauzy static flow indiscriminately on. Into this flow, Starusch, his mouth stoppered with cotton and aluminum, mentally hurls scenes supposedly from his life, many of which are mere fantasies. He several times murders, for instance, his ex-fiancée, the goatlike Sieglinde Krings, employing such special weapons as a bicycle chain and a swimming-pool wave-generating machine; the truth seems to be that she is alive and married to an electrician called Schlottau. Or was really named Monica Lindrath and has become a pediatrician. Similarly, Starusch's career as an engineer for the Krings cement works seems a grandiose blowup of a summer job he had, as a student, with a different company. And what of Krings, the cement-and-pumice magnate returned from prisoner-of-war captivity, the stoic ex-general who spends his dotage reconstructing old battle sites in sandboxes and refighting old defeats into victories? He, too, dissolves into shadow play. Apparitions succeed one another in segments often less than a page long. A sample:

> The soundless picture showed a clerical-looking gentleman who, it being Saturday, wished to say a word about Sunday, although this program is televised after 10 P.M. and never before the Berlin evening news: “Yes, yes, my son, I know, it hurts. But all the pain in this world is powerless to . . .”
>
> (His finely articulated fingers. When he raised an eyebrow in mockery. Or his delayed head-shaking: Scherbaum calls him Silvertongue.)
>
> Then the bells rang in Sunday: Bim!—And the pigeons rose up in fright. Boom!—Ah, and the little tin satellites in my head that knows it all tinkled: Bim! Poom! Pumice!

Grass's shuttle of scenes becomes as fatiguing and irritating as a battery of TVs manipulated by invisible children; verily, one's teeth begin to hurt, sensitized by unsparingly dental doses of short-circuited prose:

> (Eased, tapered off, hardly to be remembered. One more twinge—but that may have been a reflex—then silence.) Outside it was snowing from left to right on Hohenzollerndamm. (Not the TV, the street side of the office.) The screen was uninhabited. Like myself: all fuzzy and, I may as well say it, deaf. (“I'm told that anaesthetized tongues have been maimed by the experimental bites of incredulous patients.”) His voice was wrapped in tinfoil. (“And now we'll take off the aluminum shells. . . .”) And my question—“What do you mean, take off?”—was also muffled as it rose up to fill blubbery balloons. Not until he breathed at me from close, too close, up: “They are removed with tweezers. Kindly open wide,” did I surrender and make my big Ah.

Grass's artistic temperament, from “The Tin Drum” on, has been drawn to the gritty and mechanical; even in a nostalgic idyll like “Cat and Mouse,” he devotes a disproportion of words to the mechanics of getting in and out of a sunken minesweeper and to chemical substances such as flakes of rust and gull droppings. His plots snag on small operational procedures: “The Tin Drum” opens by specifying how a woman rotates five skirts, wearing four and washing one each week. His characterizations ponderously depend on physical deformities—dwarfishness, protuberant ears, a grotesque Adam's-apple. Whereas Starusch has a prognathic bite, his young antagonist, Scherbaum, turns out to have the opposite defect, a distal bite, and is last seen wearing a corrective labial bar. Grass's prose is physically encumbered,



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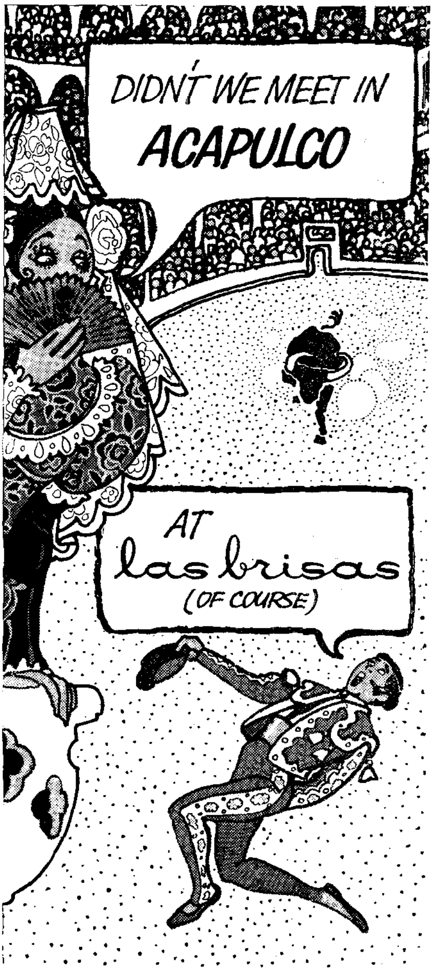
chunky, resistant. Even if we allow for the losses of rhythm and penumbral connotation inevitable in any translation, we miss the plastic ease of expression and interconnection that until recently was the common property of even mediocre European writers. The ability, preëminent in Tolstoy, to move exciting spiritual currents through masses of circumstance and sensuous detail is perhaps lost, along with the instinctive belief in the dualism of matter and spirit. Strange to say, materialism in fiction seems to reduce the vitality of physical description, to make it clot into typographic (Robbe-Grillet) or professional (Grass) detail. Compared to relatively recent masters of European humanism like Proust and Mann, Grass is hard to read, hard to "get going" in. His device of aping television, however witty and timely and rigorously exploited, feels superimposed; it is a gesture of the author rather than an outgrowth of the material. Who, we wonder as we read, really retains his life in film-clip form, who but an author at his desk would project these overanimated parables of German guilt and unease?

In an interview given a few weeks ago in New York, Grass spoke of *Mief*, of the stale air that envelops every group and gathering and conversation in the West. His narrative device of a televised, self-cancelling clutter does work as a metaphor for *Mief*, like the cement dust that grayly settles upon every leaf in Krings Park. In his obsessive sense of static, grit, and dust, this author is true to himself; he is true to himself when he moves from romantic triangles that bore him, and from echoes of the Nazi nightmare that are beginning to bore him, into political debates that, though wreathed in *Mief*, interest him. Grass's role as an active campaigner and spokesman for the Social Democratic Party finds a happy correlative in Starusch's role of schoolteacher.

Starusch wants his pupil Scherbaum to take over the school paper and run it, working toward such liberal/reformist objectives as creating a student smokers' corner. Scherbaum instead opts for the radical gesture of burning Max, his pet dachshund, alive, in the heart of cake-eating, dog-loving Berlin, as a protest against the Vietnam war. He is encouraged not only by his Maoist girl friend but by Starusch's female colleague, Irmgard Seifert, who is tormented by the guilt she incurred as a "Hitler bitch" at the age of seventeen. Starusch tries to reason the boy out of it, and, failing, offers to substitute a stray from the dog pound for



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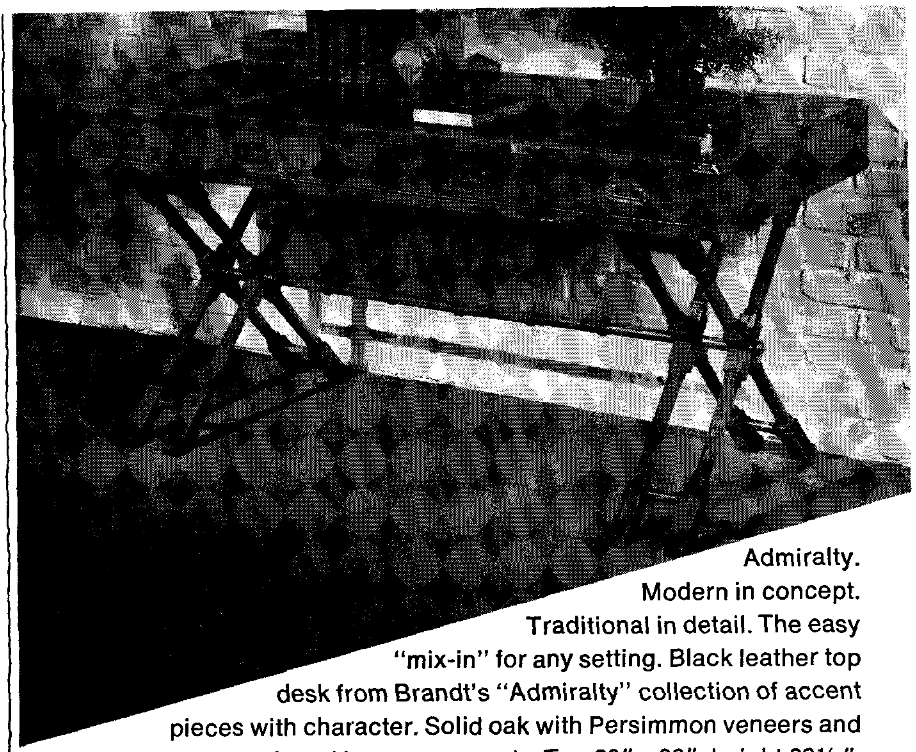
Max. The boy is tempted, but Starusch then denounces his own plan as "exploitation, rank imperialism." Next, he conceives the idea of poisoning the dog, to "deprive Scherbaum of the object of his demonstration. React radically to a radical project." Throughout all this maneuvering, he confers with his dentist, who speaks suavely from the melioristic center:

> "And how do you feel about napalm, Doc?"
>
> "Well, measured against the nuclear weapons known to us, napalm must be termed relatively harmless."
>
> "And what about the living conditions of the Iranian peasants?"
>
> "In the light of conditions in India we can speak, with all due reserve, of a relatively progressive agrarian structure in Iran, though compared to the Sudan India may well strike us as a reformer's paradise."
>
> "Then you see progress!"
>
> "Within limits, my friend, within limits."

In the whirlwind of argument and gesture that surrounds the unwitting dachshund, everybody has something to say. The schoolteacher urges his students "to try to understand the world in all its variety and contradiction." Youth scorns "the daily capitulations characteristic of adults" and prescribes "spontaneous action" as the only way "to make room . . . for new foundations on which to build a pacified existence." The dentist looks toward a day of "worldwide Sickcare" and warns that "with all its display of realism, this younger generation is looking for a new myth. Watch your step!" The terms of the debate are familiar to Americans, but not explicated so many-sidedly, with the charity of humor, and with the specifically German dimension of a disastrous "transvaluation of all values" (Nietzsche's phrase) that did occur. Starusch, though with the dentist's help he seduces his pupil from caninocide, is left with a vision of the violence within himself, a desire to strangle and drown Sieglinde and to bulldoze away all the suffocating junk of industrial affluence. The very tartar on his teeth, the dentist tells him, is "petrified hatred." Seneca is the dentist's favorite philosopher, and the last sentences have a Stoic ring: "Nothing lasts. There will always be pain." Grass himself, evidently, has complained that his final phrase in German—"*immer neue Schmerzen*" ("always new pains")—is more active; "new pains are always coming" might be more faithful and faintly more optimistic. Yet the difficulty is inherent; the dentist, like him or not, has the best lines, and the dust jacket, designed by Grass himself,



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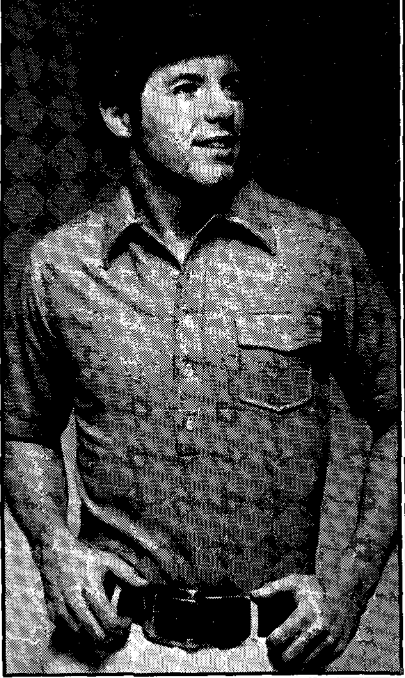

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SONG OF THE EARTH, by Alexander Cordell (Simon & Schuster). The heroic beat of Mr. Cordell's language and the majesty of the Welsh countryside that is his background combine to camouflage the flimsy structure of his work, which deals with, or disposes of, ten years in the life of a coal miner, Mostyn Evan. When the book begins, in 1845, Mostyn's wife has just died. He is forty years old, and he has three sons and two daughters, ranging in age from seven to sixteen years. Mostyn is a strong and kind father, but the emotional mainstay of the house is his mother—Gran to the children. It is an intense, noisy, stoical household, too crowded for comfort but not too crowded for laughter and an incessant flow of opinion. The atmosphere is neighborly, and although the narrative is concerned with the Evans, an enormous amount of folk detail (customs, stories, habits, jokes) works around the plot to overwhelm it, so that what we have at length is less a living, breathing family portrait than a colorful picture-history of a period. The theme—of individual courage and humor in confrontation with implacable, impersonal oppression—is carried through countless episodes, pathetic, violent, or farcical, but although the writing is often memorably touching, even such big characters as Mostyn and Gran remain sketchy and thin, and helpless in a way that arises not from their poverty, or from their mortality, but from their author's handling of them, as though they were puppets to be jumped along from one mood to the next. It must be remarked that Mr. Cordell shows a brilliant degree of tenderness when he writes of the forlorn—children, animals, old people, mentally afflicted people—and that he shows a flash of tragic power in his description of the arrival in Wales of crowds of starving Irish refugees from the famine, most of them too weak to stand straight but all of them ready to fight for jobs anxious-

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ly sought by the out-of-work Welsh laborers.

GENERAL

RETURN TO BLACK AMERICA, by William Gardner Smith (Prentice-Hall). Mr. Smith was one of the bright and talented young black Americans who expatriated themselves in the early nineteen-fifties; like most of them, he took up residence in Paris, but later he travelled about Europe and Africa; in Ghana, he did a stint as a television newsman. In 1967, Mr. Smith came back home, apparently on assignment for Agence France-Presse, to get first-hand information on the multifaced black revolution that was then getting into full swing here, and this book is the result of his findings. It turns out to be a very valuable piece of work: Mr. Smith went all over the country, he talked to blacks of every political persuasion in the big ghettos and to all kinds of black leaders—Rap Brown, Stokely Carmichael, Elijah Muhammed—and, of course, he knew the right questions to ask. He appraises the black-power movement in the United States (as well as the white insurgents who seek to ally themselves with it) in relation to African nationalism, to the European student revolution, and to the ideology of the Third World. What we get here is a view, from an almost unique vantage point, of a movement that intends to, and could, transform our whole society, written with sympathy for the people most concerned but with an intelligent skepticism about the more extravagant notions that are currently in the air.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, by R. D. Milns (Pegasus). The author, a senior lecturer in classics at the University of New England, in Australia, makes no attempt to deny the greatness of Alexander of Macedon. He warmly celebrates his subject's military genius, his brilliance as a diplomatist, his outstanding physical courage (in a day when such courage was commonplace), and his generosity, and he acknowledges that in linking the East and the West he literally changed the course of history. He does not, however, prostrate himself in the Oriental manner that Alexander so quickly learned to relish and require. He perceives and demonstrates that Alexander was an unstable personality (given to homicidal rages), a megalomaniac (as witnessed by his

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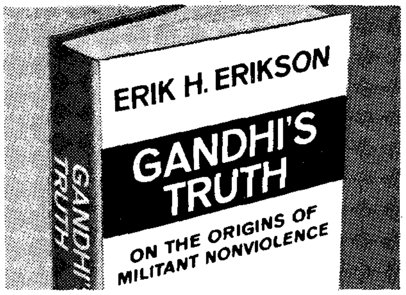

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deification of himself), a conqueror rather than a statesman, a philistine, and spiteful, cruel, ungrateful, alcoholic, and probably homosexual. The result is an excellent portrait in the human round of a usually shadowy figure, and since Mr. Milns is also a more than competent writer, a study with bite and texture. Illustrated, and with many maps.

BELOW STAIRS, by Margaret Powell (Dodd, Mead). Because the author's family was too poor to keep her in school, she went into domestic service in the early nineteen-twenties, at the age of thirteen, in her home town, Hove. She became a kitchen maid and, later, a cook, until she married a milkman, stopped work, and raised three boys. Her memoirs are resentful and entertaining. They demonstrate the nearly unimaginable—at least to Americans—callousness of prewar class stratification in England, and they prove (not that proof is needed) that the creation of the welfare state amounted to a genuine revolution. (All her sons are university men.) But these sober achievements are by the bye; what pleases the reader, apart from the author's brisk prose, is her ebullient, outspoken personality.

HOW TO TALK BACK TO YOUR TELEVISION SET, by Nicholas Johnson (Atlantic-Little, Brown). The author, a member of the Federal Communications Commission, feels strongly—and says plainly—that commercial television programming is a disgrace. He describes some failures—such as television's habit of self-censorship to avoid giving anybody any offense that might cost station owners money—and ascribes some causes, among them the concentrated ownership of broadcasting facilities. He mentions hopeful possibilities—for example, cable TV offers, technologically, a chance for great variety in programming, and foundation-supported public broadcasting, he believes, "can have a tremendous impact upon our nation with very little investment." The book's last section, in which Mr. Johnson outlines how private citizens can affect television programming or station ownership, and cites cases of citizens who have done so, is invaluable.

IRASCIBLE GENIUS: THE LIFE OF CHARLES BABBAGE, by Maboth Moseley (Regnery). Charles Babbage, the first man to conceive and formulate the logical foundations of the modern computing machine,

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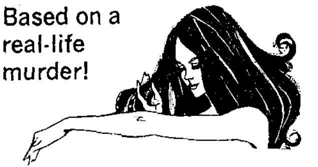

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died just about a century ago. He was, needless to say, a visionary well ahead of his era. Miss Moseley, an English journalist and novelist, and the editor of *Computer Survey*, has written an affectionate, occasionally starry-eyed tribute to the great man. Babbage, a very difficult and eccentric character at best, had the unfortunate characteristic of almost never finishing *anything*, least of all one of his projected computers. In fact, it is remarkable (and not really explained by Miss Moseley) that his reputation among his contemporaries was as high as it was, since there was absolutely no evidence at the time that his prize invention—the Analytical Engine—could be made to do anything at all. Babbage's most ardent admirer, Augusta Ada Lovelace, the only daughter of Lord Byron, was a mathematical genius, and the most moving parts of Miss Moseley's book are her descriptions of this marvellously eccentric duo attempting to complete and explain a machine that was half fantasy and half brilliant scientific invention.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MAIGRET HESITATES, by Georges Simenon, translated by Lyn Moir (Harcourt, Brace & World). When Simenon writes about Paris (her streets, her weather, her restaurants), he provides such solid happiness for his readers that it seems mingy to quibble about plot or method, but Superintendent Maigret used to be such a quick, decisive man that it isn't right to have to watch him standing about cogitating on crime instead of moving to avert a murder that is being committed almost before his eyes. Most of the cogitating and all of the murdering take place in the palatial Avenue Marigny apartment of M. Emile Parendon, an eminent lawyer who specializes in maritime problems.

DEATH'S BRIGHT DART, by V. C. Clinton-Baddeley (Morrow). Murder at Cambridge University, where old Dr. Davie proves that under all the gentle, sophisticated charm he is fiendishly sharp of wit and is on occasion possessed by a detective demon that may lead him into severe danger but never allows him to miss a clue. It is July, and an international symposium on science is in progress—lots of strangers (lots of foreigners), lots of atmosphere (roses, old brick walls, teacups, ancient halls), and lots of people getting lost and being found again, and

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some being murdered in the wonderful maze of courtyards and walks and gardens around the university buildings. What with the lovely weather and the pretty girl scientists and the talk and the conviviality and the murders and all, Dr. Davie is at the top of his form, especially during a visit to London, where he stays at a fine little hotel, the Gainsborough.

A PROBLEM IN ANGELS, by Leonard Holton (Dodd, Mead). This tidy Los Angeles murder is not notably strong on plot, but the atmosphere is seductive and most of the characterizations are sharply drawn, and even persuasive. For example, the English priest, Father Armstrong, is one of those thoroughgoing fictional persons who used to be referred to as perfect little gems. Father Bredden, who has played detective before this, is the kingpin of the narrative, and sometimes seems to be the butt of it, and then there is a perpetual chorus composed of nuns, who bear modest witness; assorted onlookers and suspects; corpses; and, of course, the murderer, mysterious as the graves he is busily filling, one by one.

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS, by James Munro (Knopf). John Craig, an English agent bruised and broken and past his prime, is given a new assignment that he recognizes sets him up as a stalking horse, but he doesn't let that bother him. He lets himself be stalked (and drugged and beaten up and endearingly seduced) in London and New York and Miami and Turkey and the wilds of Cyprus, and he turns the tables most gratifyingly on his boss and the C.I.A. and everybody else. This is an excellent thriller. Mr. Munro writes with style, and it is his own style, and he also has his own kind of humor: " 'Where's our mutual friend?' 'Dickens,' said Joanna. 'I adore intellectual conversation.' "

•

Leverett Saltonstall, the former U.S. senator whose parents came over on the Mayflower, will represent Massachusetts during the commemoration May 2-9 of the ship's sailing from England.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

He's beginning to show his years.

•

The speaker stressed the need for sex education, but personally feels children should not have these classes in school before the sixth grade.—*Oshkosh (Wis.) Northwestern.*

That's the one Dr. Reuben teaches.

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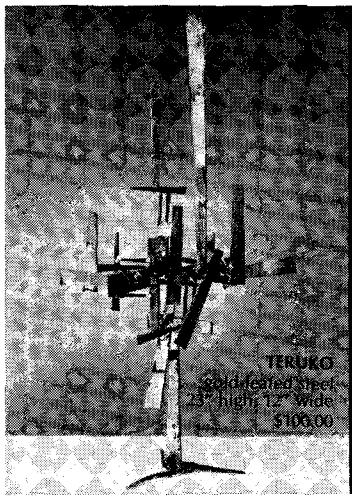

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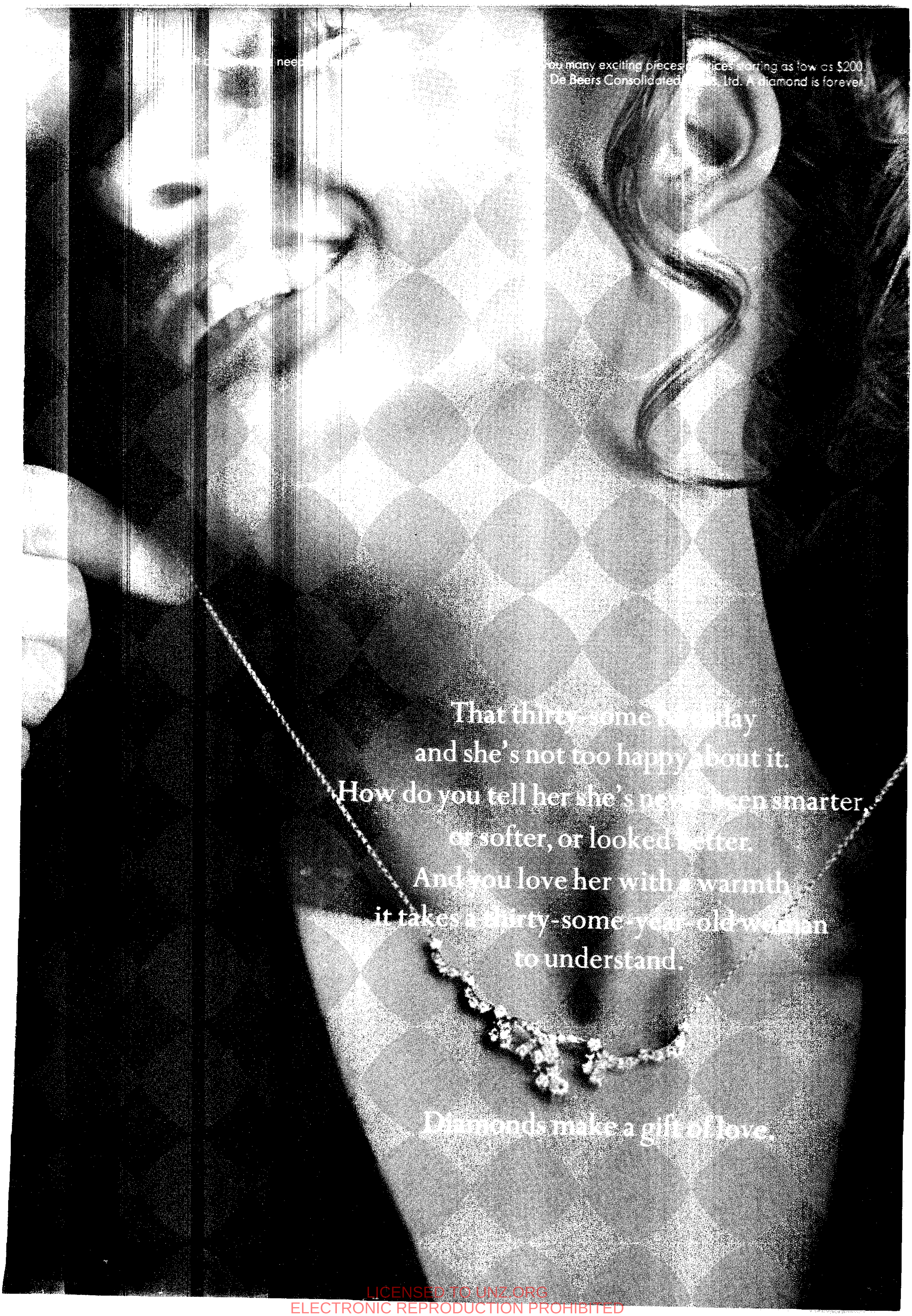

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